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January 14, 1950

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A New Suspense Serial

Was Joe Louis
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When you feel like pampering yourself a bit—call for mellow, heart-warming Old Grand-Dad. You'll find in the Head of the Bourbon Family a boon companion to your taste—as smooth and tasty a bourbon as ever passed a man's lips. Just try Old Grand-Dad—and see.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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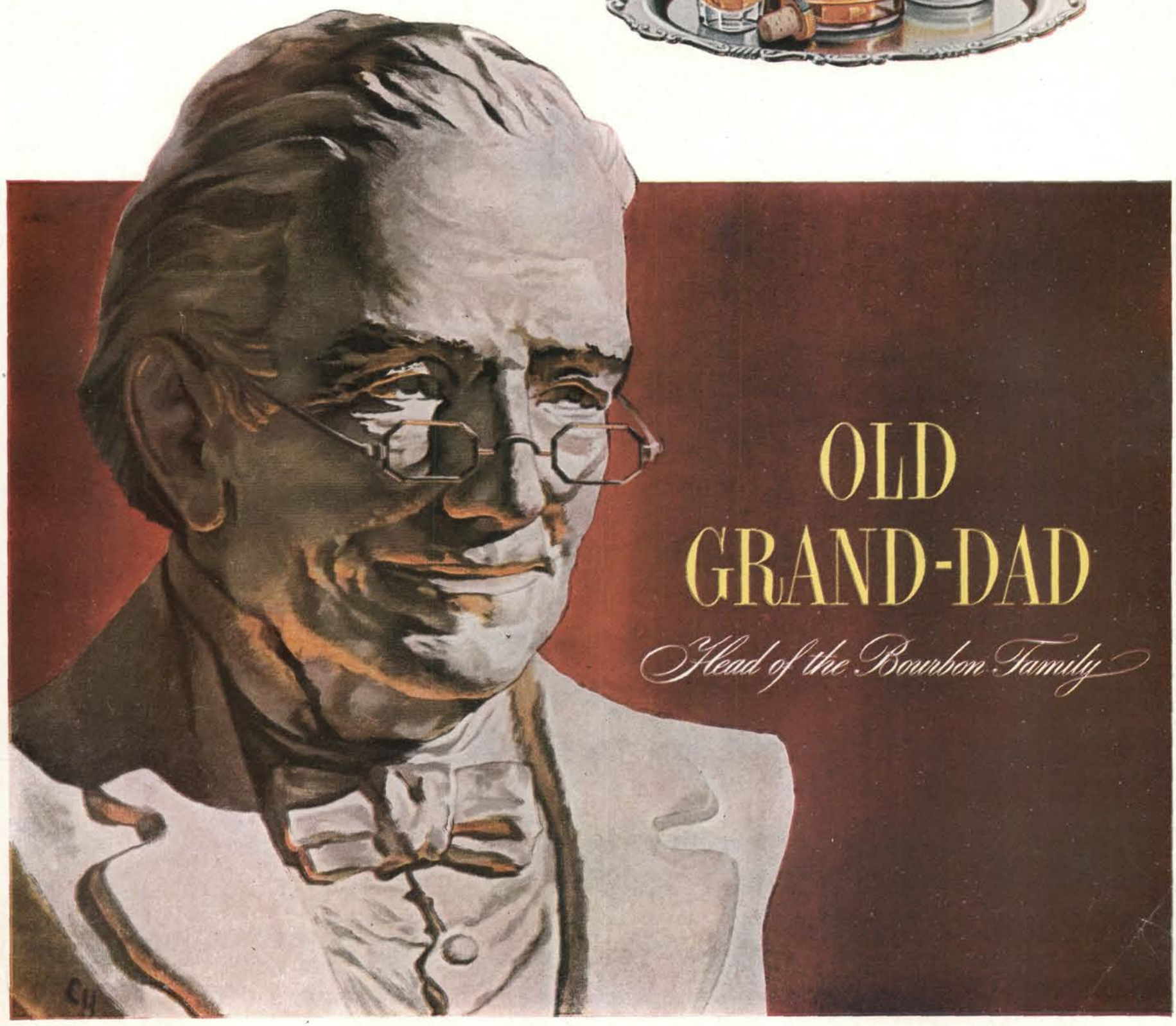

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LINDA DARNELL

In the 20th Century Fox Picture

"EVERYBODY DOES IT"

CHRONOTHERM*

Electric Clock Thermostat

IN "COMFORT ALL WINTER"

CHRONOTHERM is by every standard the outstanding "star" of heating controls. It is the finest thermostat that Honeywell has ever built. Chronotherm's performance is just as beautiful as its appearance. It automatically switches to lower fuel-saving temperature at night. Then in the morning, before you roll out of bed, it automatically restores daytime temperature and keeps it right on the beam from morning to night. In other words, completely automatic "comfort all winter."

Best of all, Chronotherm will soon pay for itself in fuel saved—and then will keep on saving money for you year after year. The PLUG-IN model costs only $39.50. You can install it yourself in a few minutes to replace your present thermostat. Or, your dealer will install it at a slight additional cost.

For real fuel economy, plus the greatest heating comfort and convenience you have ever known, put Chronotherm on the job in your home.

MODERNIZE YOUR HEATING PLANT, TOO

If your heating system is not automatic or if it has seen long service, it will pay you to have a heating contractor or dealer look it over and bring it up to date. It will give you far greater comfort and convenience—and may save you money, too!

Order Chronotherm today from your heating, service or appliance dealer. Or call any of the 77 Minneapolis-Honeywell branch offices for dealer information.

FREE Booklet, *"Ali Baba and his 20 Thieves"* tells 20 ways you may be robbed of fuel and what you can do about it.

*Trade mark

MINNEAPOLIS Honeywell

FIRST IN CONTROLS

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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2833 Fourth Avenue South • Minneapolis 8, Minn.

Please send my free copy of "Ali Baba and His 20 Thieves"

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"AMBUSH"

Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR

JOHN HODIAK • ARLENE DAHL

with

DON TAYLOR • JEAN HAGEN
JOHN McINTIRE

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by MARGUERITE ROBERTS
Based on the Story by LUKE SHORT

Directed by SAM WOOD
Produced by ARMAND DEUTSCH

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

We're mighty pleased to see that M-G-M has invaded the West. With its vast resources and daring imagination, M-G-M has staked out a claim for *the* most exciting Western of the decade. We predict that "Ambush" will capture your acclaim.

The brilliant original story, written by Luke Short, noted Western yarn-spinner, won nation-wide acclaim in the Saturday Evening Post. As a motion picture, "Ambush" fairly crackles with action.

Robert Taylor, who got his celluloid spurs with his unforgettable portrayal of "Billy The Kid", puts them on once again for a role that's as rugged as the recoil of a Remington. As the frontier-wise scout, Ward Kinsman, he is called upon to fight with an Indian's cunning when the treacherous Apaches capture a white woman.

John Hodiak is the cavalry captain who discovers that Army Regulations do not cover romance. Arlene Dahl portrays the fiery and fascinating girl who precipitates a blood feud between these two-fisted fighting men.

Right here and now we want to nominate "Ambush" for the picture with the most thrilling climax in years. The daring and desperate Apache ambush of the cavalry troop and the deadly hand-to-hand combat that follows make you hold on to your seats.

Sam Wood's inspired direction (following his outstanding hits "Command Decision" and "The Stratton Story"), Marguerite Roberts' screen-play and Armand Deutsch's production have given "Ambush" a pace and authenticity seldom equalled.

For entertainment that packs plenty of punch, walk right into *this* "Ambush".

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

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January 14, 1950

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COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 2. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. **ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **MANUSCRIPTS** or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Although it is unlikely that this particular situation will be duplicated at any of the season's Motor Boat Shows (including the current one at Grand Central Palace in Manhattan), *Artist Gregory d'Alessio insists that* any old boy buying a yacht might well envy the speedboat buyer and his ample family.

Week's Mail

Very Live Ghost

EDITOR: Your interesting article, Prohibition's Ghost Walks Again, by Virginius Dabney (Nov. 26th) should rate number one with all right-thinking people.

Florida is a hotbed for phony prohibitionists. We have a wonderful local-option law under which about 30 per cent of the counties are supposedly Dry. They vote Dry, and drink Wet.

All Wet counties pay a liquor license tax; all retailers pay heavy taxes in both city and county; but the Dry counties, some of them almost tax exempt, get a pro rata share of all liquor taxes collected.

Personally I am not against wines, liquors or beer. I do not use any of them because I do not care for the taste. But I am bitterly opposed to prohibition, having seen its horrible consequences, as a newspaperman, in the days of the Volstead Act.

F. C. THOMAS, Tallahassee, Fla.

. . . I noticed in the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, newspapers that Rev. W. E. Hotalen, who was exposed as a former Ku Klux Klan leader in your excellent article on prohibition recently, is now in trouble again over an anti-Vatican speech he made to a Baptist group there.

The Baton Rouge Council of Catholic Men condemned as a "scurrility" and a "gratuitous insult" Rev. Hotalen's charges that Italy was living "in filth, superstition and ignorance" while the Vatican "ran a saloon" and had "millions in gold in its treasury."

The newspapers there also carried an answer from Rev. Hotalen saying your article was "half-truths," but I noticed he never denied or admitted your statement that he was a former Klan leader.

FRED EUBANKS, Baton Rouge, La.

. . . You probably will not dare to publish this for fear of losing the advertisers who pay for your publication. You can afford to lose readers but not ads.

J. J. PHILLIPS, Columbus, Ohio.

. . . I had made the mistake of thinking that in spite of a rather biased slant, Collier's tried to be objective and fair. I see now my mistake! You'll go along a long ways to save that lucrative liquor advertising account which so largely subsidizes you, won't you? I just want to be counted from now on among those who have discovered that Collier's stinks—and why!

REV. E. STOWELL MACE, Houston, Tex.

. . . My, my, aren't we feeling sorry for those poor unfortunate gangsters of prohibition days! Why don't you print some pictures of the women and six- and seven-year-old girls who are being molested, beaten, attacked and mutilated in these lovely days since repeal has made this such a wonderful place in which to live?

MRS. R. F. MUSE, Dayton, Ohio.

. . . Virginius Dabney's lengthy article is a masterful plea for the preservation of the giant legalized liquor industry whose boneless legs are buckling under the weight of its own evils.

Mr. Dabney refers with horror to the terrible prohibition days when hoodlum bootleggers shot one another down in vain

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Yours!

One finger works all this

TWIRL your Bell telephone dial and a maze of apparatus like this goes into action in the central office—puts your call through quickly, surely.

Making and installing such complex apparatus—as well as producing telephones, cables and thousands of other kinds of equipment used in your service—is Western Electric's job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System. For 68 years, we've made *good* equipment that serves long and faithfully—with a minimum of upkeep. It makes possible the familiar miracle of clear, dependable, low cost telephone service—the kind you want and get.

• • •

● As members of the Bell System, Western Electric people who *make* telephone equipment work toward the same goal as Bell Laboratories scientists who *design* it and Bell Telephone company people who *operate* it. Our common goal is the finest service for you at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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Are you reducing tooth decay with Amm-i-dent* ammoniated Tooth Paste?

***YOU SHOULD,** because . . . (1) Amm-i-dent is the *only* leading tooth paste which is ammoniated; (2) only Amm-i-dent can show published proof that it actually *reduced tooth decay;* (3) more dentists recommend Amm-i-dent than any other dentifrice.

**Trade Mark* *Amm-i-dent is available in Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder form.*

attempts to control the sale of contraband liquor. But he very cleverly avoids any reference to the current dreadful toll liquor-crazed sex maniacs or just plain drunks are taking of our American wives and daughters or the unprecedented number of innocent lives that are snuffed out daily by drunken drivers. LESTER O. MCCLAMROCH, Crawfordsville, Ind.

. . . Your selection for the first page of the reading section, an article against prohibition, belongs of course to the advertising section. H. S. STEVENSON, Bandon, Ore.

. . . Wonder how much the liquor traffic paid Collier's or Virginius Dabney for Prohibition's Ghost Walks Again.
PAUL GARRISON, Platteville, Wis.

Our Stand Remains the Same

Collier's has received many other critical letters since Mr. Dabney's article was published. They charge that the article was prompted or ordered or paid for by the distillers and brewers who advertise in this magazine. And they chide us for publishing a picture of a 1929 Chicago gangster massacre instead of pictures of women and children who are the victims of drunken murderers, rapists and motorists.

The first accusation undoubtedly arises from ignorance rather than from malice. No ethical magazine permits any advertiser to dictate or order or pay for its editorial content. No ethical advertiser would attempt to do this.

Such a practice would be against the best interests of both.

Nor is Collier's opposition to prohibition a recent policy. The reader will note below a reproduction of our editorial page for February 15, 1930.

This is one of the 155 articles and editorials on the evils and inconsistencies of prohibition which we published from 1926 to 1933—during the years when there was no liquor advertising in this or any other American magazine.

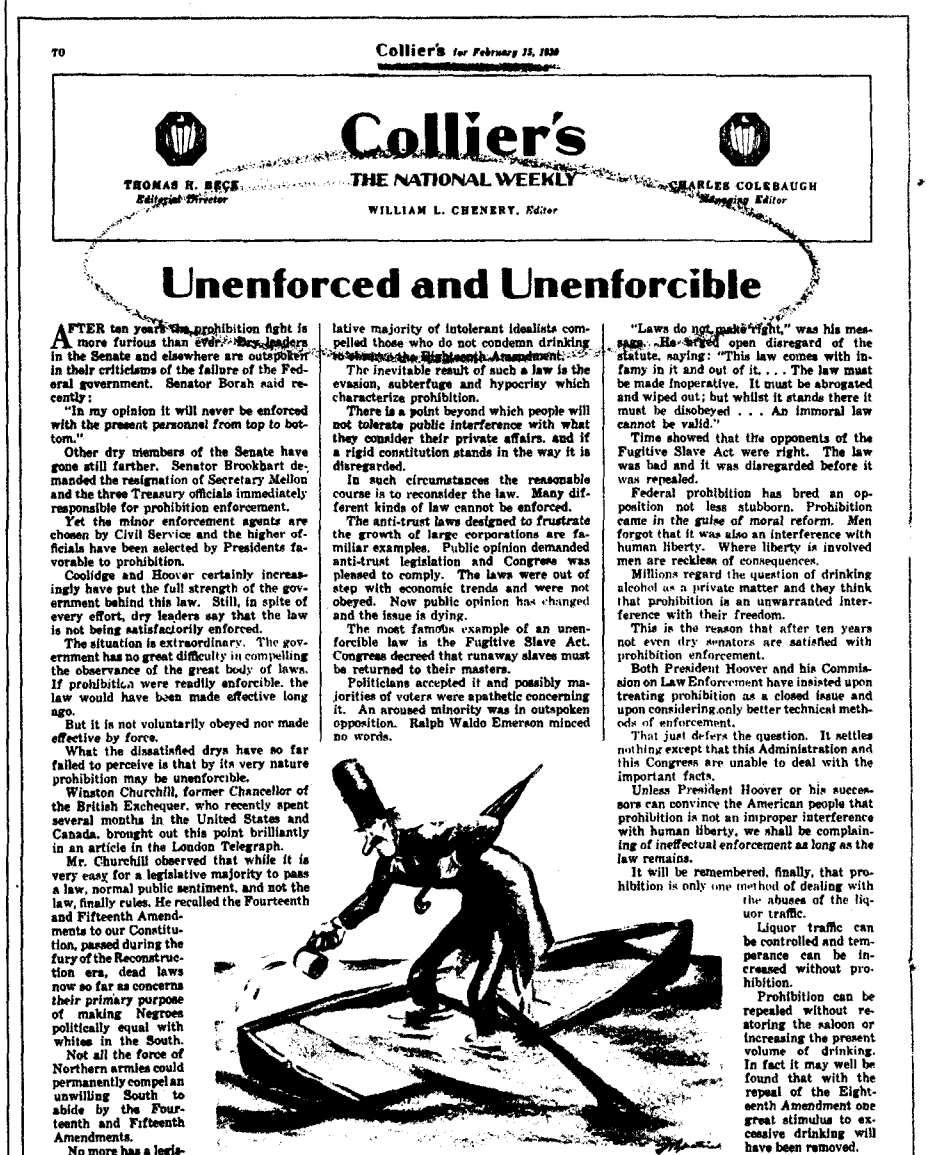
Our policy today is the same as it was during those years. If prohibition had promoted temperance, abolished alcoholism and banished crime—as some of its supporters seem to insist that it did—we should have been for it, and we should be for it now. It did none of those things.

Liquor, much of it of a dangerously inferior grade, was available everywhere and in abundance during prohibition. The Dry law offered no solution to the highly individual problem of alcoholism. During prohibition, as now, drinking existed independent of crime, and, too, crime existed independent of drinking.

Prohibition spawned gangsterism, encouraged political corruption and made fashionable a cynical defiance of the law. We fought its evils when they existed, and we will oppose any attempts to reimpose those evils on a national scale.

The American people, by a free majority vote, amended the Constitution to prohibit the legal manufacture and sale of beer, wine and liquor. And after observing the consequences of that amendment for 13 years they repealed it, again by a free majority vote. They were no more influenced or subsidized by the liquor industry in this decision than we are in our editorial policy today.

We believe that their majority decision was wise. We abide by it and support it. We offer no apologies for our stand, or for our acceptance of advertising from a legal, taxpaying, self-regulating industry which is as interested as we are in promoting prudent, temperate use of alcoholic beverages.



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Unenforced and Unenforcible

AFTER ten years the prohibition fight is more furious than ever. Dry leaders in the Senate and elsewhere are outspoken in their criticisms of the failure of the Federal government. Senator Borah said recently:

"In my opinion it will never be enforced with the present personnel from top to bottom."

Other dry members of the Senate have gone still farther. Senator Brookhart demanded the resignation of Secretary Mellon and the three Treasury officials immediately responsible for prohibition enforcement.

Yet the minor enforcement agents are chosen by Civil Service and the higher officials have been selected by Presidents favorable to prohibition.

Coolidge and Hoover certainly increasingly have put the full strength of the government behind this law. Still, in spite of every effort, dry leaders say that the law is not being satisfactorily enforced.

The situation is extraordinary. The government has no great difficulty in compelling the observance of the great body of laws. If prohibition were readily enforcible, the law would have been made effective long ago.

But it is not voluntarily obeyed nor made effective by force.

What the dissatisfied drys have so far failed to perceive is that by its very nature prohibition may be unenforcible.

Winston Churchill, former Chancellor of the British Exchequer, who recently spent several months in the United States and Canada, brought out this point brilliantly in an article in the London Telegraph.

Mr. Churchill observed that while it is very easy for a legislative majority to pass a law, normal public sentiment, and not the law, finally rules. He recalled the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to our Constitution, passed during the fury of the Reconstruction era, dead laws now so far as concerns their primary purpose of making Negroes politically equal with whites in the South.

Not all the force of Northern armies could permanently compel an unwilling South to abide by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

No more has a legislative majority of intolerant idealists compelled those who do not condemn drinking to observe the Eighteenth Amendment.

The inevitable result of such a law is the evasion, subterfuge and hypocrisy which characterize prohibition.

There is a point beyond which people will not tolerate public interference with what they consider their private affairs, and if a rigid constitution stands in the way it is disregarded.

In such circumstances the reasonable course is to reconsider the law. Many different kinds of law cannot be enforced.

The anti-trust laws designed to frustrate the growth of large corporations are familiar examples. Public opinion demanded anti-trust legislation and Congress was pleased to comply. The laws were out of step with economic trends and were not obeyed. Now public opinion has changed and the issue is dying.

The most famous example of an unenforcible law is the Fugitive Slave Act. Congress decreed that runaway slaves must be returned to their masters.

Politicians accepted it and possibly majorities of voters were apathetic concerning it. An aroused minority was in outspoken opposition. Ralph Waldo Emerson minced no words.

"Laws do not make right," was his message. He urged open disregard of the statute, saying: "This law comes with infamy in it and out of it. . . . The law must be made inoperative. It must be abrogated and wiped out; but whilst it stands there it must be disobeyed . . . An immoral law cannot be valid."

Time showed that the opponents of the Fugitive Slave Act were right. The law was bad and it was disregarded before it was repealed.

Federal prohibition has bred an opposition not less stubborn. Prohibition came in the guise of moral reform. Men forgot that it was also an interference with human liberty. Where liberty is involved men are reckless of consequences.

Millions regard the question of drinking alcohol as a private matter and they think that prohibition is an unwarranted interference with their freedom.

This is the reason that after ten years not even dry senators are satisfied with prohibition enforcement.

Both President Hoover and his Commission on Law Enforcement have insisted upon treating prohibition as a closed issue and upon considering only better technical methods of enforcement.

That just defers the question. It settles nothing except that this Administration and this Congress are unable to deal with the important facts.

Unless President Hoover or his successors can convince the American people that prohibition is not an improper interference with human liberty, we shall be complaining of ineffectual enforcement as long as the law remains.

It will be remembered, finally, that prohibition is only one method of dealing with the abuses of the liquor traffic.

Liquor traffic can be controlled and temperance can be increased without prohibition.

Prohibition can be repealed without restoring the saloon or increasing the present volume of drinking. In fact it may well be found that with the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment one great stimulus to excessive drinking will have been removed.

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A FRANK STATEMENT ON A "DELICATE" SUBJECT: CONSTIPATION

FOREWORD: *This is an outspoken attempt to discuss, with complete frankness, a condition that has become one of the world's most widespread human maladies . . . constipation. A delicate subject at best, it has been under medical and scientific scrutiny for years. We believe we owe it to those who suffer from it, to publish these pertinent facts.*

UNION PHARMACEUTICAL CO., INC.

• • • •

The pace of modern living has been blamed for many things. And those who have blamed it have been very often right.

Our lives today have become so intricate, so complicated with daily problems our grandparents never knew existed, that it is little wonder so many long for the "good old days"—when life was simple, and hustle-and-bustle unknown.

We have even envied the caveman—who took life and death as he found it, ate his food raw, and, as the saying goes, "got plenty of roughage" in his diet.

Doctors know that the whole digestive system is strongly influenced by proper food, regularity and rest.

Their ideal "prescription" for maintaining natural elimination is: (a) Eat a balanced diet at regular hours; (b) Drink plenty of water daily; (c) Get at least 8 hours sleep; (d) Take regular exercise; (e) Always obey the urge to eliminate waste; (f) Don't worry or fret over problems you cannot immediately solve.

Few of us, indeed, obey these health commandments. Worst of all, we let worry get the better of us almost daily.

Thus, it is said, civilization has been the underlying cause of most constipation—because today's scanty, hurriedly eaten meals do not supply the bulk necessary to proper elimination, and physical exercise is limited to an occasional dip in the ocean or a weekly round of golf.

Hence: Constipation!

• • • •

Actually, there are several types of constipation, springing from a variety of causes. Two basic types are common:

1. The organic type, requiring skilled medical care.
2. The "functional" type, requiring wise mechanical correction.

The first type, obviously, is a doctor's problem. No mere "laxative" is enough to be of lasting benefit here.

But the second type, functional in nature, in which the intestines fail to do their work properly, can often be justly blamed on the nerve-wracking life we lead.

The end of each day leaves us so tense, so nervously exhausted, that every muscle feels tight—***INCLUDING THE INTESTINAL MUSCLES. IN FACT, IT HAS BEEN SAID, THE WHOLE HUMAN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM CAN BE ALMOST LITERALLY "TIED IN A KNOT" BY SHEER NERVOUS TENSION.***

• • • •

Stop and think, for a moment, how you spend an average day.

Instead of obeying the common sense health commandments of the medical profession, here is what happens:

You rise in the morning; often startled out of a sound sleep by the alarm-clock or a sudden knock on your door.

You rush to dress. You gulp breakfast, or all too often skip it. You rush for a train or bus, or to get the children off to school. Then the office, or a mad race against time—housecleaning, shopping, cooking, washing, a thousand-and-one daily tasks no caveman nor grandparent was ever faced with. Lunch? You hadn't time; or at best you "grabbed a sandwich."

If you were lucky, you read or lay down for half-an-hour in the afternoon. Then comes the wind-up of the daylight hours. Children home. Trains to catch or meet. Dinner to prepare. Dishes to wash. And hurry—you're playing bridge this evening.

Finally you fall into bed—knowing that tomorrow you will repeat the same frantic pattern. Strain, pressure, rush, hurry. Every muscle straining to go faster, faster.

That's the answer to the second type of constipation. Sheer nerve-ridden muscular tension that prevents the intestines from properly doing their work.

This "rush and hurry" habit slows the intestines to a walk.

No wonder 4 out of 5 suffer from constipation.

• • • •

But this muscular tension is only the beginning. You can rush and hurry for years, and except for the occasional type of sluggishness, feel no real ill effect.

But sooner or later, you begin to realize that your intestinal elimination is getting more and more out of whack.

You're just rushed, you think—that's all. You haven't taken the time to attend to this function. Wastes remain too long in the lower intestinal tract. Something must be done about it—fast.

So, to get quick action, you take the kind of harsh, drug-type laxative that "works fast." *And you get two kinds of results.*

You get the fast action, of course.

But the faster you get it, the more likely you are to start a chain of circumstances that in time can make you a chronic sufferer.

For the faster many of these drugs act, the more probable it is that they contain harsh chemicals, scratchy particles, or violent purges which may (a) bring on a digestive disturbance; (b) irritate an already over-sensitive intestinal tract; (c) cause a further slackening of intestinal activity.

It is self-evident that by doing this same thing, again and again, first at occasional intervals and then with increasing frequency, one can bring on a chronic condition calling for long and expensive medical treatment.

• • • •

This is not to imply that all laxatives cause this unfortunate result. There are many products available through your doctor or druggist, which do not have all of these drawbacks.

But it is a fact that many of the pills, liquids and salts in common use today contain irritating, griping, violent-acting ingredients—*designed for fast one-time action*—which if persisted in will form the vicious circle of dosage and more dosage.

No harsh "laxative," in the ordinary sense of the word, can overcome this chronic condition nor break this vicious circle.

The opposite kind of product—which acts without griping, irritation, scratching or violent purging—is called for in cases like these.

• • • •

What is this opposite kind of product?

Let's review the requirements and see.

Obviously, it must contain no ingredient that can unduly aggravate the already over-sensitive intestinal muscular condition.

—Therefore, it should contain no harsh chemicals, purgatives, or scratchy roughage.

Obviously, it must encourage the muscles of the intestinal tract to do their work in their own natural way, thus helping to reestablish the functional rhythm which every normal human being should have.

—Therefore, it should afford some means of gently *and mechanically* urging the intestinal muscles to self-regulated action.

Obviously, it must not interfere with absorption of essential body elements which normally are retained in the intestines.

—Therefore it should allow complete absorption of the essential Vitamin A.

Obviously, it must contain a bland mass bulkage which will not interfere with the resumption of the normal intestinal rhythm, and which will give the expulsion muscles at the end of the intestinal tract something to work on.

—Therefore, it should expand, on contact with water and the digestive juices, into a smooth mass called "softage" that glides easily along the intestinal wall.

This "opposite" type of product must be pleasant, efficient and economical to take. It must produce no violence, pain, or embarrassing urgency. And it must be sufficiently positive in action to relieve constipation promptly—*not with "laxative" speed but within 24 hours or less.*

This type of product is both safe and effective in helping to correct constipation.

All of these requirements are met by Saraka, recommended and prescribed by thousands of physicians for the past 15 years.

• • • •

It is proper, of course, to class Saraka in the so-called laxative field. But, Saraka does not (in the accepted sense) give the laxative type of results.

On the contrary, Saraka is the direct opposite of the harsher types of laxatives designed to quickly overcome a temporary condition—preparations whose habitual use can so aggravate this condition that "the remedy is worse than the ill." *Saraka starts immediately to aid in the restoration of the functional rhythm to which the intestines were accustomed, before the fast pace of modern living threw them off the track.*

Here are the facts about Saraka:

1. It forms bland, gliding "softage," 20 times its original bulk, which with gentle persistence allows the weakened, irritated or tensed-up intestines to get back to work as soon as they are able to do so.
2. It works so pleasantly that you forget you have taken anything at all—no griping, no urgency.
3. It acts with satisfying thoroughness; you feel the pleasant relief that comes with regular elimination.
4. It leaves no exhausting after-effect.
5. It usually acts with greater promptness than products that depend solely on bulk, mass or roughage for effect.
6. Because of its expansion and efficiency, it is amazingly economical to use.

This last point deserves special mention. A single teaspoonful of Saraka expands to many times its original size. This is due to one of its vegetable ingredients called *bassorin.* Bassorin has three times the expansion power of plantago (psyllium seed); ten times that of agar; and twenty times that of bran. Bassorin, together with a vegetable intestinal urger called *frangula,* produces the "bulk plus motility," or mass plus gentle urging, for which Saraka is famous. Together, these two ingredients bring to bear on the intestines a balanced combination which results in more normal, more natural, more regular elimination.

• • • •

We need not point out the sense of well-being, of mental satisfaction, the feeling of aliveness and health, which this intestinal regularity can bring you. You *feel* as though you look better too.

A haggard, dragged-out appearance is regarded as the by-product of harsh types of laxatives. Saraka's by-product is the feeling of contentment that comes from satisfactory elimination.

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Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give... the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Accompanied by a keeper, penguins from the Edinburgh zoo enjoy a daily walk

Several years ago in Edinburgh, Scotland, the 32 penguins in the city zoo found the gate of their enclosure open one day and promptly embarked on a sight-seeing tour of the outside world. Moving along close together on the sidewalk, the birds found nothing of interest until they arrived at a bus stop three blocks away. The activity there proved so fascinating that they stood around and watched it for an hour, after which they went home. As the penguins had such a good time on this little trip, they have been allowed to repeat it every afternoon since, accompanied by their keeper.

* * * * * * * *

Few vessels have vanished as mysteriously as the Kobenhavn, whose last radio call was heard on December 22, 1928, eight days after the ship had left Montevideo on a 9,000-mile voyage eastward to Fremantle, Australia. The disaster was especially baffling as this giant, five-masted Danish training bark was practically new, in perfect condition and manned by 15 crack officers and seamen assisted by 45 cadets. Thinking they might be alive somewhere, their families have since financed a dozen expeditions that have searched scores of isolated islands. Yet in the 21 years, no piece of wreckage or any other clue to the mystery has ever been found.

* * * * * * * *

A clever international art crook came to the United States in 1908 to perpetrate his last and greatest swindle. During the next three years, he became friendly with six millionaire art collectors and made a secret agreement with each to buy from him the famous painting Mona Lisa, if he could steal it from the Louvre. In the meantime, he had received and stored in New York six excellent copies of the portrait which had been made in Paris by an accomplice, a master art forger. Knowing that only news of the theft would convince his friends that they were getting the original, he had another accomplice actually steal the picture on August 20, 1911. The crook then came back to America, delivered his "originals" and collected approximately $2,000,000. After a search of more than two years, the stolen painting was found in Italy and returned to the Louvre.

* * * * * * * *

An announcement that shocked the world was made by Andreas Vasalius of Belgium in his book on human anatomy published in 1543. Being one of the first to dissect a cadaver, *he discovered and disclosed that men* and women have the same number of ribs. Vasalius thus dealt a deathblow to the tale that men lacked a rib, which millions had been led to believe for centuries by the Biblical account of the creation of Eve.

* * * * * * * *

In July, 1947, a wealthy eccentric widow died in a New York hotel where she had long lived alone. Her lawyers, unable to find a large part of her fortune which she had withdrawn from the banks, searched her rooms and five trunks almost daily for two months—but did not find a dollar. Before giving up the job, however, they called in America's famous trunk expert, Frank Schrader, to make a final examination of the trunks. Selecting the only one he thought might have a hidden compartment, Schrader cut away a piece of its lining and pulled out a secret drawer which contained $469,500 in currency.

* * * * * * * *

A curious musical instrument was the pyrophone, or flame organ, which was invented in Paris in 1875 and became quite fashionable in the salons of that city. About 12 feet in height, it consisted of 32 glass tubes of graded lengths and diameters, each of which contained a gas flame. Lowering the flames by means of a keyboard produced musical tones which had a range of four octaves and were sweet as well as hot.

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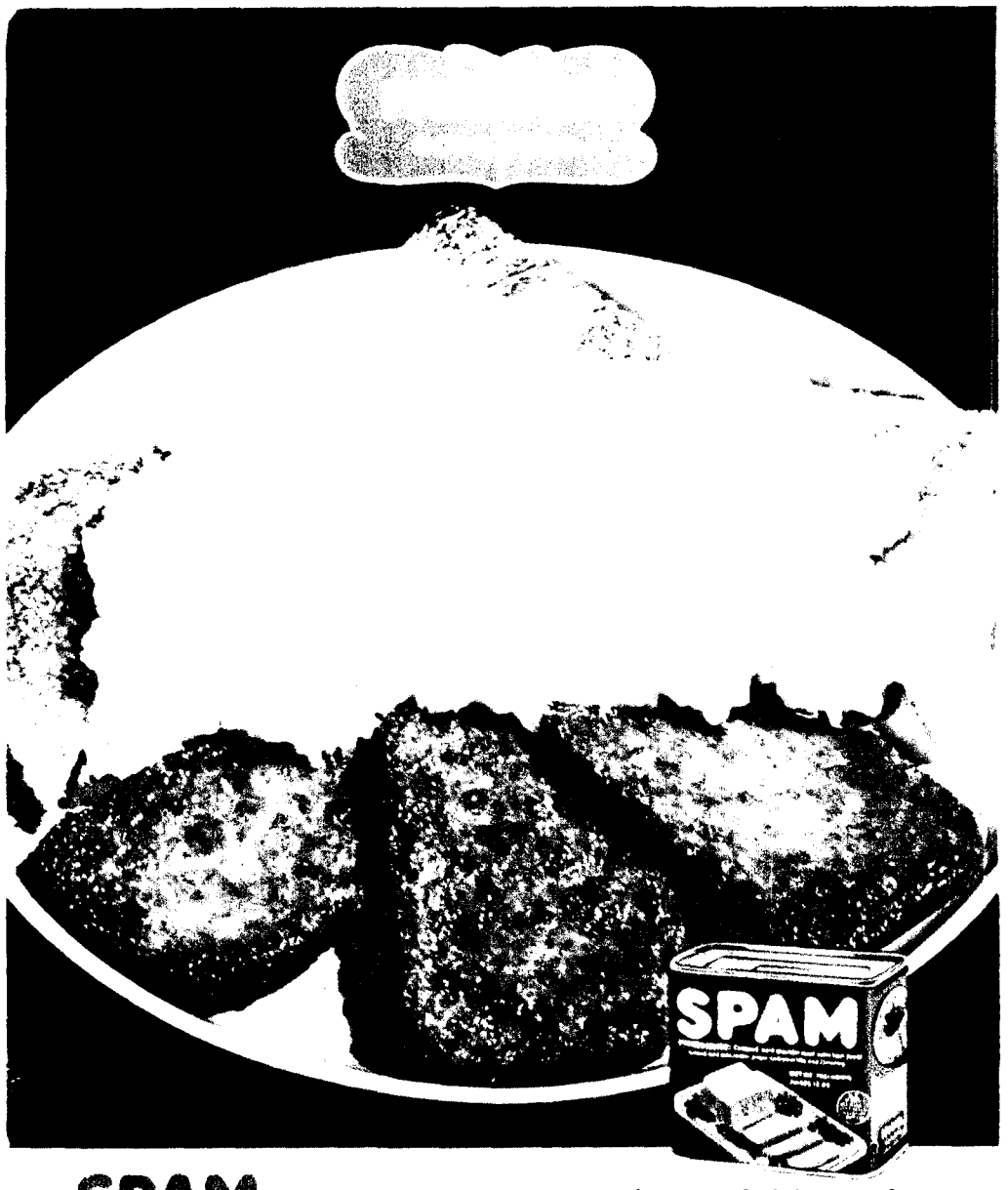

SPAM 'N' SCRAMBLED... *a bountiful breakfast*

FLUFFY EGGS EVERY TIME if you follow this method: Break eggs into bowl; for each egg used, add ⅛ tsp. salt, 1 tbs. cream, dash of pepper. Beat lightly with a fork. Melt in skillet enough butter or margarine to coat bottom. Turn heat low, add eggs. Let them "set" slightly. Keep turning edges toward center. Don't stir, don't overcook. Brown SPAM slices in another pan. Serve both on a *hot* plate.

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10

Ancient Man, 1950 Model

By RALF KIRCHER

The Phenobarbital man worshiped ducks

What they might deduce about you in the year 25000

I SHUDDER to note again that something new and different has been uncovered on the subject of Ancient Man. Is it my imagination, or does this happen every 10 years? Someone is blasting for a dam, or digging peat, or two boys are making a cave, and they come onto a couple of bones; nothing more than a femur and a jawbone, perhaps. The word of this discovery is flashed around the world, the spot is roped off by the local constabulary and in a day or two archaeologists are standing in line to have themselves a look.

It is not sufficient to note that they locate two bones, a few pieces of broken pottery, three beads, a shred of cloth and a strange piece of flint. No. Archaeologists worth their salt will look at these things, turn them over, scratch their heads and compare notes until they can report that this man they found—they call him the Neoplanathoric man, or something else equally unspellable—was 12 feet tall, walked with a limp, had a cast in one eye, lived on vegetables, had a pointed head, abused his mate, died of mushroom poisoning and was up to no good.

This is just a bare outline of the findings, with more detective work to be done as time goes on. Later the materials found in his vicinity reveal that he enjoyed an advanced culture, chewed gum arabic, spoke an early version of broken Indian, loved boar racing, held special rites at the birth of each man-child, worshiped toads, hated glaciers, and preferred to strike an enemy when he was down or when his back was turned.

As this detective work continues (don't talk to me of Sherlock Holmes; give me a lively archaeologist any day) the Neoplanathoric man takes on more form and facts. In short order he turns up in the schoolbooks; all of this stuff about him has to be believed and memorized, and the old guy becomes a nuisance.

It is a mighty disagreeable thing to do, but I cannot help wondering what future scientists would think if something dreadful and petrifying were to happen to me right now—instantaneously: a volcanic eruption, for instance. I wonder what in tarnation might be deduced from some of the relics they would find:

My brass paperweight, labeled Chicago World's Fair, will put them off at once, though archaeologists are in no sense fussy about exact dates. The right aeon is close enough for them.

But what will they make of my glass book ends, my glass ash tray, a small figure of Donald Duck modeled in clay by my daughter, some thumbtacks, a thick coffee cup of the kind you see in all-night diners, and a hand-painted vase which was made by my aunt and which I use for holding pencils?

And what will they think of the fact that I wear pajamas which are held together by snap fasteners, with the additional aid of a safety pin? What will the children of, let us say, 25000 A.D. learn about the figure recreated from these materials?

I'll be given a name, of course. The Twentieth Century Phenobarbital man, perhaps. The pajamas will be a major clue surely, proving that the world was populated by comfort-loving and slovenly people.

The safety pin might be made the basis for a conception of relations between the sexes. Undoubtedly they'll assume that men who held their clothes on with safety pins probably were bachelors who hated women. Not only hated them, mind you, but frequently bludgeoned them to death with a kind of heavy crockery, curiously fashioned to serve both as lethal weapon and crude cup.

From the clay model of Donald, it's easily deduced that the Phenobarbital man worshiped ducks. All that glass stuff suggests that we were glass blowers with puffed cheeks and bulging eyes. The vase establishes our depraved art tastes and proves that we rode bears. (My aunt tried to paint a horse on the vase, but it came out more a bear than a horse.) The thumbtacks will be regarded as the forerunner of the nail and indicate that we lived in tar-paper abodes that could be held together with inferior fastenings.

This is only an outline of the picture that will be painted, as logical deduction follows logical deduction. The fact that it is in such great error doesn't bother me. What saddens me is the thought of those boys and girls of the future flunking their ancient history tests because, stuck for an answer, they may offer the guess that I rode elks, worshiped buzzards and dressed real neat; when, as every A-student will confidently know, I rode bears, worshiped ducks, and looked like a tramp. THE END

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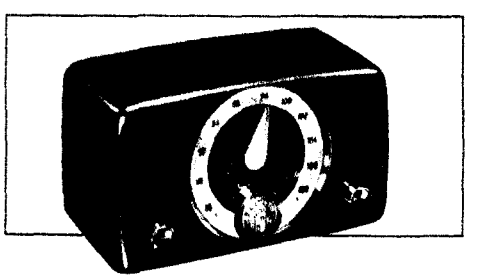

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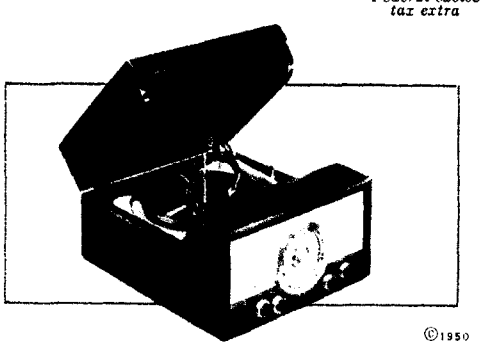

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In no other television receiver will you see such exquisite picture quality, such detail, such life-like realism!

For Zenith's black oxide ("Blaxide") picture tube has penetrated the secret of how to reduce glare and blur, yet achieve startling clarity *even in broad daylight or fully lighted rooms.* All sense of strain disappears . . . you experience only delightful relaxation. Medical authorities recommend this way to view television.

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"I started with a Travelers Employee Life Insurance Plan and we've since enlarged it to include Sickness and Accident insurance for all ten of us.

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Collier's, January 14, 1950

Shell Game

By RICHARD POWELL

He found her barefoot on a moonlit Florida beach. She seemed nice—but even a nice girl has to play rough when she's accused of murder . . .

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

MOST of my friends in New York like to spend energetic vacations. They go offshore in charter boats and attach themselves, with seventy-five-pound test lines, to large and ugly fish. They rush out in hunting season to exchange salvos of double-O chilled shot with other sportsmen. In summer they put on crampons and race up mountains, and in winter they put on skis and race down mountains.

Personally, I don't like mountains; I like beaches. I do my hunting for sea shells. And the only creatures to which I get attached are small and pretty girls.

I had no reason to suspect that my visit to the lower west coast of Florida would be less pleasant than other vacation trips. In fact, I thought it would be more pleasant, because the beaches I planned to visit are famous for their shells. And, of course, Florida publicity gave me the impression that all the palm trees in the state would fall down if they weren't propped up with bathing beauties. I didn't realize that I was letting myself in for something that would make fishing and hunting and mountain sports look like rest cures.

Many interesting objects wash up onto the Gulf beaches of Florida. A few days after my arrival, it began to seem likely that these objects would soon be joined by the body of a person named William J. Stuart. I wouldn't have worried quite so much about this character except that William J. Stuart is my name.

Everything started the night I was collecting shells a couple of miles below the town of Gulf City. I chose early evening for the trip, because there was a new moon. At new and full moons you get unusually high and low tides; very low tide is excellent for collecting shells. The tide was far out, and I splashed happily along, probing the shallows off the beach with my flashlight. I

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TERMINAL

was having good luck. My burlap sack was getting heavy with nice specimens of Chinese alphabets and heart cockles and angel wings, and I had even found a lettered olive in a rare golden shade.

Just ahead of me were the pilings of an old fishing pier. I waded to them and flashed the light at the base of a piling. Something made a quick swirl in the water, darted behind the piling. For a moment my toes wriggled uneasily and I thought about sharks. Then I told myself, "Look, Stuart, you can handle any shark that can swim in four inches of water." I poked the light forward. This time the object in the water didn't retreat. I blinked. I was staring at a girl's foot.

"Well, what's the matter?" she said crossly. "Do I have six toes?" Her voice had husky vibrations, like cello notes.

I said admiringly, "Your foot would be worth looking at, even if it were webbed. What's it doing out here?"

She snapped, "I'm waiting for the tide to go down, so I can walk ashore without getting my feet wet."

THAT was supposed to wither me. I do not, however, wither easily. Ordinarily, girls don't swoon when I first approach. They're more likely to start thinking up insults. I can't croon or swell my biceps to sixteen inches or dance divinely. My body is put together as loose as an old stepladder; my limp black hair keeps flopping down over my eyes, and usually both my hat and my profile look as if they need reblocking. But I have learned that, if I stick around and grin at the insults, I make out all right.

So I said cheerily, "Does the rest of you live up to your foot?"

"No," she said, keeping in the shadow of the piling. "I bulge. I have buckteeth and a squint. Please turn out that light. It hurts my eyes."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, turning it off. I edged forward until I could see her in the starlight. She was wearing gray slacks rolled up above her knees, a white shirt and a bandanna. She carried a big white pocketbook slung over one shoulder. She was of medium height and slender. I studied her face and saw a firm chin, slight hollows in her cheeks that trapped shadows, cool dark eyes under gull-wing eyebrows, a nose just the right size for sniffing disdainfully at me. "It's not true about the bulges and the squint," I said. "In regard to the buckteeth, if you'll just smile a little more and let me check those upper incisors—"

"Did anyone ever tell you it's rude to stare at a person's face?"

"Well, I tried staring at your foot and you didn't like that either. I should think you'd be used to men staring at you. You have an interesting face. In a four-color ad it would get a lot of readership. Your face might not sell the product, though. People might think you were staring down that nose of yours at the box of Munchy-Wunchies."

"I'm not interested in how my face would look in an ad."

"Sorry," I said. "I can't break myself of the habit of talking shop. You see, I'm in the advertising game, in New York."

"Oh, yes. A huckster. The Super Chief, gin rummy at ten cents a point, glamor girls, double Scotches."

"Oh, no. The Long Island Railroad, penny-ante poker, nice girls my friends want to marry off to me, coffee with two lumps of sugar. I work at Baldwin and Bond. On my door it says William J. Stuart, Art Director. What," I said, hinting politely, "does it say on your door?"

"It says Do Not Disturb."

"If you really mean that, I'll splash away and collect some more shells. But—"

"Is that what you've been doing? The beach is littered with shells. Why go wading out here?"

"The ones on the beach have been picked over. And by the time a shell gets washed ashore it's often cracked or chipped. Are you interested in shells? I picked up a lettered olive in quite an unusual golden shade."

"My opinion of shells," she said coldly, "is that they make an excellent surface for secondary roads."

"You do shells an injustice. They built these west Florida beaches. They provide savage tribes with an inflationproof currency. They lay down deposits of limestone. In their lighter moments they create pearls and the basic ingredient for clam chowder. They—" She ducked suddenly behind the piling, and I said, "I don't seem to be holding my audience."

AT THAT moment a long beam of light lashed out from shore. It glared at me coldly across the tidal flats, then flicked out. It was the spotlight of a sedan—gray, I thought—that was moving slowly down the beach. Probably a fisherman heading for the deep-water pass to the south.

The girl came out from behind the piling and said, "Why do people have to do that? It hurts my eyes."

"A likely story," I said in a cheerful tone. "I suspect that you escaped from a prison camp and that's the sheriff looking for you. You waded out here so the bloodhounds would lose the trail."

"Do you ever talk sensibly, Mr. Stuart?"

"I was just trying to cheer you up. You seemed in a mood to bite things out with the nearest barracuda."

"I'm sorry. But everything's been so maddening."

"Namely?"

"Namely men! I had dinner with a man I used to think was nice, and afterward he said let's drive to the beach and watch the moon come up over the Gulf. When we got here, the idiot went native. I had to jump out of the car and he chased me and I lost my sandals. Oh, I feel like such a fool!"

"Was that the guy driving past just now, using his spotlight?"

"Oh, no. All this happened an hour ago."

"Then you're not hiding from him?"

"No. I saw your light and waded out to see what you looked like. I thought if you looked human I'd ask for a lift back to town."

"I have a car parked up the beach where the road ends. I'll be glad to take you back, right now, if you want. I know I'm a sinister-looking character, but—"

"You're not at all. I don't think I need to worry. I suspect that women trust you, don't they?" *(Continued on page 65)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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Her bag flew open, and the contents scattered all over the pavement. "Look what you made me do," she cried

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Was JOE LOUIS

By GENE TUNNEY

Through more than a century of heavyweight boxing history the sport claims two champions who tower above all the others: Dempsey and Louis. Here, in a fight-by-fight review of the outstanding bouts through the years, a great titlist, one of the few to retire undefeated from the heavyweight throne, offers an expert opinion of the relative abilities of the two men who, at their peaks, were unquestionably champions' champions

IF YOU want to break up a pool game around Jacobs' Beach, that blood-spattered muscle market in the area near Madison Square Garden, New York City, just ask: "Who was the greatest heavyweight of all time?" All hands promptly stop shooting and start yelling.

"Dempsey was tops for my dough!" someone shouts.

"You're tetched," another snorts. "I've got a loose fin that says old Jawn L. was the best."

Then others join the chorus, and you hear "Jeffries—Jack Johnson—Baer—Louis."

"Gwan, Baer was a bum!" an old-timer bellows. "Corbett gets my dough."

Even Sharkey and Schmeling, not to mention the author, have their adherents. So, before you know it, the argument becomes a fight. If someone calls the cops, when they hear what the argument is they're likely to join in, too.

This is the kind of argument that no one ever wins. Like arguing about religion, politics or which was the greatest baseball team of all time, there's just no changing of minds. It's almost like asking who was the greatest playwright. Naturally, I'm prejudiced in favor of Shakespeare, but a lot of people could give pretty good arguments for Shaw, O'Neill, Barrie, Wilde, *et al.*

There is so much guesswork involved in analyzing fighters, so many intangible factors, that a final decision would never find universal acceptance, even among experts. But, as an ex-heavyweight champion, the writer is perhaps more entitled than most to stick his neck out, and let the rabbit blows fall where they may.

So far as I'm concerned the question of who was the greatest heavyweight of all time boils down to: "Who was greater—Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis?" Dempsey and Louis are literally the alpha and omega of modern boxing. Dempsey began the most exciting period in pugilism on July 4, 1919, when he wrested the title from Jess Willard. And Louis seems to have drawn the curtain down on that greatest era of a sport that is now definitely on the downgrade.

I believe that the majority of fight fans and authorities narrow the choice down to these two superb sportsmen, so I'm on safe ground anyway. But to prove the point that I am going to make, I have to review briefly the whole boxing picture in America.

Although boxing in the United States has been known as a sport since 1816, heavyweight history begins officially on September 9, 1841, when the first definite contest for the American championship was fought. That bare-fisted bone-breaking match, between Tom Hyer and Country McClosky at Caldwell's Landing on the Hudson River, went 101 rounds and lasted a breath-taking two hours and 55 minutes.

Louis ducks a wicked Braddock right. Joe went on to take the title in an eighth-round knockout

INTERNATIONAL

But so far as this scrivener is concerned, you can eliminate every slugger from that sanguinary marathon right up to John L. Sullivan, since they fought under the ancient London Prize Ring Rules. John L. became champion and an American idol by defeating all other claimants to the title (including Paddy Ryan, claimant from 1878 until his defeat by John L. Sullivan on February 7, 1882). The last bare-knuckle fight in America was the 75-round brain-buster on July 8, 1889, at Richburg, Mississippi, between John L. and Jake Kilrain. It marked the end of the Dark Ages of Boxing.

This leaves exactly six decades of boxing under the revised Marquis of Queensberry rules in which to find a man who might have been greater than Joe Louis. Or, putting it another way, a man who in his prime could have licked Joe Louis in *his* prime.

Under pain of bringing down the wrath of shamrock-wearers on my head, I am also forced to eliminate those turn-of-the-century and pre-World War I rosin favorites—John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries and Tommy Burns. And by scratching out "Black Jack" Johnson, too, I'll probably earn the lifelong scorn of a small but vocal coterie which still insists that Johnson was the lad who could have leveled Joe Louis.

A more or less accurate line on Johnson's real ability can be gleaned from a record book. In three of his outstanding contests, he did not register the effectiveness required of a great champion.

When he won the first leg of the title in a contest in Australia with the heavyweight title claimant, Tommy Burns, the battle went for 14 rounds and was stopped by the police "to save Burns from further punishment." Burns was a small, squat figure of an athlete, about five foot 7 inches tall and weighing 175 pounds at his best fighting edge. Johnson, who is supposed to have been a master boxer, failed to knock him down once in the contest. Many ringsiders thought that Burns was getting better as the fight proceeded and that it should not have been stopped when it was, nor for the reason given.

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the GREATEST ?

HANS KNOPF

had a genuine touch of greatness in him, looks far from impressive in his best bouts when compared with the finely developed ring technique and clever footwork of Dempsey, Louis and others.

Despite their ludicrous technique, these pre-Dempsey stalwarts were all tough adversaries. I think, under certain circumstances, most of them could have licked Joe Louis if he were fighting then. Jim Corbett, for instance, who broke America's heart by uncrowning John L. Sullivan, was fleet-footed, brainy and quick in his reflexes—an all-round dangerous opponent. He introduced class to the prize ring. I sincerely believe that he might have defeated Joe Louis in a 15-round bout if they could have met at their peaks.

Even that tough, spindle-legged, freckle-faced, bald-headed light heavyweight, "Ruby Robert" Fitzsimmons, might have been able to lick Joe Louis. A fiery bean pole, he weighed only 165 pounds when he went after the heavyweight championship and blasted Gentleman Jim Corbett off the throne.

Fitz could unleash terrific blows for his size, and it is conceivable that he could have taken Louis, but it would have had to be in an early round. Fitz was easy to hit, and he probably couldn't have withstood a Louis barrage beyond the fourth or fifth round.

Apparently I've already answered the question I set out to answer. Actually I haven't yet, since up to Jack Johnson I have been dealing only in suppositions and theories. This discussion, to make sense, has to be narrowed down to the second half of the 60 years of boxing with gloves—the colorful period dating from that boiling Independence Day in 1919, at Toledo, Ohio, when one of the greatest ring battles of all time was fought between Jack Dempsey and the giant cowboy, Jess Willard.

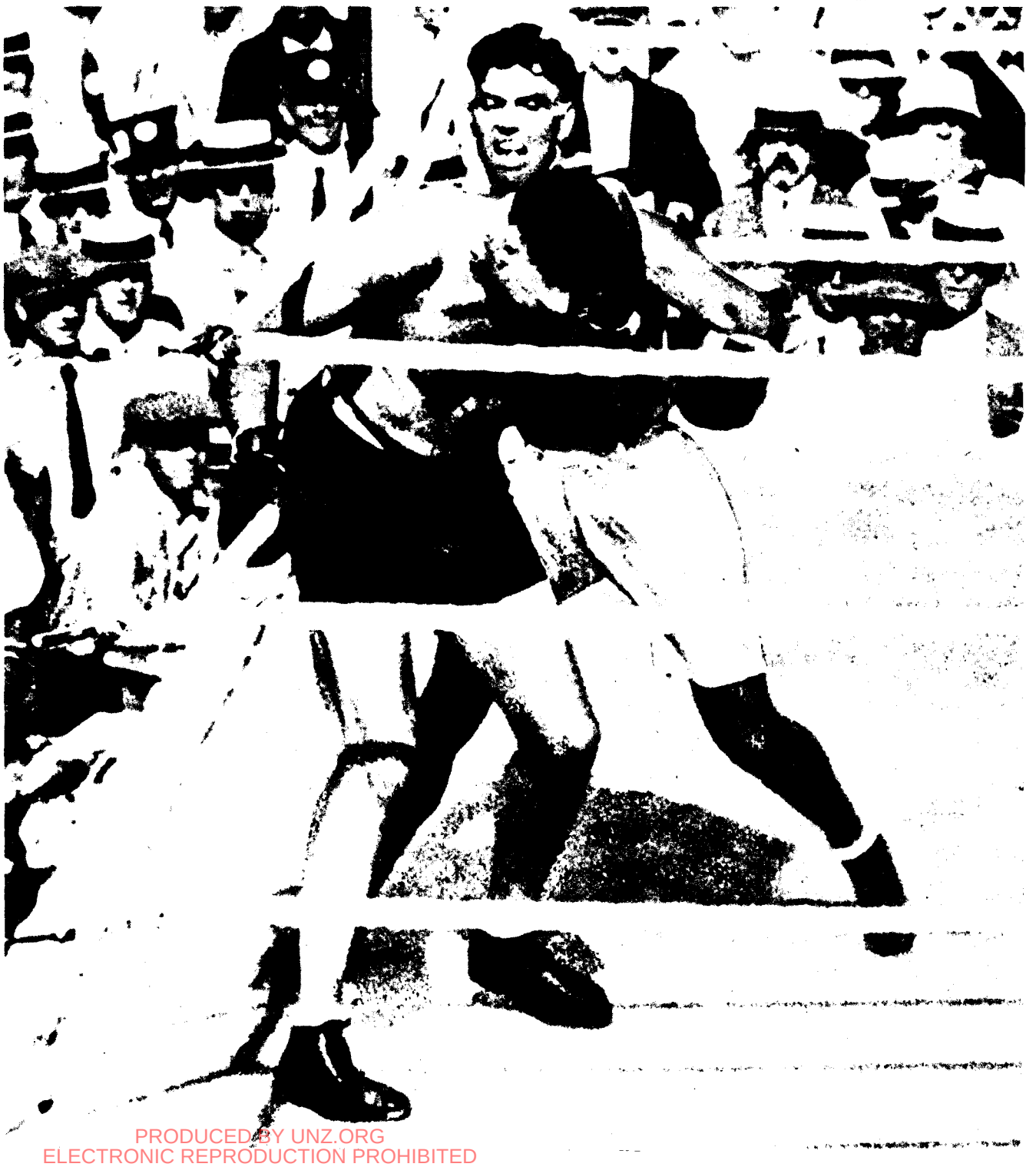
The gigantic Willard towered over Dempsey by almost a foot and outweighed him by an unbelievable margin of 58 pounds. The only heavyweight champion before or since Willard who topped his 245 pounds was Primo Carnera. And in only one championship fight since the Dempsey-Willard match has the disparity of weight been greater between champion and challenger, with the latter on the high end of the seesaw. This was when Carnera, at an unwieldy 270 pounds ham-handed Gentleman Tommy Loughran, 186 pounds, for 15 rounds at Miami Beach on March 1, 1934.

But the outcome had been reversed at Toledo. David slew Goliath, so to speak; Dempsey's rock was his supercharged fist, which battered the lumbering Willard into a gory sack of flesh and bones.

Seven times in the first *(Continued on page 53)*

In one of the most exciting bouts on record, Dempsey corners Willard at Toledo, July 4, 1919

ACME



Johnson's contest with Stanley Ketchel, a middleweight whom he took 12 rounds to defeat, was another indication of his lack of effectiveness. And certainly his showing against Jim Jeffries, when he won final claim to the heavyweight championship of the world, on July 4, 1910, at Reno, Nevada, was not of championship quality. His pretense that he prolonged the fight for the benefit of the motion picture cameramen, or some such reason, can be dismissed.

Nor can I imagine the Jim Jeffries of that occasion going more than three rounds with Joe Louis. As a matter of fact, such a contest could not be staged under present regulations. No boxing commission today would permit a retired champion—like Jeffries—to come out of six years' retirement in order to defend his title, unless he could prove through a couple of warmup matches that he was sufficiently in condition to justify a contest for the world championship.

I cannot conceive of Jim Jeffries, even in his prime, finishing a 15-round fight with either Louis or Dempsey. He was too easily hit, and any opponent that either Dempsey or Louis could hit could not be expected to last very long. Even the most enthusiastic admirers of Jeffries admit that he had a comparatively short career before winning the championship from Fitzsimmons at Coney Island on June 9, 1899. And though Fitzsimmons was a comparatively old man, he punched Jeffries around the ring at will until his hands broke up and he had to chuck it.

You don't have to take my word for this apparently arbitrary dismissal of battlers whose names we were brought up to revere. And you don't even have to compare written records, or refer to excellent treatises on the subject. Television has settled the argument definitely.

Recently, the coaxial cable moguls have disinterred some ancient films showing every great fight since Jeffries surprised the world by kayoing Bob Fitzsimmons in the 11th frame at Coney Island on June 9, 1899.

These flickers, instead of supplying thrills and excitement, send spectators into convulsions. They howl at the ridiculous-looking pork-and-beaner stances, the windmill swings and Donald Duck footwork, not to mention the beefy spare-tires flopping over their trunks. Even Jack Johnson, who

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Pretty Good Politician

As a barefoot girl of 24, Mary Shadow beat the best in Tennessee. Is Congress her next stop?

BY HELEN WORDEN

IT WAS Saturday morning at Chattin's, an old-time country store which sells everything from beans to buttons, in Roddy, Tennessee. A pretty girl was the center of attention. She had the physical equipment to raise Cain among the men, but she was talking like a missionary about politics, of all things.

The men, noticing her sensuous curves, full red lips and wavy brown hair, gave her their attention. The women, attracted by her openhearted friendly manner, also listened.

"I'm Mary Shadow," she explained in a soft Southern voice. "I've tied tobacco, picked cotton, pitched hay, and milked cows on my father's farm at Decatur, so I know your worries. I also know something about our laws. I teach political science at Tennessee Wesleyan in Athens. The finances of your county and mine—Rhea and Meigs—are being mismanaged. Rhea is over $1,000,000 in debt and there isn't enough money in the treasury to pay the school warrants."

By now the store was crowded with people. "She's too young to know what she's talkin' about," said one man.

The girl looked at him. "On this point it would be well for us to remember the many young men and women under twenty-three who bravely fought in the recent war. If you'll send me to the legislature I'll fight for honest government. My primary object is to be of service to the people and a credit to my parents. My father is agricultural agent of Meigs County, my mother was state public health nurse. There are five children in our family. We've all been taught that the real Christian thinks of others first."

That was September, 1948. Today, this pretty, well-formed young woman is an American political phenomenon. She made history by beating her opponent, Walter White, an experienced politician. She got herself elected on the Democratic ticket as Representative of Rhea and Meigs Counties to the Seventy-sixth Tennessee General Assembly. She was the youngest woman legislator in the land. Her campaign cost under $270. She was the only woman in the legislature and she didn't use her sex to get by; in fact, she took along her mother to scare off the wolves. She had fourteen offers of marriage during her three and one-half months in Nashville.

While she was put in office to break the hold of a Republican political machine, she went to bat for many things of national interest, such as repeal of the poll tax and revision of loose adoption laws. She pushed through a bill for construction of a new $3,000,000 research hospital where the latest atomic discoveries could be tried out close to the Oak Ridge laboratories. The ground for that hospital will be broken this spring in Knoxville.

Now Mary may run for Congress. Old hands say she will be hard to beat. She is just twenty-four. If elected, she will be the youngest woman Representative ever sent to Washington. The term of the present Representative from the Third Congressional District—James B. Frazier, Jr.—expires in 1950. If Mary Shadow succeeds him, there is a strong possibility that her mother will replace her in the legislature. It may sound corny, but these two women regard service to the community as a patriotic duty.

"It's a helluva note!" fumed a politician. "How's a fellow goin' to campaign against an opponent with no past?"

Mary had a past but not the kind he wanted. She was born in the dimple of Tennessee, Winchester, on July 17, 1925. In 1929 her family moved to the 115-acre farm where she now lives, two miles from Decatur, the county seat of Meigs.

A childhood adventure typifies her character and shows what the politicians are up against. When she was eight she and two of her sisters, Lucy and Muriel, were playing in the cornfield. Mrs. Shadow sat in the kitchen with her twin babies, Sophie and Leatha. Lucy, white-faced, raced in. Mary had just killed a big snake. Mrs. Shadow dashed out. Mary pointed to a dead copperhead. "I *had* to kill it, Mama. It was going to hurt Lucy."

The children at the Decatur Methodist Sunday School elected Mary delegate to a Methodist Intermediate Camp at Madisonville, Tennessee, when she was eleven.

"You may go if you earn the money for the trip," said her mother.

Strawberries were ripe, farm hands scarce. She paid for her trip and had enough left to buy a Girl Scout uniform. At her own expense she has attended these annual conferences ever since. In college she waited on table, did office filing and typing and used up scholarships. She gadded all over the South using up scholarships—to Tennessee Wesleyan College, to the University of Tennessee, to Georgia's Brenau College for Women, even to Old Mexico on a Texas College for Women extension scholarship. Her ultimate goal was foreign missionary work. Then two melodramatic episodes changed her direction.

The day after a local primary in August, 1946, Mary's mother watched several hundred people milling around the Meigs County courthouse in Decatur. Before her horrified eyes Sheriff Oscar Womac and his deputies burned the ballot box! There were guns in evidence. Womac said the voting had been crooked.

On Election Day, the following November, the citizens of Athens, in near-by McMinn County, carried guns to the polls and dynamited the jail to separate the sheriff from the ballot box.

Mary realized there was missionary work to be done right in her own country. From now on, political science would be her major study.

Mr. and Mrs. Shadow approved. You couldn't be around Mary's parents long and not care what happened to your community. Ever since her father, Willis A. Shadow, came to Meigs he had fought for rural electrification. Mrs. Shadow was president of the Fourth District parent-teacher association for seven years, is judge at the National Federation of Garden Clubs, secretary-treasurer of a farm bureau group, and a backer of traveling libraries.

She has given up public nursing, but when Dr. Will Abel, Meigs County's only physician, calls her in an emergency, she goes—often without pay.

Mary Shadow drops in for a visit at Paul Cartwright's store. It was here and at Chattin's that her legislature campaign talks won over the voters

In the living room of the Shadow farmhouse, in the Tennessee Valley, Mary gives her niece Elaine a lesson in sewing, as her mother and father watch

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Mary has her mother's capacity for human understanding. "Mary is a normal, healthy girl who works hard for everything she gets," said Mrs. Shadow. "And she is like her father in letting the other fellow have his say. I'm quick and spunky."

The Shadow farm is part of a pleasant valley between the Great Smokies and the Cumberland Mountains. The Tennessee River, converted into a series of giant lakes by TVA dams, winds its tortuous way a few miles beyond Decatur. Mary hikes, swims and canoes in this romantic and still primitive world. During harvest she farms and helps milk the cows. The herd of registered Jerseys is a good source of income for the Shadows.

Mary dressmakes, is a size 16, goes barefoot around the farm, wears high heels in town, favors pumpkin pie, Cordell Hull and waltzing, does her own hair and collects earrings. She speaks her mind. People either love or hate her.

In 1947 she was the only Tennessee student to qualify for a regional training fellowship, financed by Rockefeller money, to develop leaders in the South. College graduates like Mary are trained in public administration and government. Institutions participating in this program are the Universities of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama.

Useful Advice From a Bus Driver

It was in Professor Donald Stone's political science class at the University of Alabama that Mary hit her pace. Stone asked her to write a paper on American politics. She chose her home counties —Meigs and Rhea. In gathering material she commuted between Decatur and Birmingham, Alabama. The bus driver, who lived in the county seat of Rhea, found out what she was doing. He told her to ask the folks in Rhea County about Walter White.

You couldn't live in Rhea County and not know something about Walter White. He was the leading Republican in a district that is largely Republican. He had been Floterial Representative almost continuously since 1908. "Floterial" is a Tennessee-coined word. It means an election district floating over more than one county.

White was either devil or saint, depending on your politics. His very appearance indicates his character—thickset, broad-shouldered and powerfully built. He has red hair turning white. His eagle eyes peer from beneath shaggy white eyebrows. His chin juts aggressively.

A Baptist, he assisted Democrat William Jennings Bryan in prosecuting John T. Scopes, the young teacher who dared propound the Darwinian evolution theory to Dayton's school children. The trial won White the Republican nomination for governor but not election.

Mary went from door to door in Dayton asking about Walter White. She called on Franklin Glass, editor and owner of the Dayton Herald; Jim Abel, of Abel's Hardware Store; William Hilleary, a mill owner in neighboring Spring City. All despaired over Rhea County's finances.

Walter White was the most astute politician, not excepting Ed Crump, in Tennessee. Mary produced copies of private acts he had passed. She found them in the Tennessee legislative records at the state capitol in Nashville.

The Tennessee government setup indirectly puts the state in control of municipalities. Under an antiquated constitution a legislator may author bills without the folks back home hearing a thing until those bills are law. Mary found that in Chapter 431, Private Acts of 1937, Walter White appointed himself County Superintendent of Schools. Chapter 164, Private Acts of 1945, gave him the right, as county superintendent of public instruction, to fill all vacancies on the County Board of Education. He even attempted to pass a bill to send himself and favored legislators on a junket to Liberia.

Professor Stone reminded Mary that talk alone would not build better government, nor prove a person a worthy citizen. That tweaked her Methodist conscience.

"I've a notion to run for the legislature myself," she said.

"Why don't you?" asked Stone.

She went to the people with the facts. She spoke in country stores like Chattin's. She stopped shoppers on the streets of Dayton and Decatur. One day a Rhea County farmer came to her house. "I'm for you, Mary. That's why I'm here. A man told me yesterday that your daddy will lose his job as county agent if you don't quit politics."

The politicians were beginning to take her seriously!

She still had no money, no organization, and, worst of all, she was a Democrat. A Democrat in Walter White's bailiwick might as well go fishing on Election Day.

However, the Democrats did have a Rhea County chairman—Attorney Walter Cheers, who had been an Air Force colonel in India during the war. Mary paid him a visit. He laughed when she asked his party to back her.

Mary's father says her middle name is "persistence." She called on Cheers again the following week.

"It would be tossing you into the lion pit to put you up against a man like Walter White," he said. "Besides, you don't know the game."

The third week Mary again knocked on his Dayton office door. He tested her on a political issue. What would she do about so-and-so if she were elected?

"What would *you* do, Mr. Cheers?"

Her answer surprised him. A clever politician never lets you know what he thinks. He questioned her on other points. Maybe this girl could lick White. She had looks, brains, and No Past. He telephoned his committeeman. "Listen, boys, Mary Shadow's our candidate."

Once she had the backing of local Democrats, Mary took a holiday. As a regional training program fellow, she worked at the office of the Kentucky Revenue Commissioner. While there she drafted legislation for streamlining the records system, which has since become a law. She also took advantage of a Lisle Fellowship, a Methodist project, which meets annually at Watkins Glen, New York, and stresses training in citizenship.

In the autumn she was offered a political-science professorship at Tennessee Wesleyan. She accepted, provided she be given leave to campaign and, if elected, to serve in the Assembly. The college's president, Republican Lindsey Robb, granted this, saying, "We feel the experiment is fully justified. The Methodist Church always backs good government." *(Continued on page 73)*

Back from the Assembly, Mary marks exam paper at Tennessee Wesleyan. She teaches political science

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GABRIEL BENZUR

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You Got to Relax

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

A lion was on the loose, and it seemed as if Linda were doing her utmost to make Earnest the sacrificial lamb

THEY didn't mention lions. They said maybe he smoked too much and wasn't eating properly and possibly he'd been bending the old elbow too often. Their diagnosis was somewhat at odds with the doctor's—he said Earnest was getting a mild chronic anxiety neurosis, probably brought on by strain and overwork. But the prescription for treatment was pretty unanimous: Go away for a while and relax.

They—Durham and Ostenpheffer, from the advertising firm of the same name—said you couldn't beat the mountains when it came to taking the kinks out of a guy's psyche, and it just happened Ostenpheffer, the idea man of the firm, had a cabin down there in the edge of the Ozarks. "You'll like it once the initial shock wears off," said Durham. "The solitude, the days flowing serenely past—"

"How I envy you, old boy," Ostenpheffer had rhapsodized. "Ah, to be in the Ozarks now that winter's frosty brush has splashed magic on nature's vast and artful canvas!"

But none of them said anything about lions. Come to think of it, none of them mentioned beautiful brunettes, either. But then why *should* they? Listen, you think a guy working for Durham and Ostenpheffer ever had time for girls? Well, Earnest drove down to Ostenpheffer's hideout, and the mountains were breath-taking, all right. It was early winter, like Ostenpheffer said, and the mountaintops were capped with snow. At night a big moon spilled cold silver over the wildwood scene. The air was crisp and tangy with the incense of hickory, cedar and pawpaws. The place was soothing in a nerve-racking kind of way, and after three days Earnest's relaxation would have been almost total if he hadn't been so lonely..

Late one afternoon, Earnest was sitting on the cabin porch, feeling bored after examining his thoughts, which didn't amount to much. Wearing a windbreaker and a hot pipe against the cold, he gazed very intently at nothing in particular and wished old Boone Lacey, Ostenpheffer's caretaker and nearest neighbor, would drop around and be neighborly. Earnest's gaze jogged to the right a little and focused on something moving down the private road to Ostenpheffer's rustic retreat, and he became petrified with shocked amazement. A lion was padding glumly down the road. A genuine, trade-mark-type lion, with a shaggy mane and everything.

Earnest, no dope, knew a hallucination when he saw one. "That is nothing but a figment of my tortured imagination," he told himself. "An optical illusion which will vanish if I ignore it." But realizing that a guy could go wrong on a thing like that, he went hurriedly inside and ignored the optical illusion through a window.

The lion paused, lashing its tail and sneering at Earnest, and he decided it wasn't a hallucination after all. Wearing a crafty expression and somehow giving the impression of being hungry, the beast stalked out of Earnest's range of vision around the fireplace end of the cabin, where there were no windows. Making a quick analysis of the situation, Earnest decided the lion planned to put a siege on him.

The thought of a big ravenous jungle beast prowling around outside casing the joint caused Earnest's nerves to start twitching badly. Quivering like a plucked G string, Earnest got the .410-gauge shotgun off the wall by the fireplace. Tiptoeing to the front door, he opened it a crack and peered out cautiously, and yonder went the lion down the slope and into the timber along the creek.

"He wants a drink before dinner," Earnest said to himself. He stepped out on the porch and was toying with the thought of getting in his car and seeking the company of his fellow man when he heard a racket coming from the trees up the road. In a moment a decrepit automobile rocketed out of cover and bucked to a stop where the road dead-ended before the cabin. The driver was a dark-eyed and visibly perturbed brunette, and beside her was a massive young man.

"Hello," the girl said, chewing her lip. "Did a lion just go past here?"

Earnest wiggled the .410. "I wasn't hunting quail. Was that your lion?"

"Unfortunately, yes," she said. "Which way did he go?" Earnest pointed out the spot between two birches where he'd last seen the lion, and she groaned and turned to her large escort. "Looks like a job for the infantry from here on," she said. "As my lawyer, what do you recommend, Havelock?"

"You stay here while I go see about fixing the truck, or getting a paneltruck or something," her lawyer promptly advised. He had a big, authoritative voice, the kind that would intimidate juries. And ordinary people, too, for that matter.

Earnest resented the guy's bossy attitude and what he was thinking. He looked at the girl. "You said it was *your* lion." She nodded in a distracted manner. "Well, then," Earnest reasoned, "how come you let *him* take charge of the safari? Why don't *you* make the decisions and give the orders?"

Havelock got out and came around the car. "Any further questions, fellow?" he asked ominously.

"I guess not," Earnest said. "Your witness, Havelock. Carry on."

The girl got out. She was rather small, with skin that was a kind of warm ivory, eyes that were dark and big, and a mouth that was generous and expressive. She smiled at Earnest and explained. "Havelock is real good at taking charge of things. He was a lieutenant in the Coast Guard during the war."

HAVELOCK clarified the statement. "Executive officer on a buoy tender. Thirty-one months sea duty. American theater of operations." Very terse and nautical.

"I was a corporal in the Marines," Earnest said. "Four years. Mostly South Pacific. Looks like you got the rank on me, Lieutenant."

"I was 4F," the girl said. "Havelock, it'll get dark in a couple hours."

"We gotta get on the ball here," Havelock said briskly. "I'll hurry back, kid. Meanwhile, you locate Diogenes if you can. It'll save us a lot of time."

"All right, Havelock, we'll do it your way," the girl said. "Listen, are you going to notify the proper authorities and stuff like that?"

"I see no need for it," Havelock said. "We don't need help, and it would just cause panic among the natives. All you got to do is keep tabs on Diogenes until I get back with the truck, and then I'll think of something." He looked at Earnest. "Watch your step, fellow. Linda is an expert at jujitsu."

"Why, Havelock, that's perjury!" Linda exclaimed. "I'm not either."

"I am," Earnest said. "I had commando training. Listen, I'm willing to lend a hand in a small way, but I came up here to relax on account of my nerves are in bad shape. I'll make hot coffee or something constructive like that, but don't expect me to help you tamper with a lion's itinerary."

"Just go on with your customary routine, if you have one, fellow," Havelock said. "We don't require your assistance."

He got in the car and drove away, and Linda sighed. "That's my boy," she said. There was a coughing grunt somewhere down by the creek, and she shivered. "That's my lion," she said weakly. *(Continued on page 51)*

Over his shoulder, Havelock said: "We got to catch that lion tonight or tomorrow, Linda." He stepped up the pace, swinging the lantern like a brakeman. The hounds yelped excitedly

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NORTHCROSS

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THE POSTAL INSPECTORS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. A. CAVALIERE

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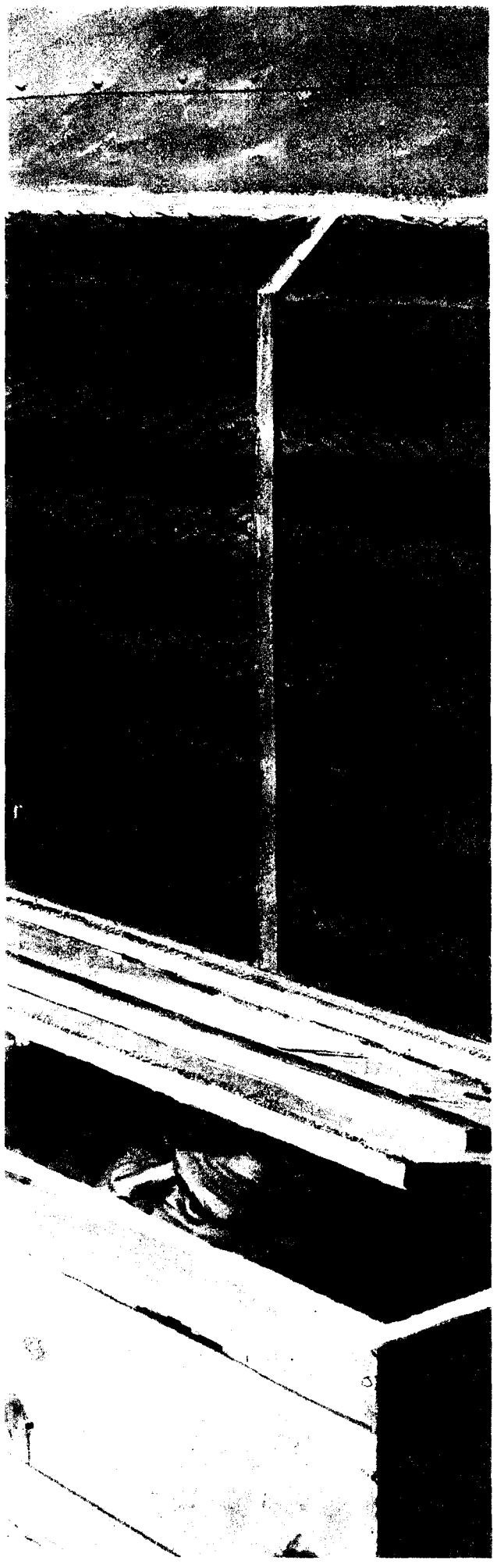
Nobody Beats the Law

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM



Collier's for January 14, 1950

PART ONE OF FIVE PARTS

HARRY WINSTON, the flamboyant New York jewel peddler, had a problem last April. He had paid something like $1,500,000 for the gem collection of the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, of Washington, D.C. Included in Winston's purchase were the Star of the East diamond, a trinket weighing 100 carats, and the daintier 44½-carat Hope diamond. Winston wanted to get the treasure safely from Washington to his New York office and expense was no consideration.

Winston consulted with experts on the transportation of jewelry. Among the experts were the Lloyd's of London people who had acquired a $1,600,000 interest in the safety of the baubles. Finally, a decision was made. Winston ambled to the nearest Washington post office and mailed the diamonds to New York just as you mail the laundry home to Mother.

More recently, a citizen was heading for St. Paul under a full head of whisky. This man knew that when he got mixed up with alcohol he attracted card sharps and, for reasons which can only be understood by drinkers, he was completely unable to resist. Two affable gentlemen he had just met on the train were breaking out a new deck of cards as the train stopped at a small station.

The night was young, St. Paul far away. Excusing himself for a moment, the drunk climbed off the train and considered flight. But he had to get to St. Paul.

Then he noticed a parked railway mail car. He lurched to it, searched out the little opening all such cars carry to receive letters, and stuffed into it his wallet, his traveler's checks, his rings, his watch and his checkbook. Less than 48 hours later, safely sober in St. Paul, he was visited by Post Office Inspector H. E. Schriver, who handed back all the valuables. Thus did two exceedingly different characters—a hardheaded businessman and a weak-willed tosspot—express their confidence in the safety of Uncle Sam's mails and pay unconscious tribute to the Post Office Inspection Service.

On their record of arrests and convictions, America's 815 postal inspectors are the finest police in the nation. Perhaps they are the best in the world. Yet, for all their deeds of derring-do, they have achieved an impressive anonymity.

The Inspection Service is 133 years older than the F.B.I. and 145 years senior to the Treasury's crack Intelligence Unit. But this is the first full-dress public accounting of their adventures and accomplishments.

At last count, 517,538 men and women were working for the post office. In 1948, they handled $6,899,998,590.79 in money orders and postal savings. The value of the mail that passed through their hands in that time is inestimable but it numbered at least 40,280,400,000 pieces. The inspectors see that this immense traffic gets where it is going in the fastest, safest and most economical manner. It is their further duty, and great pleasure, to make sure Uncle Sam's mails give no aid or comfort to con men, quack medical remedy peddlers, lonely heart swindlers or "feelthy" picture salesmen.

The postal inspectors have a most ungovernmental habit of looking for trouble and responsibility when they suspect their pristine mails are being used for any low purpose. Their dogged devotion to the sanctity of a three-cent stamp is best illustrated in the service's attitude on obscene matter.

WIDE WORLD

Postmaster General Donaldson

Postal inspectors, among the world's best sleuths, get into many bizarre situations in the course of duty. Inspector Streich got his man from a coffin

If a man peddles dirty pictures through the mails he goes to jail for sending obscenity through the mails. If, on the other hand, he advertises dirty art and mails innocuous photos of Mack Sennett bathing beauties he still goes to jail—for using the mails to defraud.

The mails are protected in many strange and diverse ways. Inspector Roy Range restored mail service to Nevada, Texas, by personally removing two racks of angry bees that had put the post office out of business for six days. Inspector Robert Clifton was thrown in the icy surf of Johnstone Bay, Alaska, six times fighting his way to pouches washed ashore from the wreck of the S.S. Yukon; when he got ashore he discovered the pouches in caves on the water's edge and had to chase giant wolves out of the dark caverns to get the mail. Inspector Ralph Smith crouched in a crate and heard a Mississippi thug tell his confederates, "Now the first thing we do is find this Inspector Smith and kill him." Inspectors without number have exchanged pistol shots with hoodlums.

When the inspectors aren't drowning, fighting bees or gunmen, or outwitting swindlers, they are engaged in such prosaic tasks as inspecting post offices. That means balancing the cash, recommending the increase or decrease of personnel, arranging —in quadruplicate—for purchases, or very diplomatically but firmly telling a postmaster, "I know you are first cousin to Congressman Zilch but if you don't get your post office in shape you are going to be fired."

It is no secret that the post office is the greatest source of aid and comfort to whichever political party is in power and has faithful to reward. Yet the Inspection Service is as free of political influence as possible under the conditions laid down by political custom. No man is appointed out of hand. To qualify as an inspector, a man must have four years' post-office experience and must pass oral and written tests administered by jealous old guardians of the honor of the service. A big-time political spoilsman wouldn't want the job, because it pays from $4,170 for beginners scattered in 323 cities to $7,670 for the 15 inspectors in charge who direct division headquarters in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver, St. Louis, Fort Worth, Kansas City, San Francisco and Seattle.

Occasionally, a politically appointed postmaster of one of the larger cities is so gauche as to attempt to run the complicated machine himself rather than leave the task to his civil-service career aides. The job of restoring efficiency is always given to a post-office inspector because by his training he knows more about post-office work than any other available personnel. Most of the key operating—as opposed to vote-controlling—executives of the post office in Washington (where Chief Inspector Clifton C. Garner sits) are former inspectors.

Jesse M. Donaldson, who is now in President Truman's Cabinet as Postmaster General, has been a post-office hired hand since 1904. He worked as an assistant to his father in the Hanson, Illinois, post office during summer vacations, from 1904 to 1908, when he was appointed a letter carrier in Shelbyville, Illinois, the place of his birth.

In 1915 he became a post-office inspector and worked out of the Kansas City and Chattanooga divisions until 1932. He served as chief inspector from 1943 to 1945.

Everybody in the post office, particularly the inspectors, is enormously proud of Donaldson. "Get the Old Man to tell you about the pinch he made in a bordello," one inspector told me. Another mentioned the time Donaldson joined a gang of train robbers.

(Continued on page 55)

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Baby Doctor

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

DR. SAMUEL EVANS was wakened from a sound sleep at 4:00 A.M. by a frantic young mother who wanted him to look at her three-week-old baby boy. It was hard to hear what she said about his symptoms, because the baby was on her lap as she phoned and bawling lustily. "I'll be right over," said Dr. Evans.

When the baby's father opened the door for him, the mother was sitting Madonnalike by the phone, and the baby, as healthy a cherub as ever he saw, slept peacefully on her lap. She motioned Dr. Evans not to disturb him, and explained why she called: "He was crying," she whispered. "He's cried before, of course—but he never had such big tears!"

Despite false alarms and occupational hazards like spit-up milk, a wet lap and grandmas who always know better, Dr. Evans is a cheerful man, tired and rushed, but in love with his job; and, above all, full of hope for a better world and conscious of taking some part in bringing it about. As a pediatrician he belongs to a relatively new branch of medicine that specializes in the future—the care and treatment of children from birth to about the age of fifteen or sixteen when, presumably, they become adults.

In preparing this article for Collier's the author interviewed 14 pediatricians to find the composite "Dr. Samuel Evans"

Dr. Evans' day begins at 6:30 A.M. when he reaches out of the covers to turn off the electric alarm clock placed between his and Mrs. Evans' twin beds. Invariably when he is tempted to sleep just another 10 minutes, the sight of the second hand sweeping over the dial reminds him of a vital statistic—that somewhere in the U.S.A. a new baby is born every eight seconds. "I always try to scramble out before the next one arrives," he says.

There's just time to dress, gulp a cup of coffee and make three or four early-morning visits before his daily telephone hour from 8:00 to 9:00 A.M. This is an institution peculiar to pediatricians—a time when mothers can consult the doctor without charge about anything from a runny nose to a runaway child.

Every morning Dr. Evans answers 20 to 30 such calls at his dining-room table while he eats breakfast with the telephone receiver propped up against his ear and a memo book and pencil beside his plate. Usually it's a matter of assuring the mother that the symptoms she describes aren't serious and telling her what to do about them—give the child an enema, keep him in bed, or just stop worrying. If it sounds more serious—any hoarseness or wheezing that might indicate respiratory infection, or a low persistent stomach-ache with low fever suggesting appendicitis, or the rash and fever symptoms of a wide variety of childhood diseases—Dr. Evans makes a point of seeing the child within the next few hours. Often it isn't as bad as it sounds over the phone.

Promptly at nine, Dr. Evans sets out in the car once more on house calls which leave him just time for a malted milk and a sandwich at any convenient drugstore before his office hours begin at two. With the help of an efficient secretary, who doubles as nurse, and a well-stocked nursery-waiting room, he manages to handle 15 to 20 squirming patients and as many anxious mothers before 6:00 P.M. when, emergencies permitting, he heads for home—and three children of his own.

Besides being on 24-hour call for paying patients, he contributes an evening a week to the local child-welfare agency, and an afternoon and evening each week at the children's clinic of his hospital. "My wife tells me I'm my own worst problem parent," he says. He looks forward all year to summer vacation when he turns his practice over to a colleague and spends a full month with his family.

In a single day Dr. Evans copes with more child problems than the average parent encounters, thank goodness, in a lifetime. Yet his main job is not treating sickness but preventing it. Slowly but surely, he and his 3,500 colleagues are revolutionizing the whole pattern of American family life. For all practical purposes, children in over 1,000,000 homes are growing up with three parents—father, mother and pediatrician. Of the three, the pediatrician usually has the last word—but not without a struggle.

Dr. Evans was called in recently to handle a hospital case, a nine-year-old son of a Texas oil millionaire. The boy had a large private room with sleep-in facilities for the mother. When the doctor entered, he found himself facing two silver-plated six-shooters—the legitimate variety—in the hands of the patient, who barked: "Git outta here, you satchel-totin' son of a gun!"

The boy's mother smiled. "You mustn't mind Willie," she said. "I've just hidden all his cartridges."

One overzealous young mother, a former stenographer, used to bewilder Dr. Evans by whipping out a notebook and taking down in shorthand every word he spoke. With this kind of parent, he has to be very careful to make himself clearly understood.

For a diarrhea case he once prescribed boiled milk. "I don't know what I'm going to do," the mother called back. "I just can't get my baby to swallow the stuff while it's that hot."

Nobody knows better than pediatricians that literal-minded application of the rules doesn't work when it comes to treating children. In this respect, parenthood has had a mellowing effect on Dr. Evans. "When I was young and single, I used to lay down the law: 'Keep that child in bed for at least three days!' Now I'm more apt to say: 'Try to keep him as quiet as you can.'"

Often, when worried mothers come in with questions he can't answer, Dr. Evans simply rings up his wife. "Say, Ruth, Mrs. Bascomb here is worried about the way the baby slips out of her hands in the bath. What did we do with our kids?" Dr. Evans listens, then turns to Mrs. Bascomb with a confident answer: "Don't use so much soap."

A big, genial man in his middle forties, Dr. Evans graduated from medical school 20 years ago with the firm conviction that he could do far more good helping children stay healthy than patching up worn-out bodies of adults. (After all, most of the personality quirks and many of the ailments of grownups originated—and could have been prevented—in childhood.) Two additional non-income-producing years of internship and residence at a large children's hospital completed his formal training.

But just as important to his success in private practice has been something he didn't find in the books: a way with children. "God help me if I didn't have it," he tells you; and sums it up in three words: "Calmness, kindness and consistency."

When he calls to meet a new patient or one he hasn't seen for a while, his approach is something like that of a naturalist sneaking up on a wild bird. For the first five minutes, he ignores the child, putting the first move up to him. When he examines the youngster, he squats down on his heels to seem less awesome. He never makes a sudden move or gesture, speaks with a firm but friendly voice, never betrays any doubt or surprise.

Instead of revolting against his tone of authority, most kids welcome it as a relief from the ever-present challenge they find in disobeying the half-hearted commands of parents. Unlike too many parents, the doctor never lies to a child—and eventually wins his trust. Sometimes this takes almost superhuman patience.

One precocious six-year-old boy who visited Dr. Evans for penicillin shots kept fending off the needle with such delaying tactics as standing on his head, demonstrating a magic trick, and just plain

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Convalescent youngsters in the surgical ward of Philadelphia's famed Children's Hospital sit entranced at a television show

pulling away. The doctor kneeled down beside him and, man to man, explained why it was necessary to give him the shots. "But, Doctor," the child finally told him, "I'm just a little boy in first grade. I don't know any better."

As the boy left the office, his mother told him indignantly, "I was never so embarrassed!"

"You're a mother now," the boy said thoughtfully. "You've got to expect this kind of thing."

In a more tactful and roundabout way Dr. Evans has been telling mothers the same thing for years. In his experience, anxieties transmitted from nervous parents to their children actually account for many more complaints than bacteria or viruses. In small babies, spitting up is one of the commonest, and eight-month-old Billy Y. had a bad case of it. While Dr. Evans examined the infant, Mrs. Y. apologized for the condition of his hair which was matted with food he had spit up on his pillow.

"One book said to wash it every day," she explained. "Another said, once every week. I just didn't know what to do."

A few seemingly casual questions and Dr. Evans got to the bottom of Billy's spitting problem. Mrs. Y.—nineteen at the outside—was the only child of elderly and well-to-do parents who were inclined to be overprotective.

"I suppose," Dr. Evans remarked, "they still haven't forgiven you for marrying before they thought you were old enough?"

Mrs. Y. gasped. "But how did you know?"

After that it was easy to make her see why Billy spit up. Her marriage, *(Continued on page 46)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WIENER

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He Had a Little SHADOW

By CHARLES B. CHILD

The ragged little boy had a wistful kind of appeal. Yet Inspector Chafik knew that the child might be the agent of a sinister criminal

THE boy was a waif who frequented the great bazaar of Baghdad. He was small for his years, which were perhaps eight, very slim and high-waisted, with delicate hands and feet, a bright elfin face and large, dark eyes. He wore a ragged gown girdled with a piece of rope, his turban was a wisp, he had never owned shoes; his only possession was a basket which he used to carry the purchases of shoppers for a few pennies.

Chafik J. Chafik, an inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department, stood on the steps of the Imperial Bank and idly watched the child who flitted through a patchwork of evening sunlight and shadow with the basket balanced on his head. The boy sang in a thin treble, sometimes skipped and clapped his hands, and the Inspector, troubled by end-of-the-month bills, had a moment of envy. He was turning away when he saw a man lurch from the crowd.

The man wore the tribal dress of a minor chieftain of the Muntafiq. His magnificent build was typical of the marsh Arab, and so was the hair-trigger temper that made him turn on the boy, with whom he had collided, and strike him in the face.

It was a brutal blow and the youngster dropped the basket and clasped his arms over his head, but they made a frail barrier. When the man raised a heavy brassbound stick with intent to continue the senseless beating, Inspector Chafik ran down the steps, wrenched it away, and threw it behind him.

He said mildly, "Temper is as intoxicating as alcohol."

The man turned. He had pale lips, flattened to his teeth, dilated eyes staring with madness. Normally authority was Chafik's protection, and he was suddenly and painfully aware of muscular inadequacy; but he drove his elbow against the man's nose, bringing a bright gush of blood. Then, rising on his toes in an effort to increase his stature, he used his forearms as clubs.

A constable intervened opportunely with a swinging gun. Inspector Chafik said, "Two blows are enough. This head is not a nut, there is no sweetness in it. But I advise handcuffs. We have madness here."

There was blood on his sleeve and he looked at it with disgust, for he was a meticulously neat man. Irritably he took out a pocket mirror, examined his thin face, gently touched a bruise on his swarthy cheek, and straightened his polka-dot tie. Then, recovering his *sidarah* which had fallen in the dirt, he brushed it and adjusted it to the correct angle on his long head.

"As an angry cockbird ruffles its feathers, so I have ruffled my clothes," he said to the boy.

The face that turned up to him was white and frightened. Tears welled in the big eyes, but the boy held them back with courage, even with dignity, a quality engaging in a waif who begged his daily subsistence. There were too many fatherless children in Baghdad; lack of organized welfare made boys like this grow up with minds sharpened by animal cunning, and in time most of their names were added to police records. Chafik sighed and took money from his pocket.

"Go fill your belly," he said as he thrust the coins at the boy.

A grubby little hand touched his own, clung to it. "Sahib," the boy said. "You are my father, sahib—"

It was a pleading, not a wheedling, voice. Chafik smiled, but was startled when he saw how worshipfully the boy looked at him. "How are you named?" he asked.

"They call me Faisal."

"That is the name of our young king. Who named you so royally?"

Faisal shook his head. "There was once a woman who called me Faisal. Very long ago when I was small. She died," he added vaguely.

"And now you are a man?" Chafik asked gravely.

"A man, sahib. I work. Truly I do not steal much." The big eyes glowed with gratitude and adoration. "That one would have killed me. I saw it in his face. You are my father, sahib. I will go with you."

"I work, sahib," the boy said, looking up at the Inspector. "I do not steal much"

The Inspector was embarrassed. He had been married many years and was childless, a circumstance which could be adjusted by polygamy under Moslem law. But he was devoted to his wife; although he knew she was distressed by lack of children, he had convinced himself they would have disorganized his well-regulated home.

"Take the money and eat," he said, and turned his back.

The constable had secured the man, and Chafik bent and rolled back an eyelid, then announced, "One sees the reason for madness."

"He has eaten the forbidden fruit, sir," said the officer.

"Yes—hashish—"

The Inspector clasped his slender hands with unexpected emotion. For several months he had been trying to stop a flow of narcotics responsible for a crime wave in Baghdad. In spite of his efforts hashish continued to enter the city and in its wake came violence and death. The attack on the boy was typical.

Chafik said harshly, "Let God pardon me, for I wish death, and not an easy one, for those who peddle this evil."

He shrugged, lighted a cigarette, and looked with loathing at the hashish eater, who struggled against the handcuffs. When a police ambulance arrived the Inspector walked away.

The cigarette had a bitter taste and he dropped it, but could not discard the bitter thoughts. He threaded a path between the benches that overflowed from the cafés, turned right at the intersection of Samawal and Al-Rashid Streets, and walked under the shabby arcade to his headquarters. He had the sensation of being followed as he entered the narrow doorway, and turned swiftly.

He saw an elfin face and appealing eyes. "Sahib!" Faisal pleaded. "You are my father, sahib—"

"Away with you!" Chafik said, and losing dignity he ran up the worn steps to his office.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK was received by his assistant, tall, gaunt, unemotional Sergeant Abdullah, who was sufficiently stirred by sight of his superior's bruised cheek and ruffled clothes to say in a solemn voice, "Sir, I trust the individual who assaulted you is detained."

"In the hospital, my dear Abdullah. But I did not put him there. He is the victim of hashish."

"Sir, we have many hashish victims today. I bring you the reports. Two killings. Five assaults with intent to kill—"

"The menu is unappetizing and unvaried," said Chafik. "There is always a list of crimes over the week end." The Inspector took a manicure set from a drawer and began to clean his nails. After a moment he said, "My conclusion is no hashish is stored in Baghdad; if it were, it would be distributed more evenly throughout the week. It is smuggled in. But when? And how? I am a policeman, not a seer. What is the source of the drug? Does it come from Syria? From Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait or Persia? Or is it brought by sea from India?"

The sergeant said gloomily, "So many places, sir."

"And so many routes. There are highways, a railroad, the transdesert autobus, aircraft and innumerable camel caravans."

"We watch them all. The frontier checks are severe—"

Inspector Chafik interrupted, "Can we guard every mountain path? One man with the legs of a goat can carry enough hashish to poison half Baghdad." He put away the manicure set, breathed on his nails and gave them a final rub with a silk handkerchief. "Our records show crime increases with the waning of the week and in this is a clue. But like a photographic negative the image does not

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As the Inspector opened the door of his car, a man rose quietly from a clump of bushes and struck a shrewd blow with a blackjack

appear until developer is applied. If we had the formula—"

He went to the window and looked over the vast dun-colored city. Here and there the cubist pattern of flat roofs was relieved by the blue dome of a mosque, and in the distance the Tigris made a tawny highway through groves of date palms. It was a noisy city. Harsh sounds always jarred the Inspector, and when a car pulled up with a screech of brakes in the street below, he winced and looked down.

A boy had darted across the street and now squatted on the other side with his feet in the gutter.

"Am I to be haunted?" Chafik asked indignantly.

"Sir?"

"You have three daughters, Abdullah. Do they follow you about and regard you with admiration?"

"They do, sir."

"You find it embarrassing?"

"Sometimes, sir. But it also gives me a warm feeling here." The sergeant struck his breast.

"Then the emotion is normal," said Chafik. His voice had the hollow sound of one who speaks a thought unintentionally; hearing himself, he flushed, irritated by his incurable habit. "We must find the means of developing the image hidden in our records," he said hastily. "But enough for the day."

He was too preoccupied to see the boy who lurked under the arcade, but when he reached his car parked on the city square, he was roused by a light touch. An eager voice began, "Sahib! My father—"

It pulled the trigger of temper and the Inspector shouted, "Out, Pestilence!" and slammed the door of the car.

He drove over the great steel bridge that spanned the river. His home was on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings, off Mansour Avenue. The yellow brick house, which was small and typically suburban, was cooled by breezes from the Tigris. Chafik latched the street gate, carefully wiped his shoes, and let himself into the softly lighted hall.

HIS wife, a dark, slim little woman, was there to make him welcome. Her face was freshly powdered and she wore an attractive dress. After fifteen years, Leila knew the wisdom of working at marriage. She was a woman of considerable intelligence and combined a Westernized appearance with a degree of meekness expected of an Eastern wife. She said, anxiously, "You are late, my man."

"It was a question of a formula for extracting from our records what is surely hidden there. You would not understand."

"No," said Leila. "But I understand you are tired."

She maneuvered him into a chair, removed his shoes and brought his slippers. He sniffed the appetizing odor of the waiting meal, sighed and said, "Yes, I am tired. Also hungry. One cannot eat records."

After eating it was possible to relax. The only sound in the house was the ticking of a clock, and he was grateful for the quiet and closed his eyes.

Leila stood at the window, hidden by the curtains, watching the street. She liked to speculate about those who passed; her interest in the foibles of humanity filled gaps in her day, times of idleness inevitable in a childless household.

Suddenly she said, "The house is watched—"

Chafik sat up. "What?"

"There is a boy outside. He has been there for some time."

Her husband joined her and saw Faisal leaning against the gate. The elfin face was white and pinched in the light of the street lamp. Chafik reacted with confusion. He felt compassion, as for a lost and woebegone puppy, then anger came and he went to the door, but changed his mind and came back. "This foolishness must end," he said to Leila, and explained what had happened. "He follows me everywhere," he complained.

"Such a little boy, and he has such charm," Leila said wistfully.

"A waif. He doubtlessly has lice."

"He has a hungry look—"

"I gave him money for food. That was my mistake."

"Many give him money," Leila said wisely. "His hunger is not only for food. He walked far to be near you. Oh, pitiful! He makes his bed on our doorstep. Could he not sleep in the shed in the garden?"

Chafik heard the tenderness in his wife's voice and felt a twinge of an old pain. "I forbid," he said angrily. "Once you brought a cat into the house and I was inundated with kittens. You are too impulsive."

(Continued on page 37)

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THE SENATOR Almost GOT

Majority leader Scott Lucas worked himself into a tizzy and wound up in the hospital, but conclusions he reached there gave him a fresh start

UP UNTIL January 20, 1949, the chief claim to fame of Scott W. Lucas, Democrat, Illinois, was the fact that he was a member of the United States Senate. Some people outside of his own state had heard of him, for, during his 15 years in Congress, he had been far from a dummy; he even told off the late Franklin D. Roosevelt memorably on a couple of occasions, such as the effort (unsuccessful) to pack the Supreme Court and the effort (successful) to make Henry Wallace Vice-President. But on the whole Lucas was pretty much of a national unknown.

On the above-mentioned date, Lucas, by unanimous choice of his party, became majority leader in the Senate of the Eighty-first Congress, which last year slugged its way through the longest and perhaps the bitterest peacetime Congressional session in 27 years. From then on, Scott Lucas was—and is—a national figure. Already he has graced radio and television programs with uncommon frequency; newsmen from national journals beseech his opinions on everything from politics to potato parity payments; a political columnist has likened him to Lincoln (a Lucas hero); a society chronicler has written of "his handsome face rendered pleasantly haggard by grave responsibility," and the august New York Times, in its Sunday crossword puzzle written exclusively for intellectual giants, even has asked (number 49, down) what President Truman's nickname is for the Senate majority leader. (Answer: "Scotty.") It now seems certain history is going to remember his name, though what history is going to say about him is still a matter for partisan debate.

One thing, however, is certain: If the final verdict on majority leader Lucas' performance is favorable and he goes on, as his friends are predicting, to bigger things, he will be one of the few politicians, if not the only one, whose career was saved by a stomach ulcer. Even his best friends agree that, with the help of a G.O.P.-Dixiecrat coalition, his own temper and some bum signals from quarterback Harry Truman, Lucas was showing up as an ineffective if hard-fighting leader at the outset of his majority leadership. Early in the term, his ordinarily robust health temporarily deserted him and he worried himself into the hospital with the beginning of what promised to develop into a nasty ulcer.

"While I was in that hospital bed, practically starving to death and pining to be back in the Senate, on the golf course, in a duck blind or anywhere but where I was, I did some thinking and reading," Senator Lucas himself relates. "I discovered, largely from perusing Bancroft's History of the United States, that the Senate had been running along for 160 years before I got to be majority leader. I was forced to face the conclusion, though it was somewhat of a shock, that it probably would run along a bit longer without me. Call it a new philosophy or what you will, but since getting out of that hospital I haven't quarreled with any of my colleagues, my office staff or my wife. I also think that the legislative program has moved along much better."

Lucas' candor and his lack of stuffiness in commenting thus on his sickbed "conversion" are highly revealing of the man. He is a hard but nonhypocritical fighter, and he says what he thinks, even if it offends friends as well as foes. This frankness, while morally admirable in a man who has been a professional politician for nearly thirty of his fifty-seven years, is not always suited to the job of leading a group of United States senators, the most rugged individualists in the world, through the maze of disputed legislation. But more and more, particularly since he has learned occasionally to operate with scalpel instead of meat ax, Lucas has won the respect of his colleagues on the Democratic side of the aisle and even a few kind words from some Republicans.

He also has won the liking of his hard-boiled audience in the senatorial press gallery. Veteran reporters on Capitol Hill will tell you that Lucas grew up tremendously in his job between last January and October adjournment. They admire his brutal honesty and his apparent disdain for soft soap, and they also like the way he answers their questions with direct facts instead of oratory. "He doesn't try to sell you anything when you ask him a question," one reporter comments.

Many Republicans, including Lucas' implacable and harsh-tongued foe, minority leader Kenneth S. Wherry, have taken the position that the Eighty-first was the "Eighty-worst" Congress, and that its failures were the fault of the Democratic leadership—i.e., on the Senate side, Scott Lucas. To counter these charges, the White House released a review of the Eighty-first's accomplishments, calling it "a remarkable record of achievement." The truth, of course, lies somewhere in between.

While the Administration leadership failed spectacularly on such spotlighted issues as civil rights, Taft-Hartley repeal, a liberalized displaced persons bill and so forth, it put through some notable victories in the foreign policy field by approving the North Atlantic Pact, extending the Marshall Plan and enacting kindred legislation. It also did some solid work in revising the reciprocal trade program, increasing storage space for grain crops, extending a modified form of rent control, setting up slum clearance and low-cost housing programs ad infinitum. As the New York Times' authoritative Arthur Krock wrote, there is no justification for trying to tag the Eighty-first Congress as a "do-nothing" body.

For all of this, the big, heavy-handed, stubborn majority leader from Illinois deserves much credit. This is true even though the Eighty-first was a highly mixed-up Congress and many of its praiseworthy accomplishments were the result of coalitions between Republicans and Administration Democrats, just as some of its worst defeats were the result of line-ups between the G.O.P., Dixiecrats and plain anti-Trumanites.

Solons Find Him a Hard Taskmaster

Lucas is a man who, as one long-time associate remarked, "drives himself, drives those who work with him and cannot understand why the Senate of the United States should not be willing to work equally hard." Even though Lucas lightly claims that after leaving the hospital with his appeased ulcer he hadn't "quarreled with any of my colleagues," he never ceased riding herd on intransigents on either side of the aisle; his strategy of deliberately holding the Senate in session for nine and a half months, until out of sheer desire to go home it was willing to transact business, was an effective stroke of leadership.

Among other things, Lucas unquestionably was the busiest man in the United States Senate during the first session of the Eighty-first Congress. The Democratic senators organize things differently than the Republicans. Not only does he serve as majority leader (against the G.O.P.'s Wherry) but he also is chairman of the Democratic Policy Committee (against the G.O.P.'s Taft), chairman of the Democratic caucus (against the G.O.P.'s Millikin) and chairman of the Democratic Steering Committee (against the G.O.P.'s Butler). As a man who wears these four hats, in addition to representing the 8,000,000 citizens of Illinois and serving as a key member of the important Agriculture and Forestry and Finance Committees to boot, Lucas finds himself perpetually scuttling between at least half a dozen offices and conference rooms. He also is a member of the Democratic "Big Four"—Vice-President Barkley, Speaker Rayburn, House majority leader McCormack and himself—which meets every Monday morning with President Truman at the White House.

The majority leader, incidentally, receives no extra compensation for his job; the only thing in the nature of material reward is a chauffeur and a shiny black limousine which are made available to him.

When he can manage it, his mornings are spent in his senatorial suite in the Senate Office Building, where he makes an effort to catch up with correspondence (his mail mounted from 10,000 pieces in March, 1948, to 25,000 pieces in March, 1949) and keep appointments with constituents. His walls there are covered with scores of autographed pictures, original cartoons and framed letters. A post-1948 election thank-you note from Truman carries a handwritten postscript: "Yours was a prophetic message! I'm a long time answering it but I received 60,000. You'd better whet your knife! I'm after you in a 'penny' anti *(sic)* game!"

Most of his time, however, is spent in the majority leader's suite in the Capitol, which conveniently adjoins the famous old Supreme Court chamber where the Senate has been meeting while its own chamber was undergoing repairs. This particular suite was the controversial retreat fixed up for himself by Lucas' Illinois ex-colleague, the isolationist "Curly" Brooks, who was boss of the all-powerful Rules Committee before his 1948 defeat; it has such Hollywood touches as lush drapes, green sofas and an electric icebox concealed in what appears to be a filing cabinet. Lucas thinks it is ironic justice that he should have inherited such a fancy layout from his old enemy. It made a fine G.H.Q. for Democratic strategy during the last session, but, as it also contained the washroom nearest to the Senate's emergency quarters, Lucas, as a humanitarian gesture, was careful to keep the doors open to senators of all political creeds.

Scott Lucas, sometimes called, because of his classic Roman profile, the John Barrymore of the Senate, is an easy man to misunderstand. A farm boy in his youth, he still retains the countryman's go-slow instincts about shining up to strangers, until he knows they're not out to do him; even his later success as a big-city politician has not made him an out-and-out glad-hander. His size—he stands six feet 2½ inches and weighs close to 200 pounds—gives him a rather formidable appearance, and his face seems cold and brooding, particularly when he is meditating or when the heat of debate has accentuated the naturally downward lines of his face; he seems to scowl more than smile.

Actually, however, the Lucas scowl is a matter of facial lines rather than inner meanness, and, when he has made up his mind that someone is a fit and reliable companion, he is the best of fellows to be around. There's nothing of the Fancy Dan about him: he likes plain solid food, good bourbon and male talk. Out in Illinois, he's said to be almost a legendary shot in the duck blinds; recently he brought down three mallard with one shot. He is highly respected as a golfer at the exclusively male Burning Tree Club in Washington. He has been a member of a Friday-night Congressional poker

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AN ULCER

By SIDNEY SHALETT

game, of which Harry Truman is an alumnus, for some 14 years. It is typical of him that he plays hard and doesn't coddle his companions in either duck shooting, golf or poker. On the golf course, you'll never hear him murmur sympathetically, "Nice try, old man," when a partner or opponent has muffed a shot, and his reaction to his own poor shots is to rip his weather-beaten plaid cap off his head, hurl it to the ground and stamp on it.

Golf, incidentally, is almost a fetish with Lucas —so much so, in fact, that his good friend and golfing companion, Senator Fulbright of Arkansas, in praising Lucas' leadership at the Senate's closing session, commented: "I have only one regret, that as his leadership in the Senate is developing, the quality of his golf game is rapidly deteriorating." Lucas, who had shot a poor 85 the previous Sunday while worrying about the outcome of the Farm bill, went out with a clear mind the morning after the Senate finally adjourned and shot a 76.

Colleagues Need Not Be Brilliant

Lucas is a great believer in regularity and loyalty. "I'd rather have people around me who are dumb but loyal than brilliant and disloyal," he once said. He believes a party man should be regular, up to the limit of his conscience. He won his own start in Illinois state politics by going out and campaigning for William H. Dieterich who had beaten him in his first primary race for the Senate.

He was furious with Vice-President Barkley last session for using his prerogative as chairman of the Senate to cast the deciding ballot (the vote had been tied) against a farm measure that Lucas considered had been promised by the 1948 Democratic platform, and he was even angrier with President Truman for following the Barkley line on the same issue. As a "regular" he simply cannot understand how Truman, as head of the Democratic party and an old member of the Senate "club," and Barkley, his own predecessor as Democratic majority leader, could thus "knife" their floor general. In a cold speech from the Senate floor, he told the Vice-President, in effect, that Barkley was breaking the party's pledge to the voters; his off-the-floor comments were reported to be far more explosive. Yet, again as a "regular," he agreed later with Barkley to edit the bickering out of the Congressional Record.

Being a "regular" does not mean that Lucas is a stereotyped politician. Last session, he practically broke all precedent by going into a session of the Republican Policy Committee, on invitation of his good friend Senator Ives of New York, to appeal for bipartisan support in prying loose from the Judiciary Committee the bill to liberalize the displaced persons act. It was being blocked in that committee largely by the stubbornness of Chairman Pat McCarran, a member of Lucas' own party. Before entering the "lion's den," Lucas told his press secretary, Frank Kelly, that if he wasn't back in an hour "you'll know where to look for the body." Lucas still chuckles when he recalls the shocked expression on minority leader Wherry's face when he walked in. Lucas did succeed in bringing the DP measure to the floor, but it was lost in the dying days of the session because too many of its supporters, tiring of work, had drifted away from Washington. Lucas felt this defeat keenly and is expected to press for the bill again this month.

Nor does being a regular mean, as both Truman and Roosevelt before him learned, that Lucas is a rubber stamp for the Administration. Lucas has always been rated as a New Dealer, though considerably right-of-center in relation to the extremists of the clan. Yet, in 1937, as a member of the House, he rose to make an eight-minute denunciation of Roosevelt's Supreme Court packing plan that Lucas himself regards as "perhaps the greatest speech of my career." In it, he declared: "It is full of destruction . . . Unless *(Continued on page 44)*

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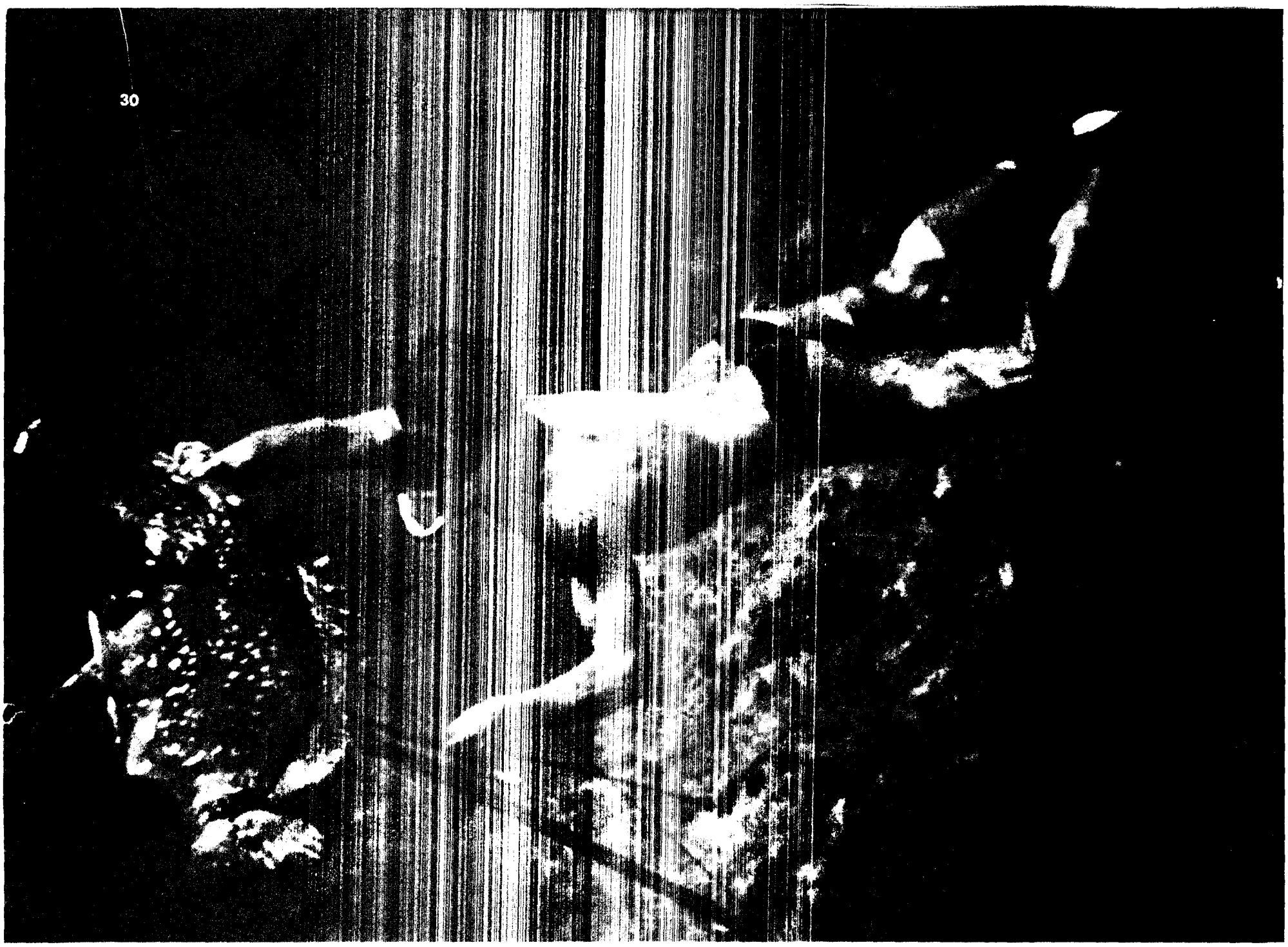

In 48 feet of water, Doctor Robert plunges his knife behind the gills of a 68-pound mérou in a hand-to-hand effort to finish the fish off

Hunters Under the Sea

BY [illegible]

In the waters of the Mediterranean off southeastern France one of the most popular sports is "la chasse sous-marine"—big-game fishing with harpoon gun, face mask and breathing tube

"THESE fish that you speak of," I asked the tall Frenchman who rode the kayak with me along the Côte d'Azur, "none of them will attack a man, will they?"

"When you shoot a four-foot barbed spear into a fish," he answered, "it is you who are the aggressor. The fish defends himself very nicely."

"Mm," I muttered, forgetting to heave on the paddle.

"Monsieur l'Américain," he said, quite politely, "are you dragging your feet over the side?"

"What fish," I asked, resuming my paddling, "will attack a man?"

"The black eel, the ray and the shark."

"But there are no sharks in the Mediterranean."

"Who told you that?"

"I read it in a book."

"It was probably written by one of those Parisian fishermen who dangle a line in the Seine twenty-four hours a day."

"And eels?"

"They never grow bigger than 16 to 20 pounds, but they have teeth like needles and when they take hold they are worse than bulldogs; even after they are dead they hang on. The big ray strikes with its tail and flukes. The stinger in the tail is poisoned, like that of a scorpion."

"Mm," I said, again going easy on the paddle.

"Monsieur l'Américain," my companion repeated, "are you again dragging something over the side?"

By now the island of Rouveau hove into sight. We made our way to the southern side of it and carried the kayak up on the beach. Above us, huge boulders tumbled color—from light pink and rose to coal-black. Heaped one upon another, they seemed to be balanced so precariously that at first, when I climbed beneath them, I felt as though they were about to topple over and crush me.

In the cool, damp shade of a high-vaulted cave we set up camp, spreading the canvas kayak top on the floor. Outside, the smooth rocks reflected the heat like the steel decks of a vessel plying tropical waters. Except for the rocks, the entire island was bleached of color; only the surrounding sky and sea seemed to have escaped the monotonous albinic effect brought on by the scorching Mediterranean sun.

Where we chose to enter the sea, the waves, over a period of countless centuries, had hollowed out a natural fountain. The water was crystal-clear, each white pebble at its bottom standing out as clearly as though it were lying on the beach. The fountain was like a smoothly worn baptismal basin, and the

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Si Podolin, author of this article, hauls in a 60-pound mérou. Specimens grown to this size have mouths big enough to swallow a man's head

surrounding great rocks resembled the huge columns of a sprawling cathedral.

Pointing to the western end of the island my instructor said:

"We do not fish there."

"The octopus?"

He had already placed the watertight plugs in his ears and he did not hear my question.

"If you wish to call me," he said, "blow hard into your breathing tube."

I braced myself for what promised to be my most thrilling experience with *la chasse sous-marine,* the underseas hunt. My French tutor, whom I knew only as "Doctor Robert," was already beneath the sea, with only his periscopelike breathing tubes visible above the surface, and I knew that at any moment a sudden jackknife dive would send his rubber-paddled feet into the air and plunge him down as deep as 30 feet if he sighted a *mérou* or a tuna.

The danger of seeking prey underwater appeals strongly to the French. In the past eight years, along the Riviera's Côte d'Azur alone, 35 hunters have lost their lives in *la chasse sous-marine.* Some have followed fish into the fantastically beautiful caverns which run beneath the Mediterranean islands off the eastern end of France, and have never returned. Others have drowned with feet or arms wedged between the heavy rocks at the bottom. Some have accidentally shot one another while hunting in groups. And still others have attacked fish that are as deadly below the surface of the sea as the wild beasts in the jungles on land.

The most powerful underseas weapon is an American harpoon gun, which is nothing more than a six-foot aluminum tube containing a powerful steel spring; it fires either a barbed or a trident-headed harpoon. Most Frenchmen, however, use a four-foot hollow tube with a set of strong rubber straps that propel the harpoon underwater to kill at a distance of some seven to eight feet. This weapon, because of its buoyancy, is less tiring for the swimmer to carry about with him.

In addition to a gun, the sole equipment needed for *la chasse sous-marine* is a rubber, glass-faced mask that covers the eyes and nose, and a two-foot tube to allow the hunter to breathe as he swims below the surface with his eyes open. The hunter grips the rubber mouthpiece of the tube in his teeth, inhaling and exhaling through the mouth; and when he dives, he takes the tube below with him, still clenched in his teeth. A pair of rubber duck-footed paddles help him get about more quickly, but they are not essential.

In many respects *la chasse sous-marine* is remarkably like a shoreside hunt. On land, the hunter seeks out big game in more savage country; it is the same in the sea. In the shallows the fisherman finds small rock bass, *saupe, malin, canthère, sar, dorade, rouseau,* all ranging from one to three pounds in size. On the bottom, amid the long grass which resembles fields of swaying corn, the hunter finds plentiful amounts of spotted green suckers weighing up to eight pounds, or even more.

The Mediterranean *loup,* which has very succulent and tender flesh, comes small in the shallows and larger than the sucker in the depths. He is a fighting fish, long and graceful. Like the beast he is named after—the wolf—he runs in packs, following a leader. He generally *(Continued on page 63)*

Doctor Robert, the man who tutored the author, poses with a catch including a 65-pound ray and two small-size mérous

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Concluding the bold and uncompromising story of a man who went in search of

Hell-Bent

By WALT GROVE

The Story: My life would have seemed enviable to most men; I had a beautiful wife, NANCY, a plush job, a family and a ranch-type house in Ridgewood, New Jersey. When I had got out of the Air Force, I had given up flying for good, and settled down as ROBERT WARREN, husband, father, seller of valves, and solid citizen. But after four years, my marriage was going to pieces from dry rot, and I myself was being destroyed by restlessness and my growing desire for the sense of danger I had left behind in the war.

I knew I was at the breaking point, but I didn't know what to do about it. Then BOBO NOLAN came back into my life with a bang. He was my ex-colonel, tough, realistic, self-confident, but at the moment down on his luck, and desperate. He and a girl named ANNIE COLLINS, who had learned all the answers the hard way, wanted to start a transatlantic freight service. They needed a thousand dollars more to buy a C-47; I was glad to lend it to them.

Bobo also asked me to be his copilot, but I wasn't having any of that. Only after Annie and I (my wife being on vacation) became lovers, did the idea begin to appeal to me. I felt as if I were starting a new life—the life of danger I'd been asking for.

When Nancy got back from the Cape, I told her I had decided to go on a fishing trip. Instead, I joined Bobo and Annie at the Windsor Locks airport in Connecticut. They were exhausted and broke; snapping at each other and at me. I had to pay out lots more money before Bobo could clear the ship.

I got a bad shock when I learned that Annie had been Bobo's girl for a year, and a worse shock when I realized that the C-47 was an ancient beat-up job, without a chance of making it across the Atlantic; it would be suicide to try. The whole project had gone sour. But when I tried to back out, Bobo pulled his gun on me.

Once we were in the air, I also learned that Bobo had taken on a passenger for Ireland—a man named GAHERTY—contrary to all regulations. By the time we got over Stephensville, Newfoundland, such a snowstorm was raging that we were directed on to Gander.

Gander was socked in, but we were all set to make an instrument landing when Bobo suddenly and inexplicably pulled back up. We argued hotly for a few minutes; and then, without warning, we tore through a lot of trees and crashed violently into the ground.

III

WHEN I regained consciousness I was in the cockpit on the floor. I had no idea how long I had been out—or really that I had been out at all—and my first thought was to get out of the ship before it started burning. When I tried to move, the pain was so great in my legs that I fainted. I knew that I was going to faint and I fought against it as I felt it coming on, because I was afraid that the ship would burn with me in it. But all the same I fainted.

The second time I came to, I was aware of the blackness. I was still on the floor, but I had no idea how long I had been out—whether it had been a second or an hour—and I was desperately afraid that the ship still might burn.

I managed to get myself up by pulling on the seats with my arms. My hand touched Bobo's .45 in its holster and I hung it around my neck. The windshields were broken out and I managed to wriggle through and lie panting half in and half out of the ship. I knew that I would have to drop the rest of the way to the ground, but I was afraid to drop. I knew that my legs were both broken—my left kneecap felt as if it had been driven all the way up to my hip—and I was already in so much pain that I did not think I could bear falling. I knew nothing about shock except that some shocks can kill, depending on the state of the person who suffers the shock, and I knew falling to the ground would be a shock and also I knew that I was pretty bad off.

"You haven't got the guts to shoot," she said. I pulled the trigger. The bullet kicked up the snow in front of her. "You're crazy," she said

I wondered if I could make it if I dropped, but I did not wonder this idly or with any detachment.

I dropped. I fell a short distance into about four or five feet of snow where it had banked up a little against the plane. The snow helped, but not much. The fall did something pretty terrible to my right thigh. I couldn't touch it at first because I was afraid and then I managed to get a grip on myself and put my hand on my thigh; my pant leg had ripped open and my thigh was wet and I felt the sharp end of the bone. I had never felt so sick and afraid in my life.

I lay there until I could move and that was a long, long time. Then I started pulling myself on my hands away from the plane. It was not pleasant. I had only gone a few feet when I found someone in the snow.

I felt with my hands. It was Bobo. He was breathing hoarsely and not moving and he said, his voice sounding as if he were talking with his jaws clamped tight shut, "Don't touch me."

"Where you hurt?" I said.

"Shoulders," he said. "You?"

"Legs."

We lay there side by side in the snow. Finally he said, "We'll freeze to death here."

"Can't go farther," I said.

"Where's Annie?"

"Don't know."

"Yell," he said.

I yelled. There was no answer and I yelled again. It was very still because the blizzard had stopped. But it was pitch-dark. I yelled her name again.

Then we heard someone sobbing.

"Annie," I said. "Are you all right?"

"No," she said, her voice breaking.

"Can you get out?" I said. "Jump out the window. Be careful. For God's sake don't jump on me!"

She dropped from the ship into the snow and lay there sobbing.

"Here," I said. "Here."

She crawled to me. I didn't think she had any broken bones; she could move her legs and arms, and everything felt all right to my touch. But her face was wet and sticky and she cried when I touched it. She said her head hurt and that there was something terribly wrong with her left eye.

"Bobo?" she said. "Bobo?"

"He's here," I said.

"Here," Bobo said, still holding his jaws together when he spoke. "We'll freeze. Got to have a fire."

"It's dark," Annie said.

"Flashlight?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"In the ship," Annie said.

None of us could get back in there and we knew it.

"Annie, you've got to build a fire," Bobo said.

"I can't," she said and she began to cry. I guess she was hurt pretty bad.

Bobo cursed her. "What kind of woman are you?" he said. He said a lot of other things, too. "You going to give up? Going to let us freeze and die here?"

Finally she agreed to build a fire. Bobo had on his chute pack and she busted it open and tied one of the shroud lines to her wrist so that she wouldn't get lost. She crawled off in the blackness to find something to make a fire with. It seemed to me that she was gone at least an hour.

"We've got to get away from the ship," Bobo said.

I knew what he meant. The fuel tanks had certainly ruptured when we had hit and there was gasoline all over the area. If we started a fire in the immediate vicinity we might burn to death.

We managed to crawl and pull ourselves a short distance from the ship. It wasn't very far, just to the point where the trees began again, where the trees had not been knocked down by our crash. I guess it was twelve feet or so to the right side of the ship. There was gasoline there too, probably. But we couldn't go any farther.

ALL this time it had been snowing. The flakes were big and thick and they fell slowly. There was no longer any wind.

"What did you get?" Bobo asked Annie, who had crawled back.

"Here," she said.

He was quiet for several minutes. I didn't know what he was doing. "Paper," he said. "Feel in your pockets. Any kind of paper."

We took all the paper that we had out of our pockets and our matches too and gave them all to Annie. She crumpled up the paper and broke some twigs and sticks and struck a match. She was bending down low near the flames and I saw her face. Something had happened to her left eye; in that instant that the match flared it seemed to me that she no longer had any left eye. It looked so bad that I became frightened about myself. I was afraid that perhaps I was hurt worse than I realized.

The paper caught, flared, curled, and died down as suddenly as it had begun. Annie blew hard on a glowing twig. Bobo and I watched. The fire went out. It was black again.

Annie struck another match.

"No," Bobo said. "No use now. We'll wait till morning."

Annie began to cry again. She said that she would freeze to death without a fire.

Bobo made her get the chute and we tried to get as close together as we could and wrap ourselves up in it. We stayed like that for a long time without speaking.

"Gaherty," I said. "Where's Gaherty?"

"Gaherty!" Annie began to cry, over and over. "Gaherty! Gaherty!"

There was no answer.

We lay huddled there in the darkness without being able to see one another, and Annie and I called the Irishman's name for a long time. We never got an answer.

Gradually we stopped. No one said anything for a long while. Suddenly Bobo said, "Annie! Wake up!"

"H'mmmm?" she muttered.

"Don't go to sleep for God's sake."

I had been almost asleep myself. I knew too that it was going to be almost impossible not to go to sleep since we were hurt and cold. And if we did go to sleep we would have a very good chance of freezing to death.

We lay there and tried to repeat together the words of popular songs. Then any kind of songs. Then nursery rhymes. Prayers. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. We ended up by counting backwards, starting from a million. It was the longest night of my life.

It was after seven thirty before the sky got gray enough so that we could see *(Continued on page 68)*

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"I ought to kick you in the face," Fred said. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" The dog wagged her tail. "Git out of here," Fred said

Accident at the Crossing

BY JOHN R. HUMPHREYS

The moving story of a man who thought he had nothing to live for, and his dog—who lived for him

THE dog was apparently lost; she seemed to be looking for someone and when people took time to reach out a hand to pet her, she shied from them, her eyes growing fearful. She was a tiny, short-haired dog with dirty white hair—a mongrel—and she walked around the town for two days, looking into stores and at the faces of the people passing her. No one in town had ever seen the dog before and it was thought at first she might belong to one of the Indians. She'd had pups not long ago and people saw her around town sitting on the sidewalk, shivering in the sun with that peculiar fright she carried always in her eyes.

Old Fred Clutton, the day watchman at the railroad crossing, might have appealed to her for any number of reasons. It might have been Fred's harmless indifference to his fellow men, or even his own loneliness she sensed. But she began to follow Fred between his hotel and the crossing, and during the day stayed close to the watchman's hut. Fred had lived in the small town most of his life, coming there as a young man from the next state, meeting the girl who became his wife, and living out that brief portion of his marriage with her before the disaster had visited him, leaving Fred with all the marks of a village "character."

Sometimes a man will spend his whole life ashamed not of a thing done, but of a thing left undone. It's a shame that grows rootlike into a man's mind, even into his body so that it can sometimes be seen in the way he moves his eyes or his hands. It grows, takes a shape, and everything the man does, he does because of the thing shaping within him that is shaping him at the same time.

Yet no one in town was sure just what it was that made Fred's aloofness increase over the years. Many men had broken with their wives, or had had their wives leave them, and then quickly recovered, without the remorse and bitterness that had settled within Fred. His solitude had made him a strange figure in the sense that the village half-wit was strange and that the Indians who sat on the curbs were strange. So the townspeople left Fred alone and Fred didn't seem to mind. He could have lived out the rest of his life, quite likely, between his hotel and the crossing as old Fred Clutton with his odd solitude if it hadn't been for one thing: for the stray dog that began to follow him.

At first Fred ignored her, and then because she was thin and he knew she must always be desperately hungry he began to feed her from his lunch. He let the dog stay with him and follow him for a few weeks; but the dog was destined, long before Fred lost his leg, to Fred's disdain and rejection; for there was something in the dog that Fred began to dread. It was connected, for Fred, to that night so long ago when his wife *(Continued on page 58)*

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"My New Hobby," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 38 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

At mealtime, too!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

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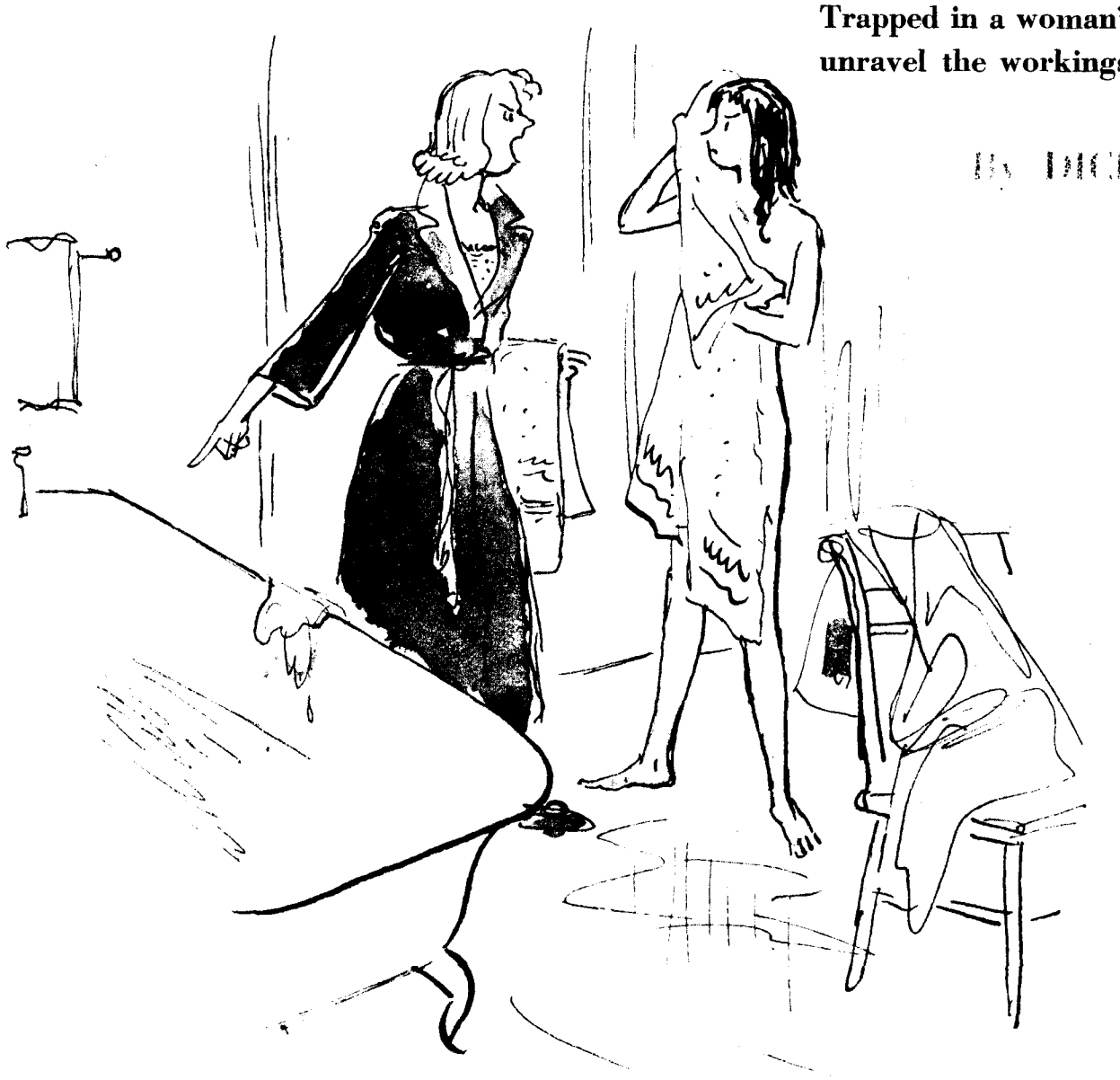
My Wife, My Daughters and I

Trapped in a woman's world, a man soon learns to unravel the workings of the female mind—maybe

By DICK ASHBAUGH



They would argue about who had used up all the hot water

SEVERAL times a year I have an irresistible urge to toss a few things into a rucksack, scoop up a handful of powder and ball, and head into the trackless forests. What would happen to my wife and three daughters I have no idea. Fortunately for them I have never been able to locate a rucksack, and most of the trackless forests in this area have been cut up into subdivisions.

This is no attempt to evade family responsibility, but more a desire to escape the world of women I live in. How many other men with an all-girl family entertain the same urge I have no idea, but the number must be considerable. I suggest we head up a band in the manner of Coxey's Army, march on Washington and demand male suffrage.

I began to misunderstand women when I was a boy bachelor barely out of knickerbockers. I would see my two sisters flailing each other over the question of who had used up all the hot water. Alarmed at the intensity of the fray, I would drop my copy of The American Boy and attempt to intervene.

All I ever got for my trouble was a satin mule in the mouth and an order to mind my own business. The next thing I knew, the two combatants would be in the kitchen sobbing into a plate of divinity fudge and loaning each other costume jewelry.

After I discarded the knickerbockers for white flannels and learned to pick out Valencia on the uke, my attitude toward women underwent a change. I learned that, taken individually and arranged in a canoe a discreet distance from the shore line, they possessed a compelling charm.

By that time I had my own door key, a Saturday job at the greengrocers, and a bottle of hideously expensive hair lotion. This combination, while not exactly dynamite, was enough to start my thoughts churning around the idea of someday acquiring an armful I could call my own.

In due time this happened all right. Seated in the parlor of my current choice one crisp evening, I began idly leafing through a magazine. Suddenly her eyes sparkled as she leaned over my shoulder, excitedly pointing out a fairly prosaic furniture ad.

"Candlewick bedspreads!" she exclaimed. "Don't you just love them?"

Either her fragrant nearness, or something she had introduced into the cocoa, brought the affair to a climax. The next instant I was on my knees suggesting we fuse our love of colonial linens and imploring her to share a dubious but dedicated future.

Later our first spat was brought on by the accusation that I had worn a strained look—almost of pain—at the time I proposed. It was useless to explain that in lurching to the floor I had missed the edge of the rug by inches and struck my knee violently against a cold-air register.

My education in the complex workings of the feminine mind began almost at once. While sorting wedding presents she accidentally dusted a porcelain vase so thoroughly it crumbled into powder. "Too bad," she remarked casually. "It was from your old girl friend, Virginia, too."

"But what will we say when she calls?" I asked worriedly.

"Oh, she won't call," said my wife coolly, and then tenderly unwrapped a set of fragile goblets donated by a former suitor.

I never saw Virginia again, nor did I ever again see a series of mildly sophisticated prints I had collected over the years. "Wouldn't want these around children," she explained. Since a search of the premises failed to reveal any children I naïvely assumed she meant visiting offspring.

Subsequently she worked the same disappearing act with a green tweed jacket with leather buttons ("You always looked like a frustrated freshman in that thing") and a beautiful pair of electric-blue pajamas ("What cutie pie gave you this outfit?").

A short time later I stumbled across the hidden-ball trick.

"Too bad you don't like me with short hair," she remarked dolefully one evening. "Everybody's wearing it this year. Literally."

"I never said that," I replied with slight annoyance. "Get it cut if you want to."

"Yes, but our budget's beat up already this month."

"For Pete's sake, we can afford a haircut. Go get it done."

"Goody," she replied in a low but satisfied voice.

That aimless little remark cost approximately $137. It seems you can't get a haircut without a new permanent. Then, gadzooks, none of your hats fit. And with new hats you'd be a screaming, falling-down goose not to have a new dress laced with new gloves, shoes, purse, and things that jingle when you walk.

Eventually our family began to arrive. I spent most of a cold December Sunday huddled in a wicker settee just off the maternity ward, holding a copy of the Medical Journal upside down and lighting the wrong end of cork-tipped cigarettes.

After a wait of some two centuries, a nurse appeared carrying a small, wriggling bundle roughly the color of a cranberry. "It's a girl!" she simpered while the other boys in the waiting room, men I'd grown to love like brothers, giggled in chorus behind my back.

Twice again I went through that same routine. The same nurse (or a reasonable facsimile), the same announcement and the same chorus of snickers from those ill-bred loafers in the rear.

Today I'm trapped in a woman's world and, outside of a few weak radio signals, may never be heard from again. The only thing in my favor is that I know it. Yesterday my twelve-year-old daughter came in the room and stood in front of the mirror punching at her coiffure.

"Daddy," she began, "every girl in my class has short hair. But Mother says you wouldn't like me with short hair."

"I never said that," I replied with some heat. "Get it cut if you want to." And then, with an odd ringing in my ears, I leaped up. "Wait a minute!" I croaked. "Don't move. Stay where you are."

"But, Daddy, I want to talk to you about my hair. Why are you dashing upstairs?"

"See you later!" I yelled back. "As soon as I locate a rucksack." THE END

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He Had a Little Shadow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Such a little boy—" said Leila, sighing.

Her husband realized she had not heard a word. Irritably he announced, "I am going to bed," and left her still at the window.

He slept heavily, but not well. In the morning, when he went out, the familiar small figure was waiting. He noticed crumbs on the mouth that curved to greet him and had a dark thought for his wife as he brushed past the boy.

During the day he caught glimpses of Faisal and continued to ignore him. When he came home in the evening, the boy appeared so quickly outside the house, Chafik guessed he had stolen a ride on the back of a car, perhaps his own. He felt helpless and his wife gave no comfort; she was suddenly withdrawn.

Estrangement was rare between them. He was aware of the reason, and at any other time would have used tenderness to relieve the futile longing that happened sometimes to Leila, like the aching of a tooth which is really sound. But the problem of the drug smuggling was a leech in his mind and he could think of little else as midweek approached and, with it, the dreaded increase in hashish crimes.

He was tormented because he was certain the answer of when and how the drug entered the country was in his records. These records were amazingly detailed, and included files on all regular travelers to and from Baghdad, and on all known criminals in the city. But to attempt to unearth the answer in his crammed filing cabinets without a key would be as difficult as finding the proverbial needle in a haystack.

ON THURSDAY morning, when Chafik found Faisal waiting as usual, he got into his car and recited a few calming verses from the Koran, then reopened the car door. "Come, Pestilence," the Inspector said. He remembered Leila in the window and was embarrassed by his odd impulse toward the boy.

Faisal began to chatter gaily. The pleasant young voice disturbed thinking, but when the boy said, "Sahib, today I shall make money," Chafik came out of preoccupation and wondered a little irritably what could be done for the persistent child.

"How will you make money?" he asked, slowing the car.

"A train comes. There are things to carry. People tired with travel pay well," Faisal added wisely.

"So today you will eat. But what of tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow does not matter if I eat well today, sahib."

"I envy you your philosophy," Chafik said. "Myself, I would be distressed by such ups and downs. The graph of my life follows an even line; if yours were plotted it would soar to a zenith, then plunge to the nadir. And again to the zenith and so on, indefinitely. Such a graph would be untidy, but the pattern would reveal the fluctuations of your belly, the days when—"

His voice died and he forgot the boy. He was fascinated by his hand which had left the wheel to trace a wavy line in the air. "A graph!" he shouted. "The key—the formula—" The car shot ahead through traffic lights and was parked hastily. For the second time in these few days the sedate little Inspector astonished the guard outside headquarters by running up the stairs.

Sergeant Abdullah was waiting with a pile of reports, but Chafik said, "I have no time for routine. I have found the key."

"Sir?"

"The hashish matter," Chafik explained impatiently. "Abdullah, if we could fix the day when the crimes begin to mount, the exact day every week, perhaps the same day, would it not aid our investigation?"

"Indubitably. A fixed day recurring weekly over a period of several months would permit the narrowing down of means of entry. It would be possible to eliminate certain routes of transportation. For example, sir, highways are sometimes closed by sandstorms—"

"Then bring me squared paper."

"Sir?"

"Paper marked with squares. I am going to make a graph. We will plot all crimes committed by hashish addicts during the past three months. Thus the data from our records will emerge visually."

When Abdullah brought the paper, Inspector Chafik prepared the frame of the graph and indicated weeks and days of each week along the bottom line. He explained, "I shall count one vertical square for each incident. You will now read me the daily hashish reports from the files."

The sergeant read in a courtroom voice that reduced crime to its proper level, unglamorous and monstrous. Chafik's pencil moved up and down marking the level of crime for each day. When he reached the end of the week he linked the daily tallies with a red line.

It was tedious work. The sergeant opened the collar of his tunic and permitted his ramrod back to ease against the chair. The clock over the Mustansiriyah buildings had struck ten before he closed the last file.

He said with feeling, "Police work is sometimes unexciting."

Chafik showed his assistant the completed graph. It resembled a mountain range.

"Here is a genuine picture of a crime wave," the little Inspector said, smiling. The joke was lost on his sergeant and he demanded brusquely, "What do you observe?"

"Sir, I observe the parabola of crime begins to rise each Thursday. Then there is a variable peak period of about three days, then a decline."

"What does that mean to you?"

"It proves supplies of hashish are released on that day."

"By what means, Abdullah?"

The sergeant ventured sarcasm. "Perhaps the graph shows how."

"It does," Chafik said. "Today is Thursday. What transport arrives from foreign parts this day?"

"Sir, solely the international train from Turkey, the Taurus Express. But it is a semiweekly train. There is another on Sunday."

"Where are your wits?" Chafik asked. "The crimes begin Thursday, their peak declines on Sunday. Therefore this man who smuggles the hashish travels only on Thursdays. Storms interfere with the desert autobus, with aircraft and the camel caravans, but they rarely stop a train. It is the means of entry." He made it a statement of fact.

Sergeant Abdullah was critical. "But we search the train."

CHAFIK again gave attention to the graph. "He has a means of tricking us," he said. He put his finger on the red line where it oddly flattened for a two-week period before leaping to a new high. "What happened here?" he asked.

"Apparently no hashish was available, sir. I remember the period. Many people went to hospital sick through lack of the drug."

The Inspector lighted a cigarette, took a few puffs, then stubbed it. He was shaking with excitement, and said, "This graph is clairvoyant. Bring me our lists of Taurus Express passengers for the past three months. Fortunately it is a short train."

These lists were always taken at the border and copies were sent to the Inspector's office. They checked the names of regular passengers against the police records, but their work was unrewarded.

Abdullah said, "Your thought was admirable, sir, but—"

"I object to 'but.' It is a sly conjunctive that conceals a dagger. You do not think my thought admirable." Chafik shrugged. "We have eliminated the passengers, but there are others. The Taurus Express is an

"Look, fellas. This way you can pile up twice as many dishes while your wife's away."

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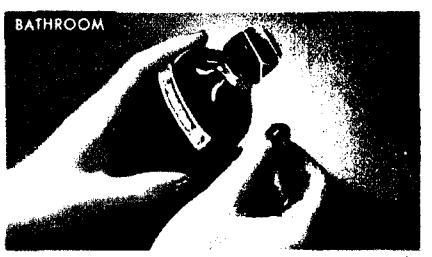

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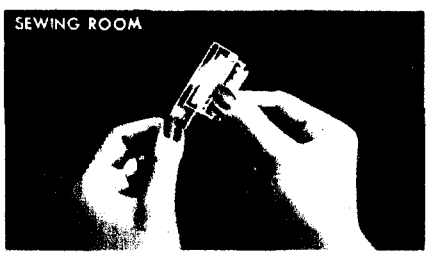

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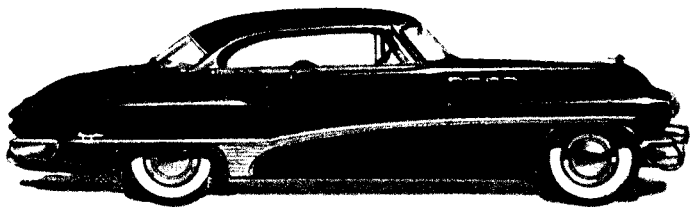
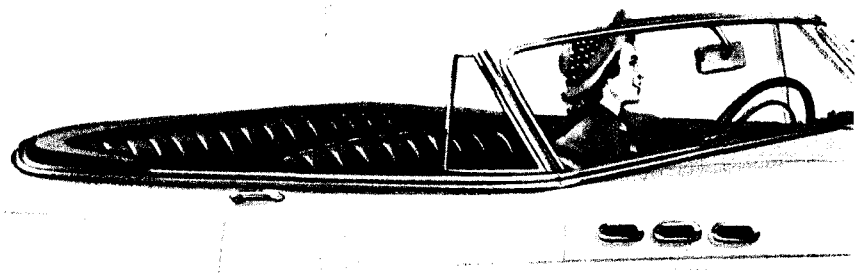
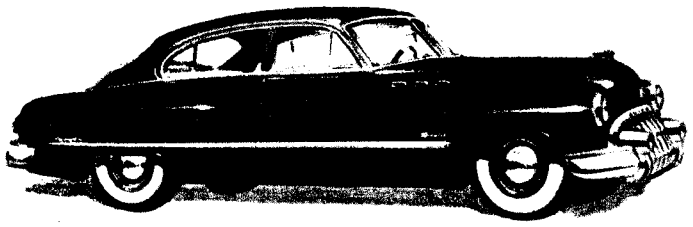
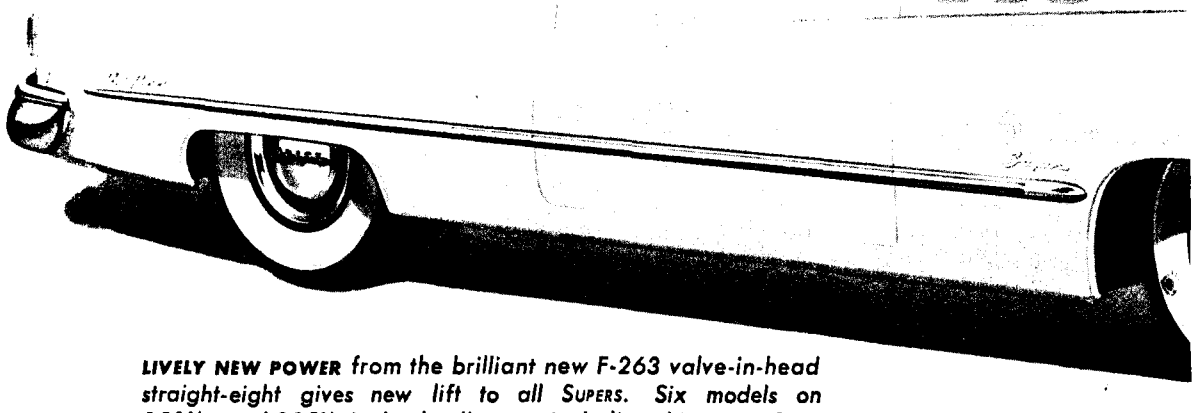


THIS BUICK ORIGINAL, *the Riviera, is available for 1950 on* SUPER *as well as* ROADMASTER *chassis. Three power ranges.*

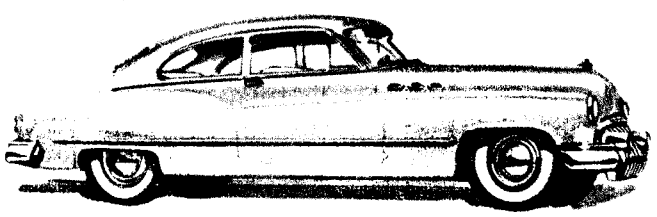




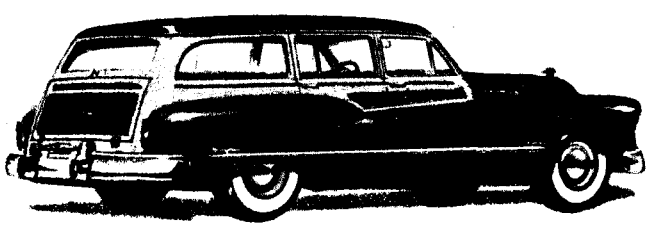
JETBACK *4-door Sedans are available in both standard and de luxe finishes on the* SPECIAL *series.*



LIVELY NEW POWER *from the brilliant new F-263 valve-in-head straight-eight gives new lift to all* SUPERS. *Six models on 121½- and 125½-inch wheelbases—including this smart Convertible. 124 or 128 hp, Dynaflow Drive* optional.*



FOUR JETBACK *6-passenger Sedanets are included in the line—two in the* SPECIAL *series, one each on* SUPER *and* ROADMASTER *chassis.*



THE ESTATE WAGON *is yours on either* SUPER *or* ROADMASTER *chassis. Three power ranges to choose from.*

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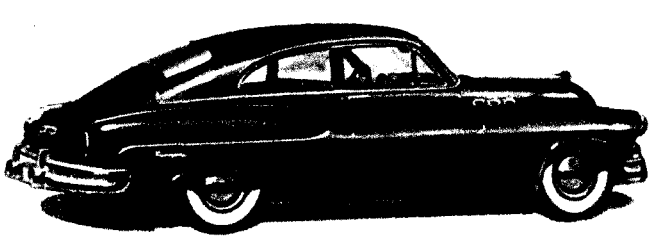

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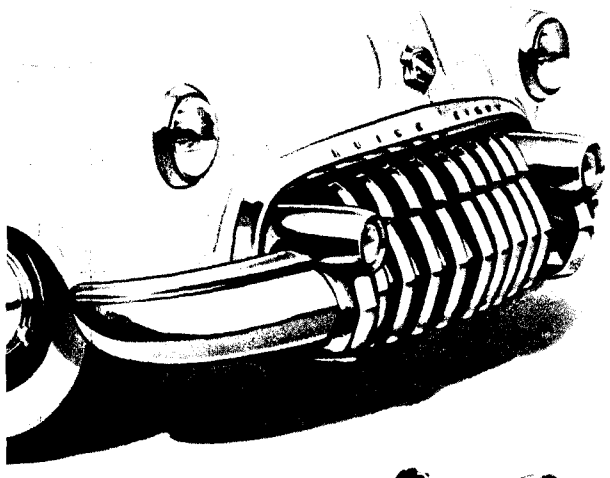
Imagine that bold front splitting the air before you, these sleek tapering fenders dressing every mile in distinction.

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*



Conjure up roomier interiors wrapped up in tidy, easy-parking, shorter size—fancy a light-handling wheel in your grasp, and the velvety luxury of Dynaflow Drive* to smooth your way if you wish it.

Picture closed cars and open cars, utility models and high-styled sportsters—cars of four wheelbases and five horsepower ratings—a wide array of models that includes all the body types shown here—

And to that add prices that put a Buick in reach of any budget above the very lowest price bracket.

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international train. True, the engine, its crew and the conductors are changed at the frontier, but the day coaches continue to Baghdad. Also one sleeping car and a diner. Read me the names of the staff attendants."

Six men made the midweek run from Istanbul to Baghdad, all were regulars. There was a *chef de train*, a sleeping-car attendant, two cooks and two waiters.

While his assistant read the names, the Inspector followed the dates on the graph. Suddenly he looked up. "That was a new name," he said.

"Yes, sir. It would appear that Najar Helmy, a waiter, was replaced for the week in question."

"Does Helmy ride the train the following week?"

"No, sir, but he is back the third week—"

There was a dry snapping sound. Sergeant Abdullah looked at the Inspector, who was huddled over the desk. A broken pencil fell from Chafik's hand and he said in a choked voice, "By God and by God!"

"Sir?"

"Have you forgotten the two-week period when the graph flattens, when no hashish came to Baghdad? Najar Helmy's absence coincides. But is it coincidence that all other Thursdays when Helmy worked the run the telltale line of my graph mounts?"

The sergeant was inarticulate. When he found voice he exclaimed, "Without leaving your office! Sir, without leaving your office you have solved it, even to the name. Let us go seize this Helmy—"

"He who seizes a scorpion in haste repents with haste." Chafik looked at the clock, saw it was nearly train time, and said briskly, "But I confess I am curious to meet this man."

THEY went to the Baghdad North Station and waited in the office of the railroad police, which commanded a view of the platform. The train had arrived and the scene was bedlam. Kurdish porters, clad in rags, cursed and fought over the baggage. A merciless sun beat on the iron roof and dust blew across the platform.

Chafik pressed his face to the window, but drew back when a familiar pair of eager eyes met his own. He had forgotten Faisal. The boy's presence was natural, for he had said he would make money from the arrival of the train, but the Inspector was annoyed and ignored Faisal's salute.

He waited patiently as the passengers streamed through the exit gate. A detective of the railroad police was at his side and presently said, "There is Helmy. He stands on the steps of the restaurant car, sir."

Najar Helmy was a Turk, short, stocky and olive-skinned. He stood bowing to a belated passenger, the picture of the perfect attendant who earns his tips.

"You know him?" Chafik asked the detective.

"We are acquainted, sir. He always stays overnight at the Parliament Hotel on Hassan Pasha Street."

The station became quiet, a field after battle, littered with cigarette stubs and torn paper. The attendants bustled in and out of the diner and sleeping car, putting everything in order for the next day. The attendant of the sleeper dragged a hamper of dirty linen to a locker room, and then Helmy appeared with a garbage can.

The Turk held one handle; the other was clutched by Faisal, who used both hands as he strained under the weight of the can.

Chafik said in a worried voice, "The boy is at ease with this man. He knows him."

Helmy and Faisal disappeared into the yard at the back of the station. When they returned, Helmy the Turk gave the boy money and dismissed him. Soon, the Turk again left the train, submitted a suitcase for inspection and went up the platform toward the yard and the employees' exit.

Sergeant Abdullah said, "This time he is without hashish."

Chafik was puzzled. "But why should he change his routine?"

"Perhaps he was forewarned, sir."

The Inspector exclaimed and abruptly left the office. Faisal was squatting on the platform, and Chafik took his arm and pulled him roughly to his feet.

"The man who gave you money," he said harshly. "You know him?"

"Sahib, my arm," the boy said plaintively, trying to break free. "I did nothing wrong, only helped carry rubbish, as I often do. The man gave me twenty *fils*. A lot of money—"

"What did you say to him? What did you tell him?"

"Nothing, sahib! Nothing—you hurt—" Faisal squirmed away, looked up reproachfully and then fled.

The Inspector's anger cooled but his face remained grim. He said to Abdullah, "We have been tricked. I think I know how he took out the hashish." He ran up the platform to the station yard.

A garbage can stood upside down behind a stack of rusting oil drums. Flies swarmed over the scattered rubbish.

Abdullah began, "Sir—"

Chafik said, "Our heads are of the same density. Who would think of searching that filth? When Helmy went out a few minutes ago, he merely upturned the can and took what was concealed there. That is his regular method—and the boy helped him carry the can—"

"If Helmy went directly to his hotel he has the supply with him, sir. We can take him."

"Not yet. I wish to learn how he distributes the hashish."

The Inspector called headquarters, ordered a check, and soon learned Helmy was at his usual hotel. Arrangements were made for a man to register there, for others to be placed strategically throughout the quarter where the hotel was located. Chafik installed himself in a near-by café, ordered coffee and his favorite honey cakes, and waited. But the coffee grew cold and the cakes were untouched; even honey could not sweeten his thoughts.

"A policeman should not have emotions," he announced.

Sergeant Abdullah began, "Sir, you think this boy—"

"It does not matter what I think," answered Chafik discouragingly. He looked up and down the street and was silent for some time. Then he said, "There he is!"

"The Turk? I do not observe—"

"The boy." Chafik darted across the street to an alleyway.

Soon he returned and said harshly to Abdullah, "He escaped me. But how long has he been spying? Has he gone to report to the Turk? Call our man at the hotel."

The sergeant came back to say Faisal had not been seen. "But he is small, he has the ways of a mouse," he added.

"Or the ways of a rat," Chafik said bitterly.

They remained at the café all afternoon. Reports were relayed from the detective in the hotel; Helmy had taken a meal, received no visitors, and was now in his room.

SHORTLY after sunset the signal came that the man was leaving, and presently they saw him, strolling in the cool of the evening.

Chafik said, "Keep away from me, Abdullah. You are too obvious in uniform." He got up and followed Helmy to another café.

The place was crowded and the Inspector sat beside a portly sheik, using the man's bulk to screen his slight figure. Helmy was alone at a table, reading a newspaper.

Presently a man came in and greeted the Turk effusively. Helmy offered a cigarette and after a few puffs his companion made a gesture of pleasure. The Turk smiled expansively and took a box from his pocket and passed it across the table; his pantomime seemed to say, "You like my cigarettes? Then take this as a gift." At that moment the bulky sheik engaged Chafik in conversation and when the Inspector looked again Helmy was alone.

During the next hour the incident was repeated, another stranger received, as a close friend, a gift made of two boxes. Watching without interruption this time, Chafik saw something pass in return for the cigarettes. When the second man had gone the Turk also left the café.

He went to a cabaret in the Bab-el-Sheik district. Once again Chafik saw the play of a stranger, a cigarette and a gift. When the stranger left, the Inspector signaled an assistant to watch Helmy and then joined Sergeant Abdullah outside.

The stranger was still in view and Chafik said briefly, "He has a box of cigarettes I wish to examine."

Abdullah glided into the shadows. Chafik followed slowly; he heard nothing, but when the sergeant reappeared he had the box. Unemotionally he said, "Sir, I took the precaution of silencing him. His skull was thin and the wall hard."

"That may not be a misfortune," Chafik said.

The small oblong box was inscribed with the name of a famous brand of Turkish cigarettes, but inside the sealed foil was a block of brownish-green resinous substance. It had a faint and peculiar odor and Chafik looked at it with loathing. "This is where the graph led us," he said.

"Hashish, sir?"

"The essence of the crude bhang." His thin shoulders expressed what he thought. "Helmy is a very clever man," he went on. "He is the wholesaler. Agents meet him at the various cafés. They buy the hashish cash down, as I observed, then distribute it to their own customers. Helmy takes the lion's profit and avoids the danger of dealing directly with addicts. He has virtue rare among criminals—he works alone and does not let his business become too big."

They returned to the cabaret. Outside was the man Chafik had left to watch the Turk. He said in a worried voice, "Sir, I have lost him."

"What!"

"A man came shortly after you left. He spoke to Helmy and they both went to the cloakroom. When they did not return I investigated and found an open window . . ."

Chafik's face darkened. "Did a boy speak to Helmy or to this other man?"

"I did not notice, sir."

The Inspector put aside suspicion for the moment. "This man was obviously a bodyguard," he said. "When he saw me follow the agent, he warned Helmy. It is a pity, but not too important. We now know how hashish enters Baghdad and this beast who battens on human weakness is trapped within our city. His arrest is certain."

He called headquarters and ordered a general alarm, then went with Abdullah to Helmy's hotel. The man had not returned. They searched the room and found many boxes of hashish. Chafik said, "He takes only a few with him when he goes to meet the agents. Such a cautious man."

They left men to watch and returned to headquarters. The general alarm was in operation; every officer in Baghdad was alerted, mounted patrols had sectioned off the city, motorized squads stopped all cars on the highways. In the middle of this web Chafik sat at his desk, a patient spider.

But he had troublesome thoughts. Once he announced, "It could be coincidence Faisal carried the garbage, but why was he hidden near the café?" Later he said, "I dealt roughly with him; he may have been afraid to show himself. I am naturally suspicious when followed." This time he heard himself and pounded the desk with vexation.

"My habit becomes intolerable," he told Abdullah. "I shall go home and rest. Helmy has a good hide-out." As he left he said in the familiar hollow voice, "Must I tell Leila about the boy? What can I tell her that will not give pain?"

He walked to his car parked on the landscaped square near a clump of rhododendron. He had a feeling of letdown and was not his usual alert self.

As Chafik opened the door of the car, a man rose from the bushes and struck a shrewd blow with a blackjack. Then he bundled the inert Inspector into the front seat, got in, and drove away.

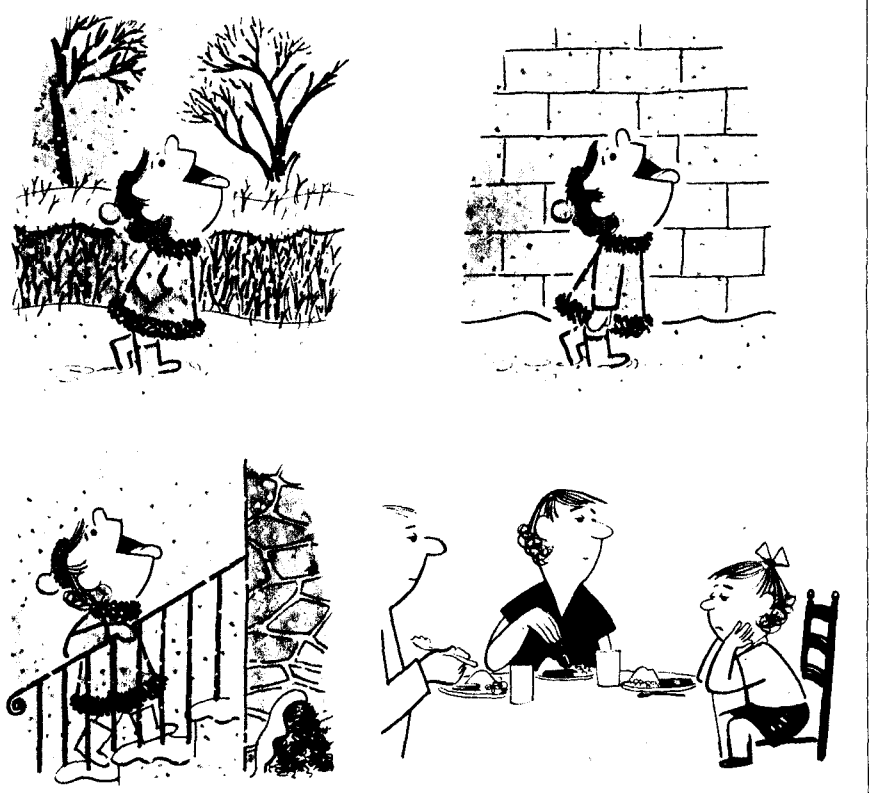
Two policemen coming up Al-Rashid Street saluted as the familiar car passed.

CHAFIK was in a room, lying on the floor. The first thing he saw was a vaulted ceiling decorated with arabesques in gilt paint. He announced, "Turkish influence. This is an old house." He tried to sit up, but pain stabbed his head and he closed his eyes again.

The next time he opened them he saw a man astride a chair, arms folded on the back. The man said, "A very old house and a convenient neighborhood. Your police will search for days."

Chafik blinked against pain. His head was clearing and he stared at the man, think-

SISTER



COLLIER'S

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ing: This is what I hunted. An ordinary man, one who might have been my neighbor. Aloud he said, "Nevertheless, you cannot hide here indefinitely. Arrest is inevitable."

Another man came within vision, a squat barrel-chested man who was doubtlessly the bodyguard. The man held a leather blackjack.

Helmy said, "Restrain yourself, Ali." And to Chafik he said, almost with apology, "He is like a mastiff."

"I, too, have a faithful henchman." Chafik thought of Sergeant Abdullah, the comfort of those broad shoulders and accurate gun; then he had another thought that was not comforting, and asked, "Is the boy also faithful to you?"

Helmy was puzzled. "What boy?"

"The one who helped with the garbage."

"I always use a brat to help me, it disarms suspicion. But I don't use any particular boy."

Chafik smiled in relief. "My mind is clear of an unjust suspicion," he said.

HELMY pulled the chair close to the Inspector. At near view the Turk's mouth and eyes warned Chafik that this was not a neighbor who lived within society, and the laws protecting it. Here was one who coldly calculated chances, made crime a business. Such a man would know no pity.

"I have a proposition," Helmy said conversationally. "You will write a note to cancel my arrest. I will leave on the train tomorrow."

"A simple proposition, I agree. But not practical. Such an order would be questioned by my superiors."

"You will say in the note you use me as bait to catch others."

Inspector Chafik thought: He is clever. There is chance such a request might be approved. But he said, "It is known you work alone. Furthermore, I am not in the mood to write such a note."

Ali struck him with the blackjack. Helmy kicked him, then pulled him to his feet. They had him between them, knocking him from side to side; when he fell down they lifted him again and beat him again. He heard screams, recognized his own voice, thought: How demeaning that I should evidence pain! The next time he went down they left him.

"Well?" Helmy asked.

The Inspector tasted blood, screwed up his face in disgust and said, "This does not help. Your arrest is inevitable."

They did it over again. All Chafik said was, "My work is finished and I am now expendable." He began to recite from the Koran in a high thin voice which gradually became unclear, then incoherent. Unconsciousness released him from the agony of waiting for the next treatment.

He did not hear the sound of feet on the stairs, but he revived with the crash of the door. He heard Helmy's oath and the violence of gunfire and somebody familiar who shouted, "Dogs! Devils!" The guns talked once again; then there was silence and the Inspector dared raise his head.

Near him was the body of the Turk. The other man crouched against the wall, coughing blood. The room was filled with police, among them Sergeant Abdullah.

Chafik said, "Did I rub a magic lamp?" He laughed hysterically, but managed to check himself when Abdullah raised him.

"Praise to the Merciful One!" exclaimed the sergeant. "If it had not been for the boy—"

"The boy?"

"Sir, I refer to the waif. He was in the back of your car, apparently waiting for you, hidden on the floor. He saw you struck. With commendable restraint he remained silent while you were driven to this place. Then he ran back, found me at headquarters, and so—"

"Faisal!"

"That is his name, sir. I detained him in your office."

Chafik said humbly, "God works in strange ways." Then he added urgently, "Let us go there quickly." Moving, he was reminded of pain and was glad to lean on Abdullah.

IN HIS office he stood and looked at Faisal. The boy was asleep in a chair, cheek on his arm, his face smeared with recent tears. In sleep his little hands were clenched into fists and he stirred restlessly and once murmured, "My father . . ."

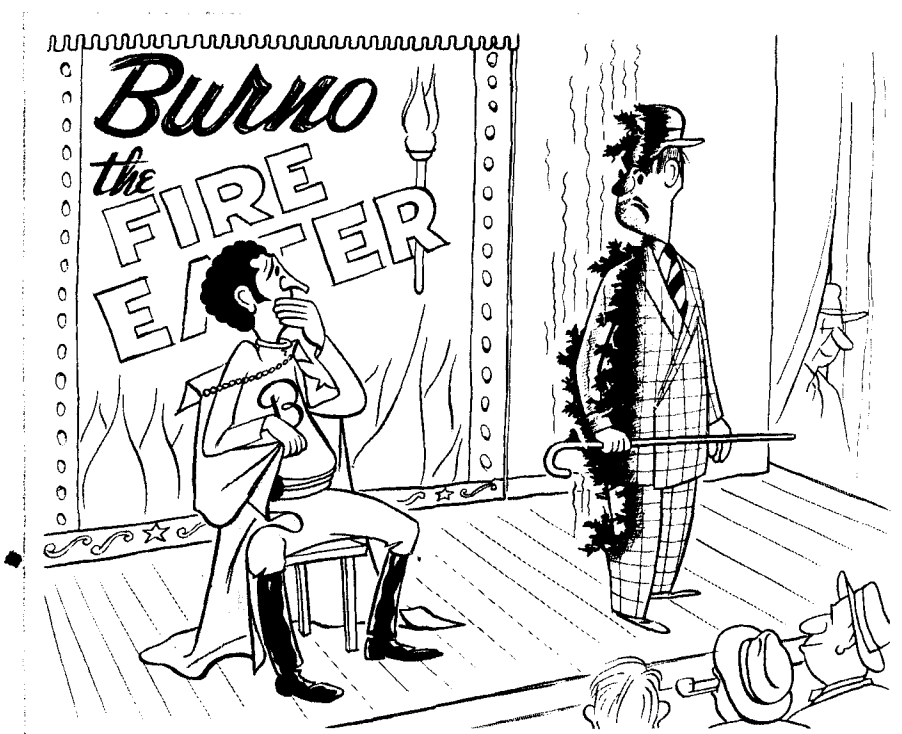
The Inspector said, "May I be forgiven!" Then he quoted in excellent English, "I have a little shadow, he goes in and out with me—" After a pause he added, "But the use of him I *do* see."

He went to the telephone and was again reminded of a dozen pains. He dialed the number and, waiting for his wife to answer, his eyes were tender, but hearing her voice he said casually, "I will be with you soon, Leila. I fear I am a little bruised and have ruined good clothes, but it is not important. And I have to announce a decision." He drew himself up and said very firmly, "I have decided to make an adoption."

There was no answer. He rattled the telephone and shouted, "Leila! You hear me, Leila? I am adopting a boy."

The voice of his wife came mildly. "I hear you, my man. All Baghdad hears you. Please come very quickly. I have had Faisal's room waiting for him these three days, now."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Gesundheit!" DICK ERICSON

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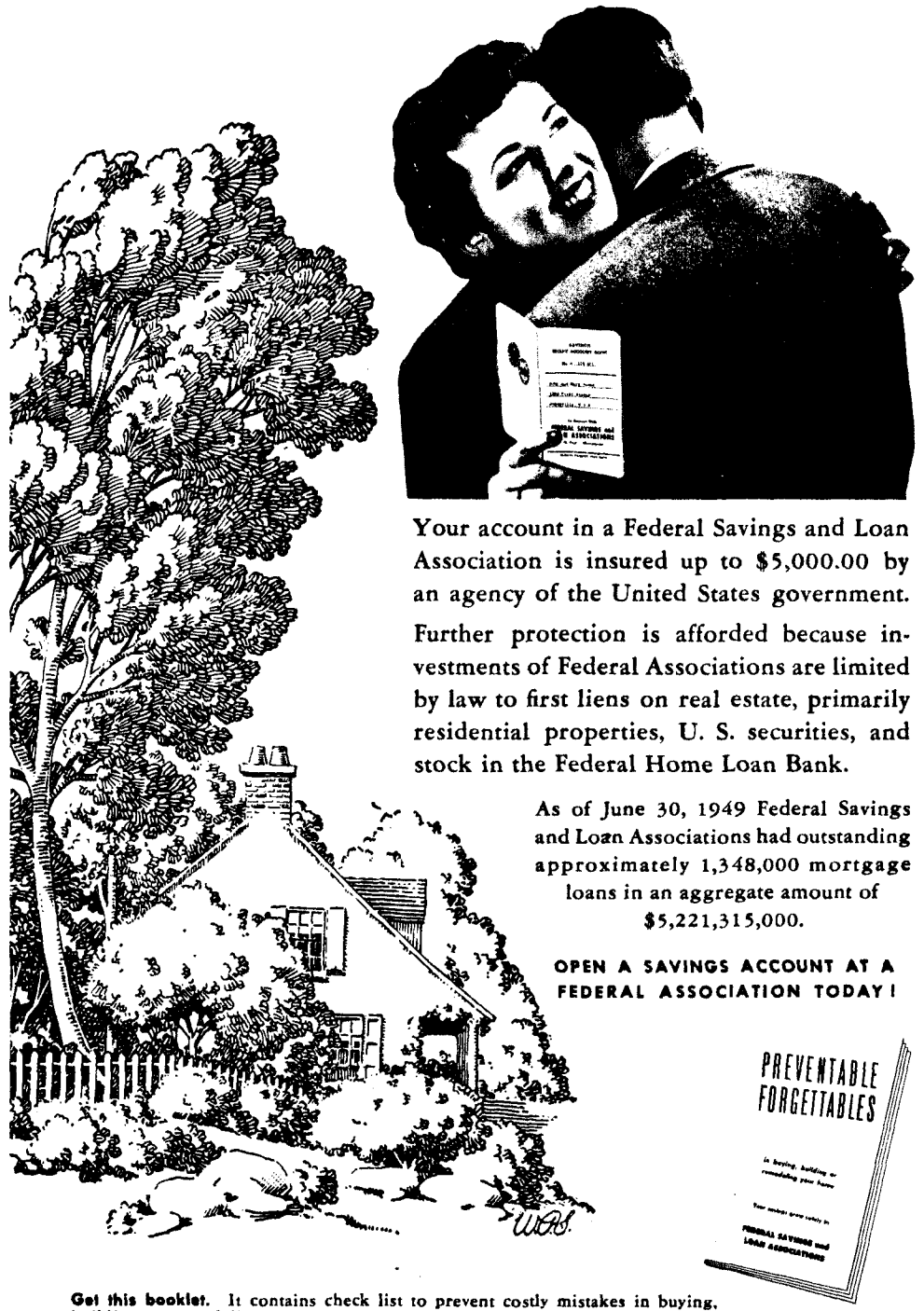

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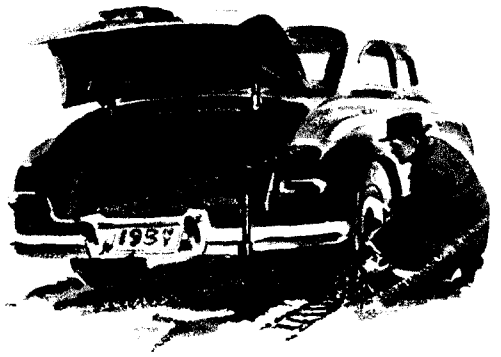

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Full of Confidence

By ROBERT GRIFFITH

GEORGE was in a hurry to reach Columbus before night, and he was driving fast. But he kept glancing worriedly at Alice. The farther they went, the more upset she acted.

"Of all the cheap tricks," she said, sounding ready to cry. "Sneaking out in the middle of the night, not paying the rent."

"I'll send them a check," George said. "Don't worry, dear. Soon as I get going with this medicine show I'll be sitting pretty. I wouldn't be surprised if I cleaned up a hundred bucks a week."

"That's what you said about the popcorn."

"If it popped I would of too," George said. "Them grab joints did big business all week. I'd of got my share if my popcorn hadn't got wet."

George looked back at the small trailer that carried his popcorn machine and the four damp bags of unpoppable corn.

"We got thirty-eight dollars," he said. "If I can sell my popper for twenty-five with it I'll have the new show going by next week. Heading right up through the tall grass, making money hand over foot."

When Alice didn't say anything, George added, "How could I buy this medicine show, if I spent all my money paying rent?"

He couldn't understand why Alice was acting this way about a little thing like not paying two weeks' rent. Just wait till I get going with this show, George thought. And he began to smile, fishing in his vest pocket for the ad clipping. He put it on the steering wheel and read it for the hundredth time:

"BARGAIN! COMPLETE MEDICINE SHOW: Two Snakes, Phonograph, Costume, Front; ½ Human Body (Wax) Showing All Organs in Color; Full Line Cherokee Remedies, Oils, Liniments, Corn Cures, Tonics; $50 for Quick Sale."

"Hey," George said, nudging Alice, "that'll really get 'em, you know it, dear? That one-half human body. I can't hardly wait to see it myself."

Alice turned her head the other way, and George's face fell.

They were passing through a small city, and George was watching for route signs, but he kept talking. "The only trouble is my popper's about burned out," he said. "If I could just unload them four bags of corn on somebody—"

Alice gave him a quick look, full of scorn.

"How does this sound?" George said, hurriedly. "I bill myself as Doctor Hoctor, practice up a good spiel on the bodily organs. Get dressed up in one of them barber coats, no buttons in front, like a doctor. How does it sound?"

Alice was looking back. "Is that a police car?" she said. "There's a cop in it."

"Cop?" George said, glancing nervously into the rearview mirror. Then his face changed, and he stepped hard on the gas. The car jumped forward, and Alice clung to the door handle.

"He was looking right at us!" George said, getting scared. "That landlord must of tipped them off to watch for us!"

The police siren began to whine, and George felt sick. He slowed up and pulled over to the curb, the trailer skewing after. The police car swung in front of him and stopped. The cop got out and started toward George. He came to the window and looked in. He was a young cop, and he was smiling.

"You carnival people?" he said.

George was holding his breath.

Alice nodded. "Popcorn," she said.

"Well, look," the cop said. "Why I chased you down. We're running a street carnival, begin Monday. I got charge of concessions, and we still want stuff. And I wondered—"

"I'm sorry," George said. He was relieved but still nervous. "We was on our way to Columbus—got a new show lined up."

"You'd ought to try it here, make yourself a dollar," the cop said. "Give you exclusive on popcorn, we can."

"No," George said. "No, thanks. I'm all done with popcorn. Got this new show lined up, and—" George stopped then, looking at the cop, and wet his lips. "Say," he said, "why don't you sell popcorn yourself, make all the profit?"

The cop's face went blank. "Me sell popcorn?"

George opened the door and got out of the car. He put on his warmest smile and gave the cop a pat on the arm. "I tell you what I'll do," he said. "I got no more use for my popper. I'll give it to you."

The cop blinked at George. "Give it to me?"

George kept smiling, patting the cop's arm. "Look," he said, "I got many's the breaks from cops. Why not me give them one?"

"Well," the cop said, "I guess we could use a popper, only—"

George could feel Alice's eyes on him, but he held his smile. "No arguments," he said to the cop. "I want to do this."

George pushed the cop toward the police car, and then went back to untie the ropes that held the popper. The cop backed his car to the trailer and George helped him stuff the popper parts into the trunk.

"You don't find many people giving you something for nothing these days," the cop was saying, pleased at getting the popper.

"That's okay," George said. "Glad to do it. Now," he said, clearing his throat, "all you need is a few bags of popcorn. I got four bags here. This corn cost me ten fifty a hundred, but—"

"But," Alice said, sticking her head out of the car window, "it won't pop."

George and the cop both stared at her.

"It got wet," Alice said.

The cop started laughing. "Well," he said to George, "it's lucky you're honest. I was going to try and buy it off of you!" He got into his car. "Thanks a million!" He waved to George and Alice and drove away.

STANDING there, George could see his popper under the raised top of the police car's trunk. He watched it till it was out of sight. Then he got into his car and sat scowling through the windshield, not looking at Alice.

After a minute Alice spoke. "Trying to sell popcorn that won't even pop," she said bitterly.

"It might of popped," George said. "I wouldn't tried to sell it if I didn't think it would pop. Prob'ly it would pop all right after it got dried off some."

"You know it wouldn't pop," Alice said, almost crying. "Oh, I don't know what to do. Married to a man always trying to gyp somebody out of something."

George got all confused at the way Alice was acting. He felt his face getting hot. "All I was trying to do was get some money to buy the medicine show," he said. "After I get going, everything will be strictly on the level. That's a promise."

Alice was crying. "You didn't even pay the rent! Sneaking out in the middle of the night!"

George sat up straight and kicked at the starter. "All right, I'll pay that rent!" George said. "I'll go find a telegraph office and wire it to them!"

Alice was looking at George in a different way. She seemed a little scared, and yet she was smiling. "You don't have to, George," she said.

"Oh yes I do!" George said, getting ready to turn the car around. "Oh yes I do!"

Alice took a deep breath. "I paid it, George. Last night."

George's foot slipped, and the car stalled. "You paid the rent? Out of my thirty-eight dollars?" he said, his voice sounding strained.

"I been trying to tell you all morning! I couldn't sneak off, not paying the rent, George!"

"You mean," George said, his voice trembling, "when I was sweating blood last night, trying to go out quiet—the rent was all paid?"

He pulled out his handerchief and mopped his face. "You mean," he said in a hurt voice, "you let me go through all this—knowing all the time we couldn't buy the new show?"

Alice put her two hands over one of George's. "George," she said, "if you went and talked to the man who wants to sell the show, wouldn't he trust you for it?"

George was startled. "Trust *me?*"

"People always trust you, George," Alice said. "You just talk to them, and they seem to believe what you say."

George shook his head. "It ain't as easy as that," he said. "I got to believe it *myself*. And the way you been acting, the things you said about me—"

"Listen, George," Alice said earnestly. "You're always saying you want me to have confidence in you. Well, now I *have*. Because I know you'd really of paid that rent, if I hadn't."

George looked at Alice. Even after all the fast deals he'd pulled, she *did* have confidence in him. A little, anyway. He began to feel full of it himself. After all, he was a confidence man. He sat up and, squaring his shoulders, pressed firmly on the starter. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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The Senator Almost Got an Ulcer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

those in power call a halt to this useless, selfish and futile gesture I here and now predict that the evil path of this so-called progressive action may ultimately shatter the very foundations of American liberty and life."

Friends who have followed every step of Lucas' career feel that this memorable speech probably "put him in the United States Senate but kept him out of the White House." They estimate this speech won him the support of 100,000 to 125,000 of Illinois's independent voters, but they also believe that President Roosevelt, though he used Lucas, never quite forgave him and for this reason would not consider him as a Vice-Presidential candidate.

A Test of His Party Loyalty

In 1940, when Henry Wallace was nominated in Chicago, Lucas arose to withdraw his own name from the Vice-Presidential nominations with these stinging words: "Had this been a free and open convention, I would not have hesitated . . ." The same year, however, F.D.R. telephoned Lucas personally to request that he manage the Roosevelt-Wallace campaign in the 13-state Belt Area of the Midwest, a summons to which Party Man Lucas could not say no. In 1944, Lucas was a serious contender for the Vice-Presidency, but apparently F.D.R.'s old grudge still rankled and the White House blessing was given to Harry Truman.

Scott Wike Lucas grew up with politics in his blood. He was born in the Lincoln country—in Cass County, Illinois, only 12 miles from New Salem where Abraham Lincoln studied law. An avid student of Lincolniana, Lucas loves to take a visitor from the East to the restored village and reverently point out the replica of the cabin where young Lincoln studied by light from the fireplace.

Lucas' people originally were from Virginia and Tennessee, and his Great-grandfather Lucas, one of the first white settlers in Cass County, came north by ox-drawn covered wagon in 1823. Lucas' own father was an erstwhile tenant farmer, justice of the peace and county tax assessor who never quite earned enough to support his brood of four boys and two girls, of whom Scott was the youngest. His mother used to help out by setting a boarding table for itinerant peddlers and traveling salesmen. Chris Kreiling, now a leading civil engineer in Havana, Illinois, still recalls the fine dinners of beef and gravy, potatoes, vegetables and pie—"help yourself to all you want"—that Mother Lucas used to serve for 30 cents.

Though things were somewhat better by the time Scott was growing up, he knew the taste of poverty. Frank Shawgo, now a tavern keeper in Havana, who grew up with Scott after the Lucas family had moved to the little town of Bath, recalls that Scott—known then as "Wax," a nickname whose origin is long since forgotten—used to work in the cornfields on Grand Island in the Illinois River for 25 cents a day. At various times, Scott also earned money for his education by carrying newspapers, fishing the river for catfish and sheepshead, tending furnaces, playing professional baseball (for Bloomington in the Three-I League) and teaching in a one-room country schoolhouse.

The one heritage "Squire" Lucas did give Scott was a taste for politics. He even named the boy Scott Wike, not after any member of the family but after a congressman of the day who had boarded with the Lucases while campaigning.

While preparing for law at Illinois Wesleyan, athletics was the great thing in Lucas' life, and he regrets none of it, not even the bad knee from his football days which still gives him trouble. Athletics, he says, gives a man a taste for a good scrap. He was a three-letter man, an All-Conference player in both football and baseball, and he was aspiring for the same honor in basketball when the school authorities discovered he had played professional baseball the previous summer under the assumed name of "Weaver" and barred him from all athletics.

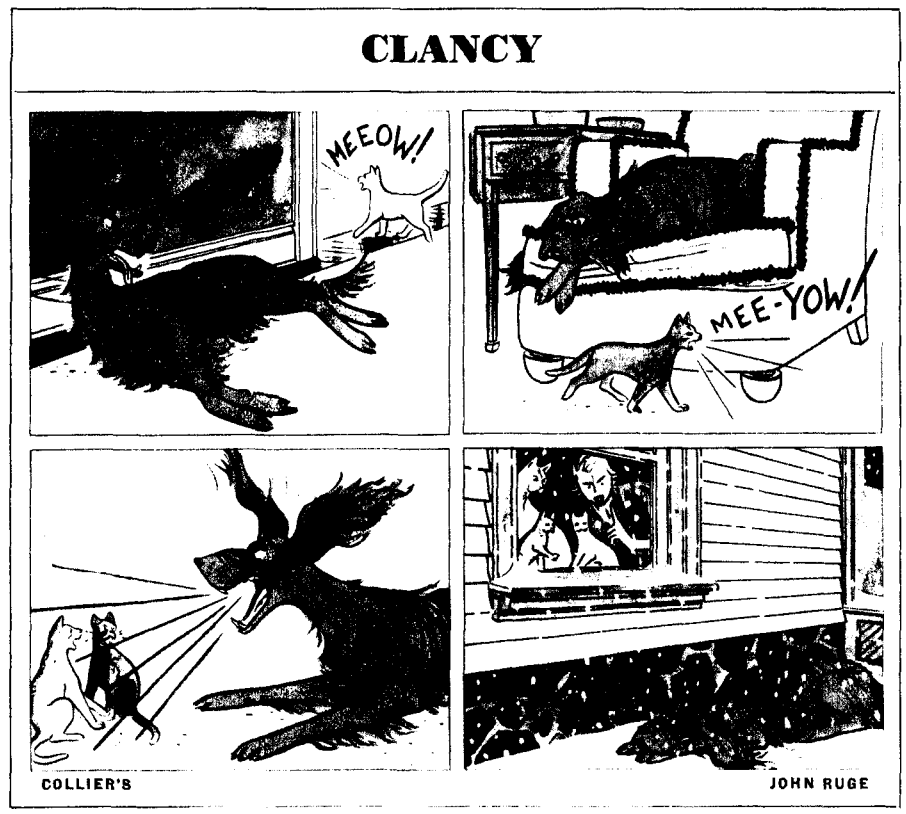
"I protested like hell," Lucas recalls. "I couldn't see, and still can't see, why playing professional baseball should keep a man from playing college football or basketball. But the dean said no, so I turned in my suit —though I shed tears about it."

Today, he takes great pleasure in the career of eighteen-year-old Scott Lucas, Jr., the only child in the Lucas family, as a football player at the Stuyvesant School at Warrenton, Virginia, near Washington. Whenever Stuyvesant plays, Senator Lucas tacks one of the posters on the wall of the majority leader's office, right along with the pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson and the bronze plaque attesting that the first meeting of the United States Supreme Court was held in the same room in 1801.

gone into practice, a friend came to sell me a dollar chance on a car that some organization was raffling off," the senator relates. "I told him if the tickets were a dime instead of a dollar, I might afford one. 'Take one anyway—I'll lend you the dollar,' he said, so I did. Blamed if I didn't win the car!

"I didn't have enough money to keep it in gas, so I sold it for $525, paid my friend back his dollar and went over to Chandlerville to put $500 on my note. The banker asked me how come I was paying back so much so soon, and I told him just how I'd come into the money. 'This is the damnedest thing I've ever heard of in 40 years!' said the banker. 'From now on, your credit's good for $5,000 on your own signature.' "

Lucas quickly built up a reputation in the law business. He moved so fast that he attracted a certain amount of small-town envy, and some of the town's leading legal lights, looking out at him sourly as he walked across the village square, used to



Another high light in Lucas' formative years was his career for two seasons as a teacher at Blackjack School, which served a little community called Snicarte. "I had 56 pupils—grades, first through eighth, all in one room," he recalls. "I lived with a family three miles away, and I used to walk to school, often through snow and slush.

"The year before, the big kids had chased the teacher out of school. I guaranteed the supervisors that if they ran me out I'd quit and give them back their money, so I got the job at $60 a month. I fibbed a little on my age—I was supposed to be eighteen and really was only seventeen. There were three boys older than I, including one who was twenty. I made out all right because I was bigger than any of them."

After he was admitted to the bar in 1918, Lucas picked Havana, Illinois, as the site of his first law office. "In the early days, Havana was a rough, tough river town," says its most distinguished citizen. "It was settled by a guy with a red handkerchief around his neck, a keg of whisky on his back and $10 in his pocket." For the record, Havana still is a free-and-easy town.

His first office was up a flight of stairs over a store building opposite the courthouse. To purchase a law library, he borrowed $1,000 from a bank in Chandlerville. His oldest brother, Thurman, a brilliant, country lawyer, now deceased, had to sign the note. "One afternoon soon after I had

sneer, "There goes young Abe Lincoln!" Lucas, incidentally, still has prosperous law offices in Springfield and Chicago in partnership with Charles A. Thomas, a Legion friend, and he also maintains his old office in Havana largely for sentimental reasons.

In a little more than ten years after hanging out his shingle, Lucas had built up a nice practice; had been elected state's attorney for his county; gone into the Army as a private and come out a lieutenant, and served as state commander of the American Legion. He went on to storm national Legion politics with the aid of a jug band from Havana and, while he didn't make the grade as national commander, he did serve four terms as national judge advocate. In 1923, he was married to Edith Biggs, daughter of a well-to-do Havana businessman. Mrs. Lucas is a woman with a good sense of humor, who didn't want her husband to go into politics in the first place and who firmly believes wives of public figures should stay in the background.

In 1932, Lucas, who professes to a schoolboy ambition to serve in the United States Senate, decided it was time to fulfill that ambition. He was defeated in the primary by the candidate being backed by the late Henry Horner, who was nominated for governor. Lucas was a good sport about it and campaigned vigorously for both Horner and the man who had defeated him in the primary. Horner, when elected governor, rewarded Lucas by appointing him chairman of the Illinois State Tax Commission and giving him a post on the Democratic patronage committee.

From then on, Lucas' political star was on the rise. In 1934 he was elected to the Congressional seat left vacant by the death of Speaker Rainey of Illinois, and subsequently he was re-elected once to the House and was elected twice to the Senate. In his 1938 primary Senate race, he even won against the opposition of the Kelly-Nash Democratic machine in Chicago, which had fallen out with Lucas' political mentor, Governor Horner.

The considered verdict on Scott Lucas in the national limelight today would seem to be this: In the domestic field, he is a practical politician—skilled, hard-working and with an eye out for the interests of his constituents, though not without regard for the over-all welfare of the country. In the international field, he has risen to the stature of leader and statesman.

In this latter field, his record is clear: He is and always has been anti-isolationist, and he believes that the only way to achieve and preserve peace is for the United States to use its great influence and resources to work with other democratic powers against Communism. He felt the same way about Fascism and Nazism, when they were active perils in the world. Persons who disagree with his beliefs can and do attack his judgment, but, from the record of what he has said and done, it would be hard to challenge his consistency, or to claim that Lucas has straddled any issues.

In 1940, for instance, when the Roosevelt Administration was trying desperately to enact its Lend-Lease program, Lucas took an unequivocal stand in favor of Lend-Lease, although sentiment in his own state, whipped up by the archisolationist Chicago Tribune, was strongly against it. He received 100,000 letters from his constituents on Lend-Lease; 80,000 of them opposed it, still he voted with the Administration.

Women Hecklers Besiege Him

The battle of the isolationists against American preparedness gave Lucas what he admits was his worst personal moment. One day Elizabeth Dilling, who was achieving notoriety through her violent attacks on Roosevelt policies, invaded Lucas' office with a group of women. It seemed to the senator's embattled office staff that there were at least 80 in the contingent, and that all of them were screaming. Phrases like "Blood money!" and "Don't kill our sons for England!" kept rising above the tumult. When Lucas came out, as a still-awed witness puts it, "absolute hell broke loose." One woman flopped to the floor, grabbed his knees and howled, "Don't send us to war!" Lucas extended his hand to Mrs. Dilling, whereupon she said, "I wouldn't shake your hand—I'd rather spit in it!"

He looked her in the eye, left his hand extended and said coldly, "Have a spit, lady."

There is no doubt that Scott Lucas has mellowed with experience since his early, angry days as majority leader. Not for some time has anyone felt the full lash of his naturally sarcastic tongue—at least, not in public. Still, the new Lucas has not gone flat. "You can be pushed so far—you gotta be an S.O.B. sometime," he says. He still can stick the knife and twist it into such antagonists as his number one adversary, minority leader Wherry, who, in a louder, more table-thumping way, is no mean knife-sticker himself. The difference is that now he usually bows to Wherry while doing it, and refers to him as "my delightful, genial and efficacious friend."

As a means of keeping calm, Lucas more and more has been falling back on a hobby of his that not many persons know about. He is an amateur poet, under the nom de

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plume of "Senator Sorghum" Once while keeping his temper in check he wrote this couplet on the back of an envelope:

Senators who preside,
Shouldn't rhyme, shouldn't chide.

Few things make Lucas angrier than senators who habitually play hooky. Once last year he discovered there was not one Republican senator on the floor. He got up and solemnly remarked that "now would be a good time to introduce a motion to abolish the Republican party—we could get unanimous consent." Someone sent an S O S to G.O.P. generalissimo Wherry and in a matter of minutes Republican senators were panting into the chamber.

Lucas' own analysis of the record of the Democratic Eighty-first Congress is that, on the whole, the box score so far is good. He admits the humiliating defeats—civil rights, Taft-Hartley and the others—of the early days, but points to the bulk of solid legislation that was enacted. What Lucas does not point out—though many of his friends do—is the general consensus that President Truman wished an impossible job on his leaders when he sent such a staggering legislative load to the Hill for passage in one session; also, that Lucas, if given his own way, never would have started the session by leading off with the civil rights issue and embittering the Southern senators for the rest of the session. In fact, he so advised the President—but Truman wasn't listening. Lucas, however, predicts:

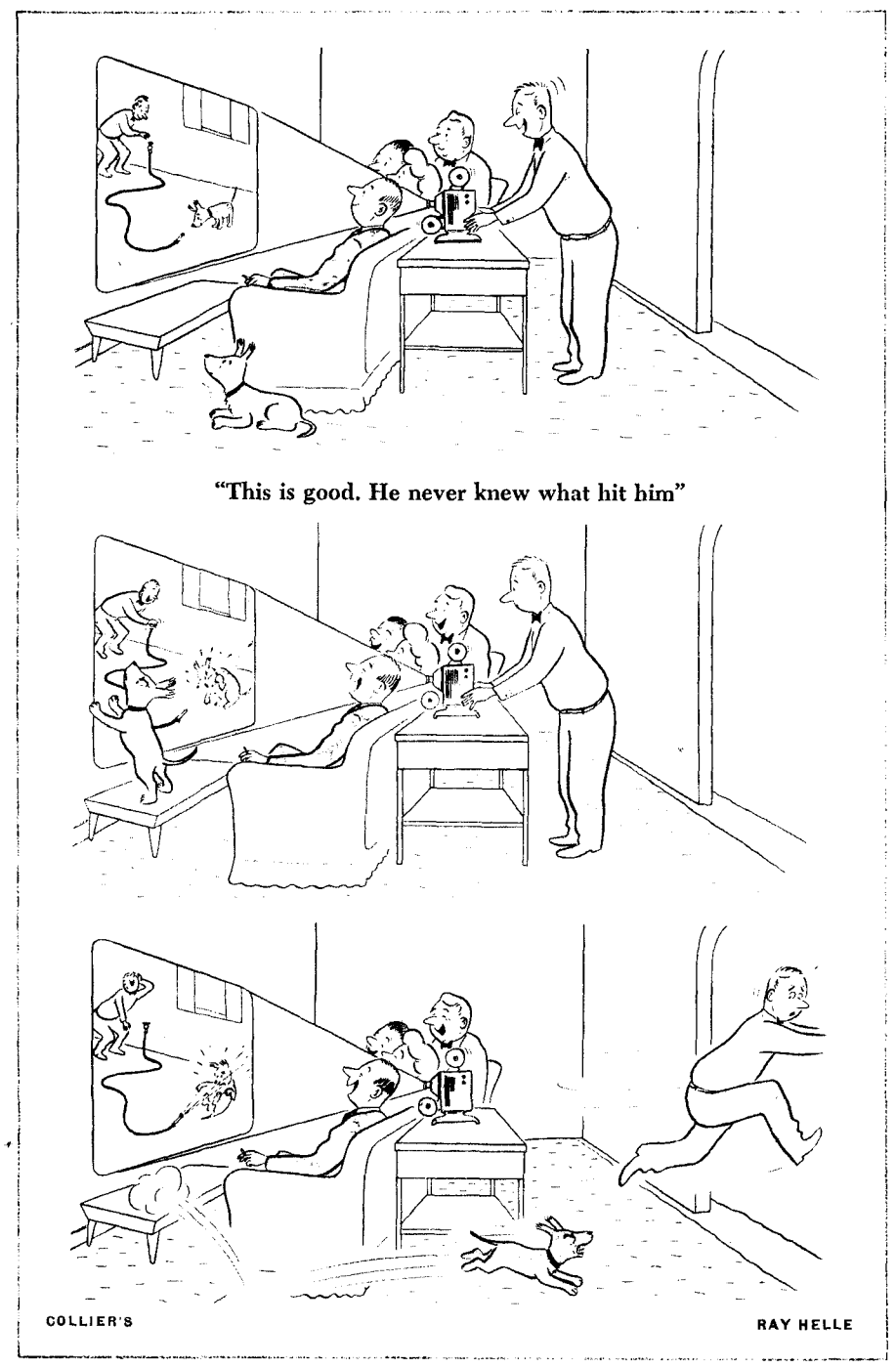
"By the time the Eighty-first Congress completes its 1950 session, I believe we will have enacted 80 to 85 per cent of the bills in President Truman's program."

Right now, Lucas is facing what some Illinois observers regard as a serious fight for his political future. While Lucas was tied up with his job of leading the Senate, former Representative Everett Dirksen, a Republican and a spellbinder on the hustings, announced that he was going to oppose Lucas in the November, 1950, election. Already, Dirksen has been stumping the state. Lucas thinks he can take Dirksen's measure. In fact, he already has mapped out his strategy—the battle, if it materializes, will be waged on the issue of "Dirksen versus Dirksen." In Congress, Representative Dirksen made many fervent speeches in favor of internationalism; now, perhaps with an eye toward support from Colonel McCormick's Chicago Tribune, he is declaring that his vote for the Marshall Plan in 1948 was a mistake, and he seems all out for isolationism. Lucas avers it will be a pleasure to fight a man on such an issue.

But Scott Lucas, himself a formidable campaigner, does not take the threat lightly. "In this game of politics," he declares, "you've got to run scared.

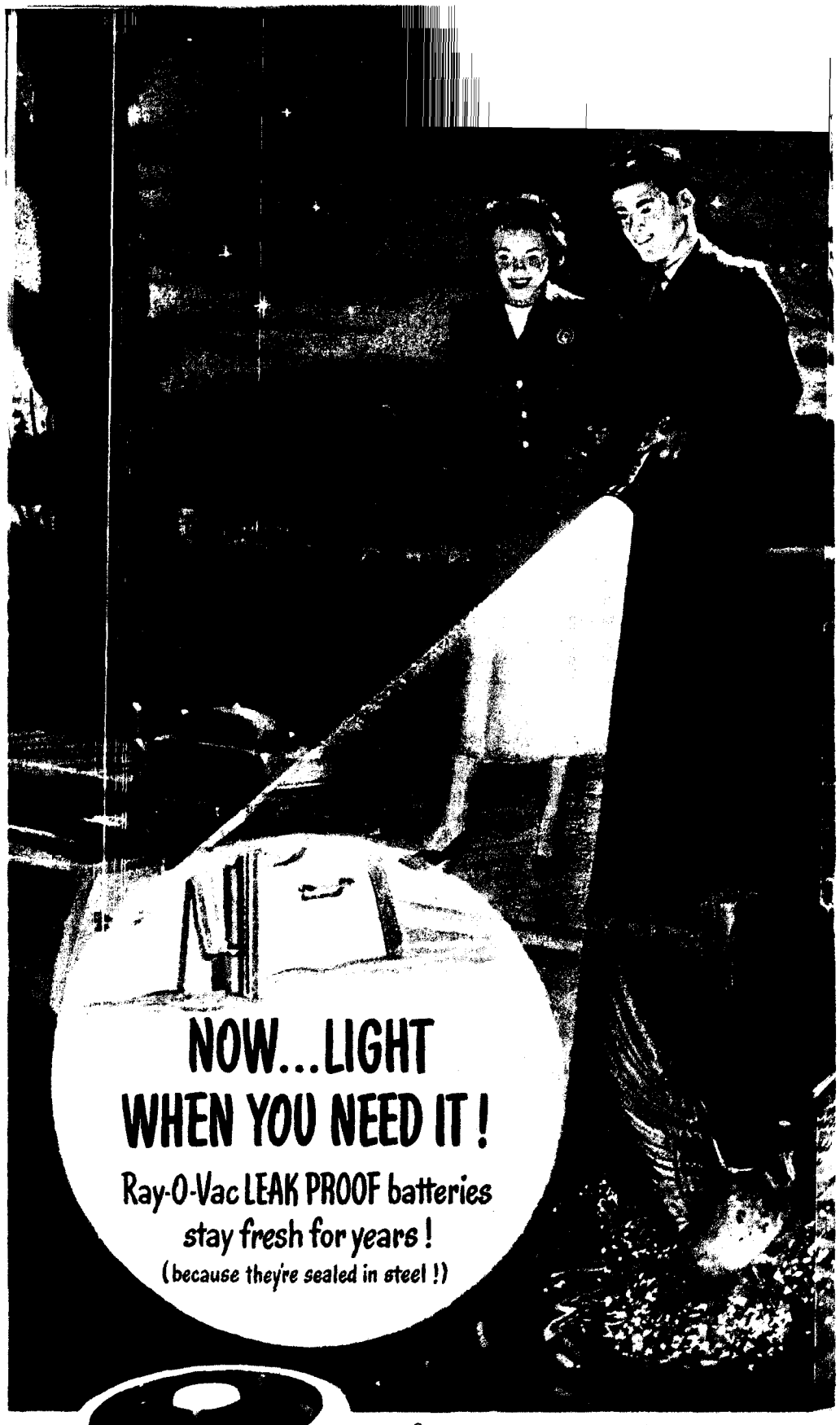
"I learned that a long time ago when I made my second race for state's attorney in Mason County. Everybody said they were for me, and I was overconfident. It was raining that day and I didn't even bother to send cars to get out the votes. My opponent was not overconfident. He got out the votes, and he beat me by a handful."

Ever since then, Lucas' friends say, he has followed a policy of "running scared"—whether it is in a political campaign or a battle to put over a piece of legislation. The senator himself says that "it's always a good idea to expect the worst and come out a little better." THE END



"This is good. He never knew what hit him"

COLLIER'S RAY HELLE



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Baby Doctor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

against her parents' wishes, was her first real attempt to assert her independence. When her baby arrived, she was determined to prove she was not merely a capable but a perfect parent—and scared to death she might fail. Ignoring her own good sense, she never made a move without consulting all the authorities.

"She fed Billy his formula like a chemist loading a bomb with TNT," says Dr. Evans. "No wonder he exploded now and then." Once Mrs. Y. learned the trouble and gained confidence in her own judgment, Billy kept his food down.

"A pediatrician's job really begins when Papa gets a gleam in his eye," says Dr. Evans. Parents sometimes consult him before their baby is born and dispel a lot of the fears that might get them off to a bad start with the child. During the first 10 days after birth, Dr. Evans checks up on mother and child two or three times, and about once a month the rest of the first year. After that the routine checkups slacken off to two or three the second year, one a year after that.

One of Dr. Evans' main jobs is debunking the parents' preconceived notions of the "rules"—so many hours of sleep, a fixed play routine, exact amounts of such and such to eat. As for discipline, he tells parents to teach respect for the rights of others—without withdrawing their affection as punishment for behavior of which they don't approve. Instead of rejecting the child as "bad" or "naughty," parents get better results when they get across the idea: "I like you, but I don't like what you're doing." That's what most of them really mean, anyhow.

The "problem child's" real problem usually is his parents. In school, Willie, aged thirteen, was known as a "sissy." Besides shunning all the usual activities of his age group, he suffered from a constant succession of vague complaints which never could be pinned down to anything definite—but which, nevertheless, kept him home from school about half the year. Several general practitioners had expressed the opinion that Willie was a hypochondriac.

Boy's Mother Pitied Herself

Dr. Evans tried to find out what made him that way. He noticed that Willie's mother often referred to herself bitterly as "only a housewife" or "just a drudge." A graduate of a well-known women's college, she often compared herself unfavorably with several of her classmates who had made good in various professions.

Dr. Evans' further questioning revealed that for years she had taken her son's temperature three times a day, listening to his heartbeat once a day through a stethoscope, and had his urine analyzed twice a week at the corner drugstore. "I always wanted to be a doctor," she told Dr. Evans.

It was quite a while before she could be made to see that poor Willie was the victim of her frustrated ambition. But once she admitted it, Willie started to live his own life and just didn't seem to get sick any more.

This is an extreme case. But even here, it was the mother who provided the clues that finally enabled Dr. Evans to help her child. Like most pediatricians, he has the greatest respect for the ability of average parents to handle their own children. His main problem is to give them confidence in themselves.

"Mother doesn't always know best, but she knows more about her child than anybody else. And she can always tell you what's the matter, if you've got sense enough to keep your mouth shut and time enough to let her talk."

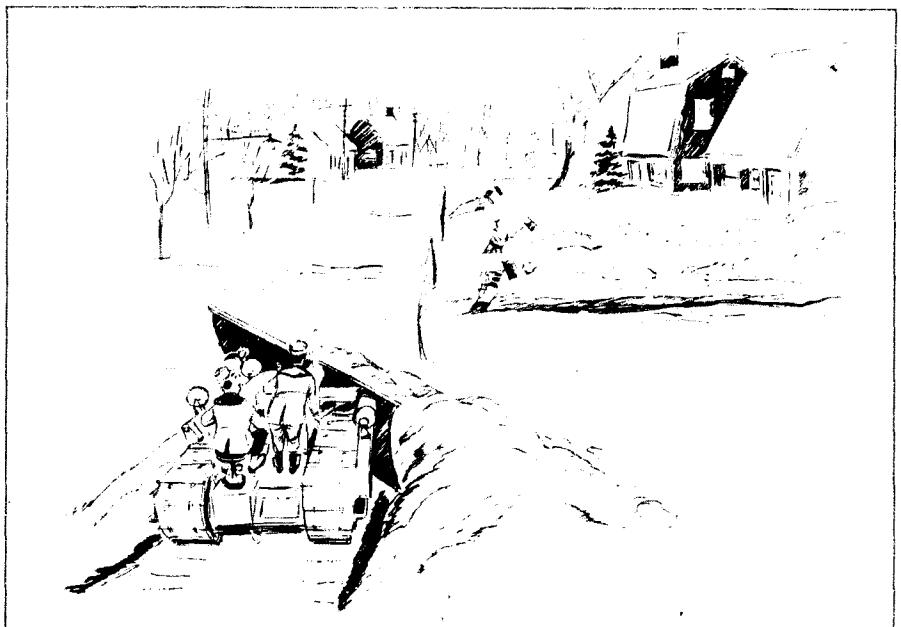
According to almost all pediatricians, parents worry most about a problem that simply wouldn't exist if they stopped worrying about it. This is getting the child to eat enough of the right foods. It's far and away the commonest of all complaints in children of all ages.

"The trick is," says Dr. Evans, "to get the child to eat for himself—and not for his mother." Children love attention and they are terrific bargainers. The problem feeders sell their appetite at so much per bite—and the more you haggle with them, the higher the price.

"Give your problem feeder a mere teaspoon or two of everything—and let him strictly alone. Just be sure he gets plenty of water and doesn't eat between meals. When parents follow these directions, I've rarely known the system to fail. Increase the amount gradually when he starts cleaning up his plate. In from two to five days the child is eating like a pig—which is just another way of saying, like any other healthy animal."

But Dr. Evans admits there's a catch: "It takes an exceptionally strong-willed mother to hold out as long as her child."

There are several periods in the life of a child when loss of appetite is normal. One often occurs around the time of his third birthday, when the infant becomes a child.



"I like to wait until they get their driveways all shoveled"

COLLIER'S — FRITZ WILKINSON

"He won't touch his milk," frantic mothers tell Dr. Evans. "He's just skin and bones." Because he temporarily may cease to gain weight, parents feel that he has ceased to grow. Actually, this is the period when every normal child loses his infantile chubbiness and trims down for active existence as a biped.

Another period of life in which loss of appetite is normal occurs during early adolescence, when the child begins to acquire the biological traits of maturity. This involves both glandular and psychological changes which often cause lack of appetite—without any ill effects.

The best rule for getting children to eat properly is the golden rule," Dr. Evans tells parents. "If only they put themselves in their children's place, they'd quickly see what a mistake it is to coax and nag at the table."

Usually it's hard to convince nagging mothers that they are not acting in their child's best interest. But a few months ago, the father of one of Dr. Evans' small patients discovered a drastic way of making his wife see why their five-year-old son Tommy was a feeding problem.

Getting the boy to eat had been a source of family quarreling ever since he returned from the hospital after a routine appendectomy. Tommy's father, a radio repairman, borrowed a tape recording machine and concealed the microphone under the kitchen table. Here—a horrible example to all nagging mothers—are a few selections from the breakfast ordeal, exactly as it was recorded.

It began at eight-fifteen when Tommy—who had actually jumped out of bed that morning with the words, "I want to eat"—was crying in long gasps. Across the table, his mother scolded and threatened:

MOTHER: Did you get me out of bed for this? Tomorrow you can holler for your breakfast all day, but you won't get it. You are going to eat this whether you want it or not. . . . Hurry up. You are going to sit here all day until you eat.

TOMMY: *(Crying)* My stomach hurts. . . . I don't want it. I won't eat it . . .

8:40 A.M.

MOTHER: Here's your egg, now. What you waiting for? Go on. Hurry up. Eat. Keep it up till you're finished. Don't look around till it's all gone. You won't make me mad again.

TOMMY: Oh, Mummy, please . . .

MOTHER: Don't talk to me!

9:30 A.M.

MOTHER: Drink your milk. Go ahead. Drink it.

TOMMY: My stomach hurts, Mummy . . .

MOTHER: Keep drinking. Go on, go on . . .

TOMMY: I got a stomach-ache.

MOTHER: Pick up that glass, I tell you. Go on. Without that sour-puss. I know you want to go outside, but you're going to sit here till you finish.

TOMMY: My stomach . . .

MOTHER: I'll take a blanket and wrap it around you and take you back to the hospital. They'll see what's wrong with your stomach.

TOMMY: Stop hollerin' at me. Stop it!

MOTHER: Drink it down.

9:50 A.M.

TOMMY: *(Crying)* Please! Please!

MOTHER: Don't set it down so much. Pick it up. Pick it up. I said pick it up!

TOMMY: *(Yelling)* I don't want any more!

MOTHER: *(Yelling back)* Shut up! You are going to drink it.

TOMMY: *(Screaming)* No! No! No!

MOTHER: Holler a little louder so everybody can hear you. Go on, I got plenty of time. I like to see how you get all full of spasms. At the hospital they'll open you up and cut them out. . . .

Tommy hits, kicks and pinches mother

MOTHER: That's fine. I can take it. All nice boys do that. Good boys pinch, kick and hit their mothers.

10:15 A.M.

TOMMY: Go away and do something and I'll drink it.

MOTHER: You don't pull that on me. I am going to sit right here till you drink it. Pick that glass up. You gonna start up again? Pick it up.

TOMMY: I want to take a rest. I just want to . . .

MOTHER: Don't you try kissing me. Not till you drink the rest.

TOMMY: There. All gone. Didn't I drink it up?

MOTHER: I won't forget you hit your mother. Only bad little boys do that.

* * *

Within the limits of a practice confined to children, Dr. Evans is about as close as they come to the old-fashioned family practitioner who handled all kinds of troubles, physical and otherwise. Yet, pediatrics is so new that otherwise intelligent people still confuse it with the care of the feet. It's based on the fact, generally recognized only within the past 50 years, that children can't be treated like pint-sized adults without sacrificing lives. Anatomically, biochemically and psychologically they're a distinctly different breed, with their own special immunities and susceptibilities. The difference, naturally, is greatest in infants who have incomplete nervous and glandular systems, wobbly temperature control, a thin chest wall and tiny blood supply.

Hardest Years of Childhood

For parents and pediatricians alike, the first five years of a child's life are the toughest. More babies die in the first two weeks than during the rest of the first year. A child under five is twice as susceptible to disease as a teen-ager. In fact, the mortality rates fall steadily from birth to fifteen years, and the years ten to fifteen are the healthiest of the whole life-span.

In the last 20 years, most of the worst child-killing diseases have become either preventable or readily curable. In addition to diphtheria, once the greatest killer of them all, children can now be immunized against whooping cough, tetanus, cholera and smallpox. Proper nutrition has made unnecessary the deficiency diseases like rickets, tetany and scurvy. Sulfa, penicillin, aureomycin and other antibiotics can take most of the danger out of pneumonia, mastoiditis, osteomyelitis, meningitis and a host of other infectious diseases. Only 20 years ago, pneumonia alone killed more children than will die this year of *all* causes.

Medicine can alleviate, but still not cure, congenital disorders like cerebral palsy and epilepsy, or such diseases as infantile paralysis, some forms of encephalitis, influenza, various allergies, leukemia and other forms of cancer, and rheumatic fever and other heart diseases. But medical research is always active on every front. Meantime, child deaths from *all* these causes are only a fraction of the lives saved from the conquest of diphtheria alone. The seven worst diseases, together, take fewer lives than accidents.

Along with new drugs and part and parcel of better medical training, pediatrics is one of the main reasons why only one child under fifteen dies today for every five in the same group who died only 30 years ago—a saving of 400,000 young lives last year alone.

Of all the medical specialists, pediatricians work the longest hours for the least money. Their average net income is $12,000 annually, compared with the surgeon's $16,000. But Dr. Evans speaks for most of his colleagues when he tells you:

"A child is the most satisfying patient. Whether you save his life, spare him a crippling handicap, or merely help him grow up healthy and well-balanced, it makes all the difference to know that *what you've done is for a whole lifetime.* Medicine doesn't hold any rewards I would swap for that."

THE END

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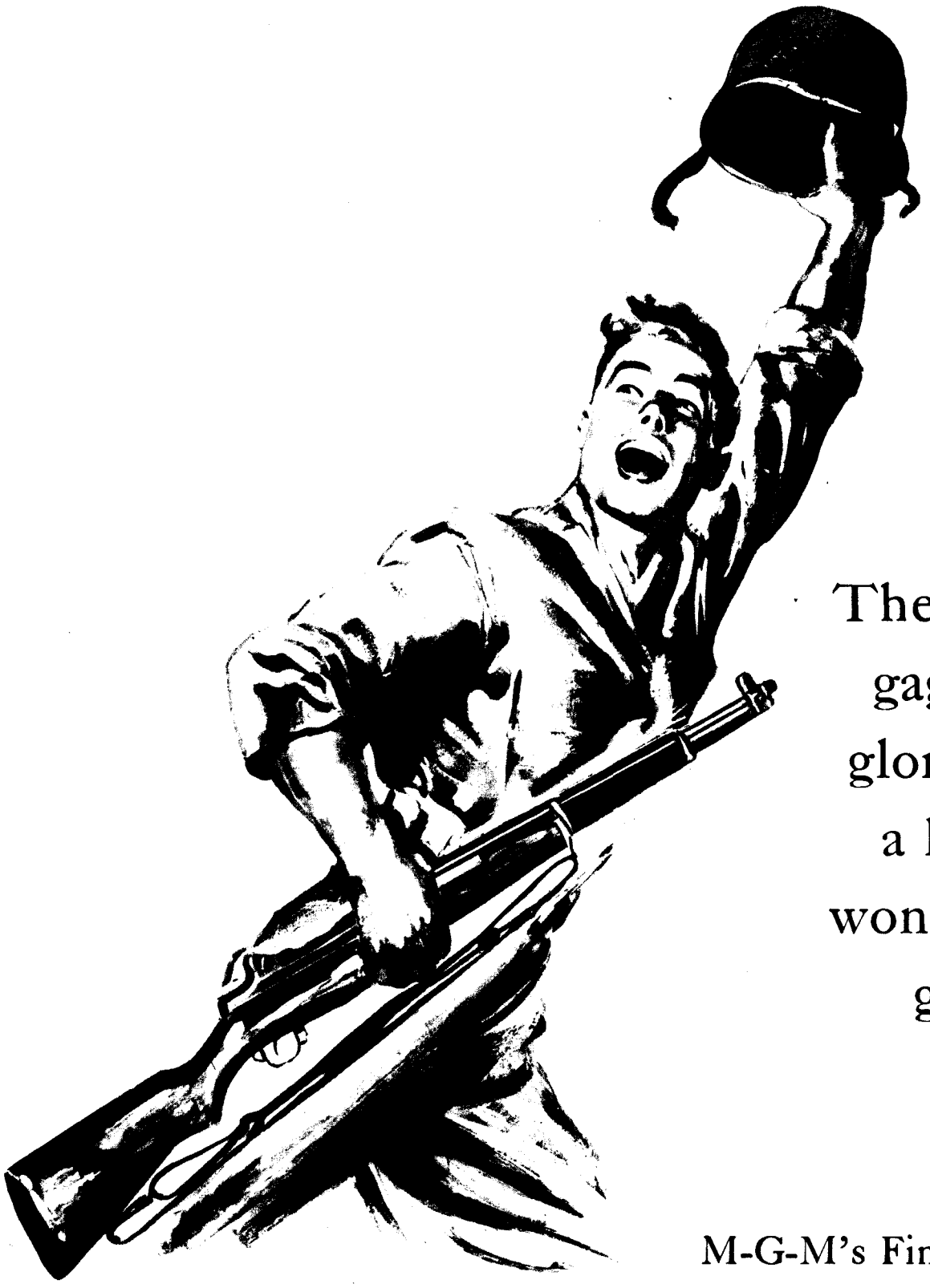

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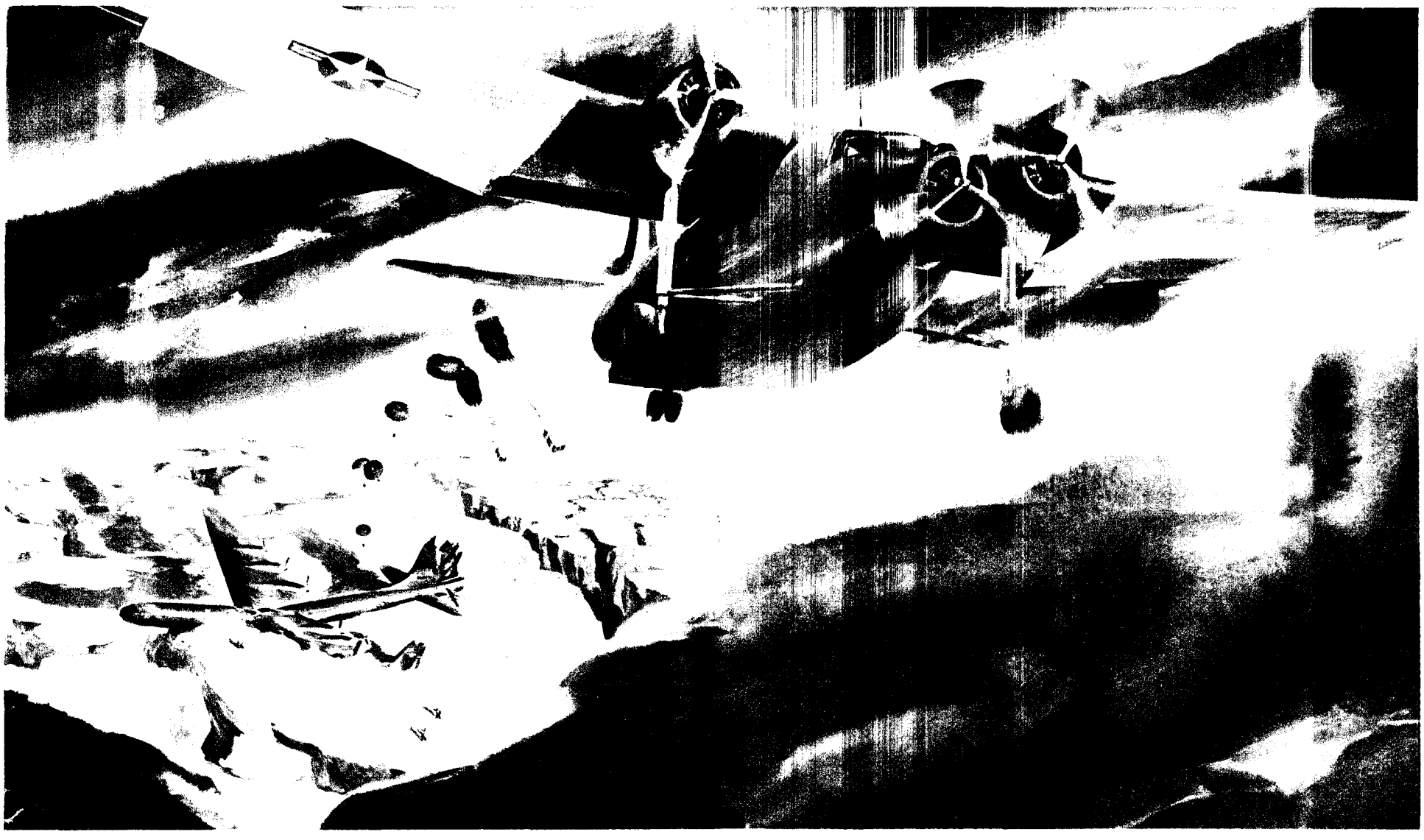

The long-range C-125 finds the spot it is looking for and drops a doctor, six paramedics and three trail crewmen to the site of a B-36 crash

Mission to Frozen Nowhere

Concluding THE STORY OF BERNT BALCHEN'S ARCTIC AIRMEN

By BILL DAVIDSON

DON C. KNUDSEN

Lt. Weed drops off Father Hubbard's blue tin box, containing religious articles, onto the Polar ice

One of the most important peacetime assignments of our military establishment is the mission of the U.S. Air Force's Tenth Rescue Squadron, which operates in the vast, icy bleakness of the Arctic Basin. A remarkable unit, it is commanded by Colonel Bernt Balchen, as colorful a figure as aviation has produced. He has been ski champ, top-notch boxer, pioneer flier, arctic explorer, Norwegian underground leader, scientist and soldier—always an adventurer with a purpose. But, in many ways, his present job beats them all

III

LAST July, Colonel Bernt Balchen, the colorful commander of the arctic's famed Tenth Rescue Squadron, was flying his specially equipped C-54 over Canada's uninhabited Ellesmere Island, one of the points of land closest to the North Pole.

The plane was struggling to get over a range of towering mountains. Balchen's instruments were in good working order and he should have been clearing the range easily, but suddenly he found himself face to face with a mountain. Balchen kicked the plane around. He fought for altitude. Finally, he wiped the perspiration from his face and turned to his navigator, Lieutenant James O'Shea.

"How high did you say these mountains are?" Balchen asked.

O'Shea answered: "According to Otto Sverdrup, who explored this region in 1899, there are no peaks in this range higher than 7,000 feet. That's what it says in my charts."

"Yes?" said Balchen. "Well, take a look at our altitude."

O'Shea stared at the plane's altimeter. They were flying at 10,000 feet. O'Shea looked out the window. The mountains still towered 1,000 feet above the plane. O'Shea then took Mr. Sverdrup's charts and dropped them neatly into the wastebasket under his navigator's desk.

This will give you some idea of the monumental job faced by the Tenth Rescue Squadron in their assigned task of conquering the arctic once and for all—a job that was scarcely begun by Amundsen, Byrd, Wilkins and the great explorers of the 1890s through the 1920s. Every day Balchen and his men find that we know practically nothing about the polar regions, and that much of the wispy information we *do* have is proving to be inaccurate.

The old explorers, intrepid as they were, had little scientific equipment at their disposal, and there were few contemporaries hardy enough to check their findings. Accordingly, today's experts find such things as islands recorded where there actually is nothing but open sea, and a sounding by one explorer which stated simply, "The Arctic Ocean at this point was deeper than my line."

If you've been wondering why Balchen and Company even have to concern themselves with these miserable unknown wastes around the North

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Pole, here is one of the possible situations for which they have to prepare:

Should a World War III break out, a fleet of U.S. B-36s takes off almost immediately to bomb enemy targets via the shortest route —directly over the North Pole. On the way back, one of the B-36s is hit by enemy rocket fire. It manages to make its way over the enemy coast, and it limps back toward Alaska over the vast polar ice pack. It keeps in radio communication with our Air Force radio station at Point Barrow, Alaska; but suddenly the B-36's radio reports that the plane is losing altitude, then cuts out. The big plane isn't heard from again.

At this point the job is turned over to the Tenth Rescue Squadron. It is up to them to find and rescue the downed bomber crew in the 5,400,000 square miles of ice—a chore roughly equivalent to locating a penny in a large North Dakota wheat field.

Only One Clue to Work From

According to present plans, this is how Tenth Rescue will tackle such a seemingly impossible assignment:

They have one clue to go on—the last radioed position of the downed B-36. Almost immediately, Tenth Rescue's scientists go to work. They have charted the floor of the Arctic Ocean, so they now know where the arctic currents are and how they move. Weather planes fly over the polar regions every day, so they also know the wind directions in the area where the bomber went down. Figuring furiously with slide rules and charts, they compute the wind and current direction at the last known position of the bomber, and in a matter of minutes they figure out just how far the moving arctic ice will carry the crashed B-36 before Tenth Rescue's planes can get to it.

With this approximate position as their target, the squadron's long-range rescue planes take off. These are brand-new C-125s —a remarkable new three-engined plane with the range of a B-29 bomber and the carrying capacity of a C-47 transport—which can make a jet-assisted take-off in just 380 feet of space. For landing gear the C-125s have interchangeable wheels, floats and skis. For this particular job they are equipped with skis.

The C-125s speed out over northern Alaska and past Point Barrow into the arctic. They head for the estimated position of the B-36. Their radio operators strain for any weak signal that might emanate from the bomber. If they pick up even the faintest peep, they can home in on it. But no signal is heard.

Hours later, when the C-125s come within 100 miles or so of the target area, the radar operators take over. Again and again they send their electronic beams sweeping to the ice and back, watching for the one return that will denote a solid object instead of frozen water.

The C-125s crisscross over the fog-shrouded wastes. Then there is a shout from one of the radio operators. The radar man on his plane has picked up the B-36. The other C-125s swarm to the spot.

When they are over the point indicated by the radar, nothing can be seen below but the fog bank that hugs the polar ice most of the time. One of the C-125s swoops down low over the fog bank and probes the ice with its radar and new infra-red equipment. This plane has paratroopers aboard and it must find a smooth spot to drop them. It must avoid "leads" (deep-water cracks between ice fields) and surface water on the ice which can be deep enough to drown a man.

Finally, this C-125 finds the spot it is looking for. The plane drops a doctor, six paramedics and three trail crewmen. The 10 parachutes disappear through the fog. Minutes later, one of the paratroopers radios on his handset, "We have reached the B-36. There are six survivors, three needing medical attention. Request hospital glider and equipment to set up hospital camp. Ice is suitable for glider snatch when weather clear, but not smooth enough for C-125 landings."

Immediately after receiving this message, three of the C-125s come low over the spot and drop arctic tents, clothing, sleeping bags, medical supplies, food, stoves and devices to make drinking water out of the sea ice. Another C-125 lands on flat ice some 10 miles away, and trail crew reinforcements make their way to the crash site in a weasel, a tracked amphibious vehicle which is carried in the plane. By nightfall, the trail crewmen have built igloos and set up a base camp. The rescuers and the wounded are protected from the arctic winds.

Next day a Tenth Rescue C-54 arrives with a big hospital glider in tow. The glider is dropped through the overcast, and it is guided to the camp by radar. The doctor performs two operations in the glider.

Two days later the weather clears sufficiently for the C-54 to snatch the glider off the ice with its cargo of wounded. The day after that, other gliders are dropped and the entire base camp and rescue party are snatched away. The mission is over.

This is the typical situation, possible in wartime, that the Tenth Rescue Squadron is training for. Quite conceivably, it might be complicated by infantry-type battles on the ice, if an enemy rescue squadron is

DON C. KNUDSEN

Tenth Rescue's chief instructors in skiing, Col. and Mrs. Balchen

attempting to get to our downed fliers at the same time.

However, lest all this sound like warmongering, the same training is just as necessary for peacetime operations. So far as the Tenth Rescue Squadron is concerned, their task is exactly the same whether their target is a downed B-36 returning from a bombing mission or a crashed commercial air liner flying over the pole on the shortest route from Paris to Hawaii.

Major air lines have been planning for years to inaugurate polar flights on such runs as Seattle-Bombay, London-Tokyo, Chicago-Hong Kong, New York-Shanghai and Alaska-Stockholm—all of which routes will save thousands of miles. One of the few things holding up utilization of these polar routes has been the lack of an adequate polar rescue organization. With the Tenth Rescue Squadron spreading over the arctic, this polar rescue organization is on the way.

Balchen says, "Few people realize it, but we're operating under a United Nations mandate, as well as a U.S. Air Force mandate." By this he means that, under normal peacetime conditions, arctic rescue is the responsibility of I.C.A.O. (the International Civil Aviation Organization), a United Nations agency.

The state of the world being what it is, I.C.A.O. asked each of the arctic nations to cover its own section of the polar ocean, until international tension abates and I.C.A.O. can put its own rescue squadron into the arctic.

The arctic nations are Soviet Russia, Norway, Canada, Iceland and the United States. Of these, Russia still hasn't signed the I.C.A.O. convention; and Norway, Canada and Iceland feel they cannot justify the maintenance of rescue squadrons in the light of the expense they involve.

The United States was the only nation to agree to the proposal. And that's why the Tenth Rescue Squadron's meanderings in the arctic sometimes go as far as the Canadian Archipelago, and Greenland and Norway.

Balchen says, "When there no longer is a possibility of war, the United Nations can set up a 2,000-man international rescue squadron based in detachments all around the arctic coast line from Archangel to Point Barrow. These 2,000 men, with the proper planes and equipment, should make it as safe for a plane to cross the North Pole as it is for a pedestrian to cross Main Street —probably safer.

"The Tenth Rescue Squadron is laying much of the groundwork for this future international rescue organization by its experiments and exploration—and I am proud enough of my men to feel that they can make up the nucleus of the I.C.A.O. outfit when it is formed."

However, there still is much to be done before this Utopia is attained. For instance, no one in the Western world knows anything about the flow of the Arctic Ocean currents; and major polar operations cannot begin without this information, which can be obtained only by tortuously charting the ocean floor.

On May 21,1937, five Russian scientists, headed by Soviet Polar Research Institute director Dr. Otto J. Schmidt, flew to the North Pole and were deposited there on a large ice floe. The Russians set up camp on the floe and drifted about in the arctic for nine months.

During this period they covered 1,500 miles, taking soundings of the ocean bottom every day. This put the Russians some 12 years ahead of the West. We have on record only six soundings of dubious accuracy—mostly by Amundsen in 1925 and Sir Hubert Wilkins in 1927.

Scientists Will Be Protected

Today our Defense Department's plan is for Balchen to put small parties down at dozens of locations on the polar ice, for four or five days at a time. In these parties will be U.S. Navy oceanographers, scientists from leading American universities, and Tenth Rescue trail crewmen who will do their best to keep the scientists alive.

At each campsite, the Navy experts will blast a hole in the ice and then use echo-sounding equipment to determine the depth of the water at that point. The other scientists will ascertain, in the meantime, if a polar crash victim can survive by eating plankton and other tiny plant and animal life, which he can scoop from the surface of the water. They also will find out if there is fish life several thousand feet beneath the surface of the arctic (we know it is a dead sea near the surface); and they will study such things as salinity of the water and the effects of magnetic storms on radio transmission.

Meanwhile, Balchen's fliers will practice locating these floating campsites with their radar and new infra-red equipment. They will use radar to determine the thickness of ice for landings, and they will practice landings on skis until an ice floe looks to them as safe and substantial as a concrete runway. The navigators will have to learn to navigate without compasses, which are rendered useless by the magnetic North Pole; and the radio operators will have to learn how to shift frequencies to outwit the arctic's radio-killing magnetic storms. Pilots will have to learn from a glance at the ice whether the surface is smooth and suitable for landings—or a deathtrap covered with ridges, soft snow or water.

According to Roland Larsen, a Johns Hopkins University physicist attached to the Alaskan Air Command, all this research soon will bear fruit. "In a year," he says, "that blank white space at the top of the map will be filled in. We will have a chart

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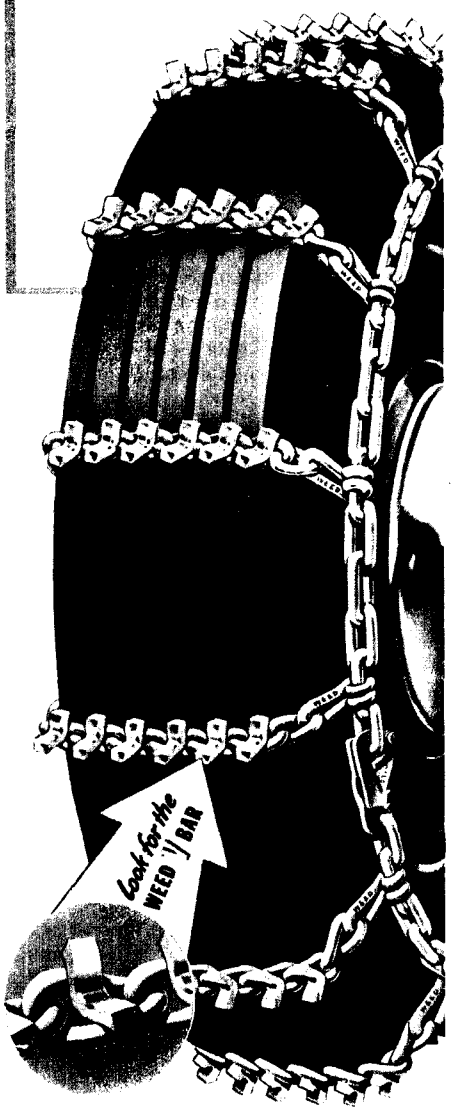

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of the polar ice pack, with all the smooth landing areas marked out. From the Navy's soundings of the ocean floor, we will know how the arctic currents flow, so that we can follow the drift of these smooth landing areas and locate them at all times."

Tenth Rescue's part in this monumental scientific program began a long time ago. In 1947, the United States grew worried about Russia's Caucasus Mountain experimentation on cosmic rays, which come from beyond the earth's atmosphere and are thousands of times more powerful than the rays produced by atomic bombs. Accordingly, we sent an expedition to the top of Mount McKinley, which is 20,300 feet high and as close to the cosmic rays as anything the Russians have. Key figures in this expedition were Dr. Bradford Washburn of the Boston Museum of Science, Dr. Hugo Victor of the University of Chicago, other assorted scientific bigwigs from the Office of Naval Research—and the Tenth Rescue Squadron.

The expedition's guide in the arduous climb from the 6,000-foot base camp on Muldrow Glacier to the site of the cosmic ray station at 18,000-foot Denali Pass, was Jim Gale, civilian trainer of Tenth Rescue's trail crew. A Tenth Rescue C-47 plotted the route by taking photographs from the air; and Tenth Rescue's helicopters delivered the groceries to the Muldrow Glacier base camp. All the way up the mountain, Washburn's party was supplied by parachute drops from high-flying Tenth Rescue B-17s.

After 22 days of climbing, when the expedition finally arrived at wind-swept Denali Pass, 3½ miles in the air, there was a moment of tense drama. Washburn had reached the point selected for the cosmic ray station, but it had been necessary for him to climb without scientific equipment. The question now was: Could Tenth Rescue drop delicate Geiger counters and other sensitive instruments and not break them.

Minimizing Risk of Breakage

The drama reached its peak back at Tenth Rescue headquarters, where the Geiger counters were being prepared for the drop. The key man in the wrapping was the outfit's mess sergeant, Technical Sergeant Belton Firman, who once had baked and wrapped two apple pies and dropped them several hundred feet from a plane without breaking the crust. Firman worked day and night, building the casings and padding them with all manner of ingenious devices. Finally, he announced, "I am ready," and the squadron gingerly loaded the cases into the bomb bay of a B-17.

The B-17 took off. The perspiring pilot worked his way between the dangerous twin peaks of Mount McKinley. A trail crewman sat in the nose turret, acting as bombardier. Finally, he said, "Ready," and the equipment was dropped out of the bomb bay. The B-17 circled, and the crew members waited anxiously as Firman's cases fell into the deep snow. Then they knew it was all right. The scientists down in the pass were dancing around and waving their arms. The B-17 waggled its wings happily and headed back to pick up a load of lumber so the party could build a wooden shack for the cosmic ray station.

Every time a scientific expedition came to the arctic, Balchen and the Tenth Rescue Squadron were ordered to participate as part of their polar training. Last year, for instance, when the Navy sent seismologists C. F. Allen and Stephen Miller to study Taku Glacier near Juneau, Balchen made aviation's first recorded glacier landing in a jet-assisted C-47 on skis. He brought in 3,000 pounds of special equipment that could not have got there otherwise. He did the same thing when the Navy decided to have a look at Seward Glacier on 19,850-foot Mount Logan.

In addition to all this, Colonel Balchen's young men go through all sorts of abuse to their persons in order to prepare themselves for simple survival at the North Pole. For five days at a time, in the dead of winter, they are deposited on the Bering Sea ice near Kotzebue, or on the Arctic Ocean ice near Barter Island, and left to their own devices with little more than saws and knives for equipment.

These unlikely tools are used to carve hard-packed snow into blocks for constructing igloos, in which a single candle plus the body temperature of two men can raise an outside reading of 50 degrees below zero to a comparatively comfortable 20 degrees above zero inside. The men have to learn to wear the right amount of clothing, because exertion while wearing too many clothes produces perspiration, which subsequently can kill you by converting you into an oversized icicle. They also have to learn such necessities as how to thaw food, cook and to relieve themselves at 30 degrees below zero.

The trail crews (which include several native Eskimo boys) go through all this as part of their normal assignment—in addition to climbing cliffs, carrying 60-pound packs, and leaping from airplanes. And the air crews, too, do it from time to time.

It is Balchen's theory that on many polar rescues, the fliers may have to land their planes miles away and walk to the crash site. So every week the air crews go on killing hikes over tundra and mountain, either on foot or on skis.

The polar training in the air is equally rigorous. Every 15 days one of the squadron's C-54s takes off on a nonstop flight to the North Pole and return; and nothing is more punishing than flying for 20 hours over the dangerous wastes without the usual navigation aids.

There was a time, just a few years ago, when a man who accomplished this feat was treated to a ticker-tape greeting by the populace of New York City.

Now it has become so routine that, when I made a trip recently, all I received was a certificate from the Alaskan Air Command, extending greetings to all who should see these presents and informing them that William Davidson, Civilian, was the 679th man to cross the Geographical North Pole, and that "henceforth he will be referred to as Polar Prince, Defender of the Far Northland."

As it turned out, Polar Prince Number 679 is slightly bogus, since my plane, for sundry reasons, didn't quite make it to the pole. It was, however, an interesting trip. In addition to facing some of the same problems that beset the Byrds and Ellsworths on their flights over the same route, we also had a minor mystery aboard. We were carrying a little, blue tin cinnamon box, securely sealed by adhesive tape, with instructions to drop it overboard at the pole or as close to that mythical landmark as we could get. The box was given to us by Father Bernard Hubbard, the famed Glacier Priest, who himself ranks not far behind Bernt Balchen among the arctic explorers.

The flight was reminiscent of wartime bombing missions. We were roused out of bed at Ladd Field in Fairbanks at 2:00 A.M. We ate breakfast in the cold, dark kitchen of the detachment mess hall, and at three fifteen we were briefed. The briefing consisted of weather reports, instructions to the navigators to fly directly up the 150th meridian all the way to the pole, and a restating of the three basic reasons for turning back: (a) losing radio contact with Alaska, (b) running into a long period of high cirrus clouds, through which the navigators cannot see the sun and the stars, and (c) sighting Russian planes.

The C-54 lumbered into its take-off at 5:26 A.M. The big plane was filled with more than 5,000 gallons of gasoline—a matter that caused us all to speculate on the hereafter, until the aircraft finally got into the air. In addition to the gasoline, the plane carried three pilots, two navigators, one engineer, two radar men, one radio operator and several cases of C rations, which have not changed much since the war.

The first navigator, Lieutenant James O'Shea, a prematurely gray ex-Fordham University student from New York, is also the chief navigator of the squadron. He went on at great length as follows: "Well, here we are again, going off into the Wild Blue Yonder, but it's better than selling apples on Broadway. And this navigating racket! Brother! It used to be that if you hit anywhere in Alaska on the way back from one of these polar flights, it was a perfect mission.

"Like a B-29, name of the Keybird, flew up here and the navigator, a new fellow, kind of lost his bearings. When you lose your bearings at the North Pole, everything is south, and you can end up in Greenland, Canada, Norway or Siberia, with everything checking okay on your charts. Anyway, this new navigator on the Keybird, he brings the plane in over a big island, and he is scared to death thinking he is over Siberia. He starts looking around, maybe trying to find a signpost to Vladivostok, and the plane runs out of gas. The pilot puts her down on a frozen lake and everyone is okay. But where do you think they were? In Greenland, halfway around the world.

"Anyway, if we go down, don't worry. We've got three crews trained for polar flying and it wouldn't take them more than a month to find us."

Despite these overtones of doom, Lieutenant O'Shea actually is one of the arctic's finest navigators, and he seldom makes landfall more than five miles off his course, a miraculous record for such an assignment.

The navigator is by far the most important man on a polar flight, and that's why these planes always carry two and sometimes three. There are no radio beams, and the radio compass soon becomes useless because of distance. Because of the polar magnetism, the ordinary magnetic compass swings crazily about and might just as well be left at home. So navigation becomes the simple, tough business of checking the sun or stars every few minutes.

Hazards of Polar Flying

Even ordinary maps are useless because the lines of longitude compress too closely together near the pole, so the navigators use infinitely more complicated grid maps. The plane flies most of the way by automatic pilot, whose gyroscopes constantly must be corrected for drift by the navigators. The radar men help the navigators check the drift; and the radio operator, of course, never unglues his ear from the earphones. The rest of the crew has little to do but stay awake in one place for 20 hours and watch the scenery go by.

On our flight there wasn't too much scenery. At 7:17 A.M., we came out of the overcast and the endless, flat Alaskan tundra (black, mucky, vegetationless ground atop frozen subsoil) stretched below us. Soon we passed the arctic coast line of Alaska, east of Point Barrow, and after crossing miles of ugly, gray, open water, we caught our first glimpse of the polar ice pack.

We could see leads moving at different speeds in the arctic currents; and pressure ridges, where the ice jams up sometimes to a height of 150 feet. It was all white, with gray-white tones here and there, and it extended frighteningly to the horizon. It looked the same for the next thousand miles.

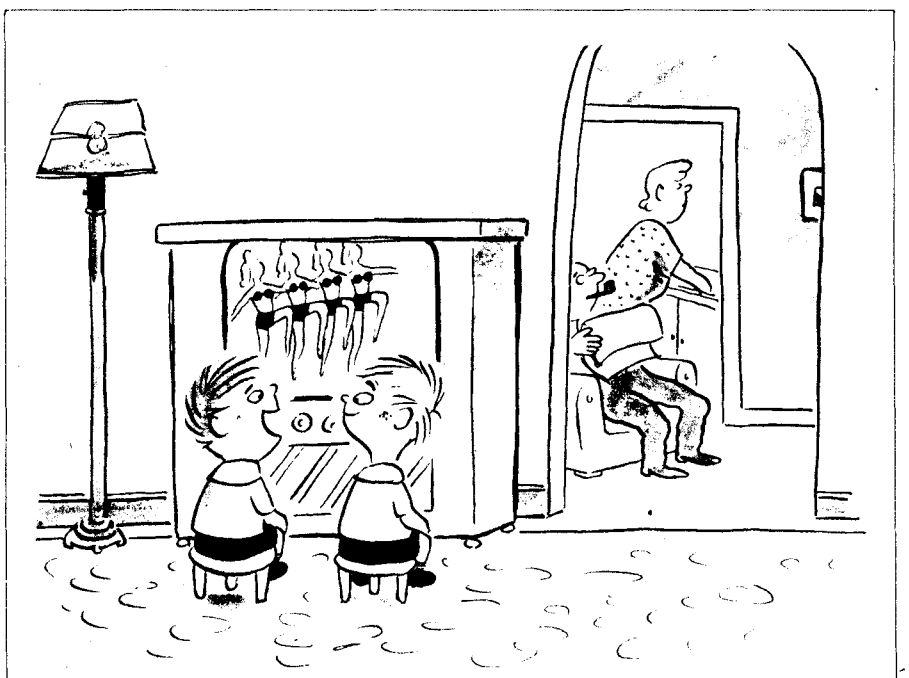
Two hours later we began to have trouble. The heat went out in the rear cabin, and the temperature dropped below zero. We put on our fur-lined arctic survival clothing. A few minutes after this there was a shout from the front cabin and an ominous curl of blue smoke. The radar equipment was on fire. Radar men Sergeant Edgar Farmer and Staff Sergeant Robert E. Foell, reached in with their bare hands and tore cables loose to disconnect the smoking azimuth box. We now were without radar.

Then radio operator Staff Sergeant Salvador Martinez announced that he had not been in radio contact with Alaska for an hour and a half; and shortly thereafter the gyroscope went out in the drift meter. At this point, Lieutenant O'Shea threw up his hands and said, "That's all, brother. We've had it." And he ordered the plane turned around and headed back for Alaska. Even so, we had reached 80 degrees of latitude, which would have qualified us all for the Explorers Club some 20 years ago.

Before we completed our turn to head back, Lieutenant William Weed took Father Hubbard's sealed box and kneeled over a little back door in the rear fuselage, through which the plane's glider tow cable is serviced. No one knew what was in the package, but some of the men left their posts for a moment and watched solemnly as Weed let it fall through the opening. They kept watching until he closed the door against the 25-degree-below-zero arctic blasts.

When I got back to the United States, I phoned Father Hubbard and asked him what we had dropped on the polar ice. He said, "It was a rosary, specially blessed by the Pope, and some other religious articles."

Father Hubbard's additional explanation might well be considered by people of all faiths. "I chose that particular airplane," he said, "because it is an instrument of peace instead of war. I chose Colonel Balchen's squadron because they are a key to opening up the top of the world. I thought that some mementos of the Prince of Peace at the top of the world might sway the balance toward peace." THE END



"Just yell 'Hi-yo, Silver!' every now and then and my folks will never know the difference!"

COLLIER'S — LESTER COLIN

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You Got to Relax

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Earnest stared at her. "Listen, are you really going down there, like he said?"

She nodded unhappily. "Unless you can talk me out of it."

"My name is Earnest," he said glumly. "I'll—I'll go with you, I guess."

"I'm Linda," she said, brightening up somewhat. "Gee, thanks, Earnest. Chivalry isn't either dead. Of course, everybody knows Diogenes is a big, gentle, harmless dope. But he hasn't been fed lately." She gave the .410 a sad scrutiny. "Look, it grieves me to say this, but Diogenes has a phobia about guns and clubs and stuff like that. He'd probably just get sore if he saw you with that thing. Besides, what I got to deliver is a *live* lion. If we had some rope, maybe I could snub Diogenes to a tree or something like that."

"Holy smoke!" Earnest said. "I might scare up some rope, but don't ask me to help snub any lions to any trees." He put the .410 away reluctantly and went on through the cabin and out to the smokehouse, which was built into the hillside and seemed a logical place to start looking for rope. Sure enough, there was a coil of clothesline on a spike inside the door. A door in the back of the littered room hung on its broken hinges, and he wondered vaguely where it led to. He started out.

"Hsst!" someone said, and he jumped and quivered. It was Old Boone Lacey with something across his shoulder. "Them folks gone yit?" he asked furtively.

"The man's gone," Earnest said. "The young lady is still here, Mr. Lacey."

"Reason I asked," Old Boone said, "I brung you a hind end of venison, and it don't git legal for a while yit." He shifted his burlap-wrapped burden and winked.

"Oh," Earnest said blankly. "Venison. Well, thanks, Mr. Lacey."

At the smokehouse door Old Boone turned. "Say, that reminds me. You aim to use the cellar for anythin'?"

"I didn't know there was a cellar," Earnest said.

LINDA came around the cabin chewing her lip and looking depressed. "I got lonesome, Earnie," she said. She gave Boone a quizzical look, and he stepped quickly into the smokehouse.

"I'll jist hang this hunch of pork meat up, boy," he said gruffly. He snagged the burlap on the spike in the wall and sidled out again, shifty-eyed. "Why, about the cellar, now," he said hurriedly. "It's through that back door in there. It's a natural cave, and the dude that built this place jist closed her off with the smokehouse. Figured did you aim to use it I'd clean her up one of these days soon."

"I don't aim to use it," Earnest said. "Thanks for the, uh, pork, Mr. Lacey. I've got to go help this lady locate a lion."

The old man looked suspicious. "Ain't no lion in these parts, boy."

"There is now," Linda said. "We were hauling this lion in a truck, and had an accident, and he got loose and is down there in those woods right this minute."

"Wal, ain't that what for!" Old Boone said with astonishment. "A real shore 'nuff lion. Say, now, why don't I skedaddle home and git my hound-dogs?"

"You suppose they'd trail a lion?" Earnest asked, and the old man spat and scratched his whiskers and said, "Why, old Heck and Rusty ain't never stuck nose to a lion's trace, fer's I know, but there's only one way to find out will they do it."

Linda sighed. "I'd be happy to have them along just for company, Mr. Lacey."

"Be comin' on dark afore I kin git back," Boone said. He chewed his tobacco and stared thoughtfully at the ground. After reflecting, he nodded and struck off up the ridge, and Earnest fidgeted with the rope.

"I guess I might as well put this back, huh?" Earnest said. "We won't need it now, will we?"

Linda started biting her fingernails and anxiously looking down into the wooded valley. She sighed gustily. "Havelock said go try to locate Diogenes," she said. "I guess I'll have to take a whack at it, Earnest."

So he accompanied her with trepidation. Ten feet past the birches Linda stopped and regarded him nervously.

"You see or hear anything?" He shook his head.

"Me, either," she said. "Okay, I give up. Let's go put an ad in the lost-and-found department. It's too dark in here."

"You said it," Earnest told her. "My nerves will not stand this kind of stuff." They turned and went back up the slope much faster than they'd come down. Earnest said, "How did you get stuck with a lion in the first place, Linda?"

"I inherited the darn' thing," she said. "Along with a sort of bush-league circus. When my uncle, Timothy Malloy, passed on to the big top in the sky, it turned out that I was his nearest of kin, although I hardly knew him. So I came into possession of the Malloy traveling circus, including some patched tents, wired-up wagons and the mangy menagerie. Plus some outstanding debts."

"I never heard of anyone inheriting a circus before," Earnest said.

"Yeah," Linda said somberly. "Well, so I've been selling the circus piece by piece to anybody eccentric enough to want some. Surprisingly enough, I didn't have any trouble being gypped out of stuff until I got down to Diogenes and his cage truck. The rest of the menagerie was herbivorous and peddled quickly."

They had come to the cabin now, and she sat on the top step with her elbows on her knees and a pensive expression on her face. She was very appealing, and Earnest gulped quietly as he sat down beside her. She continued: "Old meat-eating Diogenes was a different proposition. It seems nobody wants more carnivores than they absolutely have to keep around to satisfy tradition, and it began to look like I was stuck with him for life. So imagine my joy when I found a small circus in winter quarters just across the line in Oklahoma, which needed the services of a lion, as theirs had died of old age."

"Yeah," Earnest breathed gently. She was wearing a rather aggressive perfume.

"By trade I'm a private secretary in the lair of a Little Rock shyster," Linda said. "That's how I met Havelock—he and my boss were chasing the same ambulance one day. When I made the deal to sell Diogenes and his cage truck, Havelock insisted on coming along to protect my interests, and he was driving when it happened."

Earnest sighed deeply. "What happened, Linda?"

"A covey of teen-agers in a hot rod came skidding around that hairpin curve down there—you know the one—and Havelock had a choice of smacking them silly or taking to the ditch. And the truck whammed into that big overhanging boulder down there and it sprung the cage or something. Anyhow, while we were checking for fractures, the lock on the cage door was busted and Diogenes went for a stroll. I guess he was pretty worked up about the whole thing. The truck also had a blowout, so we borrowed the jalopy and gave chase."

"Uh-huh," Earnest said. "You've got a nice voice, Linda. Sort of—"

"Yeah, I know—sexy," she said. "Let the thought perish, Earnest. Listen, if you invite me to supper, I'll fix it. Home cooking like Maw used to turn out."

Earnest invited her to supper, and they went inside. He mixed drinks from a fifth of bourbon while she prowled into the kitchen and began checking the small stores. "Nothing like a snug kitchen on a chilly night with lions howling around the eaves," she said when he took her the highball. He agreed, and took his own drink in by the fireplace.

It was, he thought, probably like being married would be. Coming home after a hard day at the office to a beautiful wife and a predinner highball. This reminded him of his indenture to Durham and Ostenpheffer, but he put it out of his mind. Marriage, he thought—why, with a girl like Linda—

THE phone rang. He put down his drink and took up the receiver. It was long-distance from St. Louis. It was Durham, the senior partner. "Earnest, my boy," he crooned. "How is the rest cure progressing?" Earnest said fine, and Durham gossiped for a few moments, and then he switched from joviality to solemnity and pulled the string on his booby trap. "Earnest, that scoundrel Nesbitt has left us and gone over to the Whitehurst agency. Puts us in a spot—you know he was on the Halliday and Flinch accounts. We may have to call you back to fill in until we can replace Nesbitt, son."

"Oh, hell!" Earnest said, but he had his hand over the mouthpiece.

"Well, don't fret about it," Durham said. "You must try to relax, my boy, and—"

"Aaaah, nuts!" Earnest said. Then he took his hand off the mouthpiece and said good-by and hung up, and his nerves sounded a quiet, tentative *boinnng!* The thought of going back to the old grind irked Earnest a great deal, especially now that he'd come in contact with lovely Linda.

"No use waiting for Havelock and letting stuff get cold and gooey," she said from the kitchen door. Earnest sneaked another quick one and went in to supper, which consisted of goodies he wasn't accustomed to, like hot biscuits and cream gravy.

"Some chow!" he said reverently, reverting to Marine terminology.

"Aw, it's nothing," Linda said. She had flour on her nose and a rosy glow on her cheeks. She was charming, gay, refined, built like Venus, intelligent, a superb cook, and saddled with a loose lion. Earnest was plowing through a second helping of mashed potatoes when the roar of a truck outside heralded the return of Linda's legal counsel. In a minute he strode in.

"Truck's okay," he said. "Did you spot the lion, kid?"

Linda seemed to shrink a little. She began chewing her lower lip again. Earnest noticed this, and it occurred to him that Havelock reminded him of his bosses, somehow. Linda said meekly, "We couldn't find him. Could we, Earnest?"

Havelock snorted, looking pointedly at the semidepleted banquet. "You couldn't have tried very hard," he said. "Listen, I've been thinking—in the dark like this, we'd be better off if we had some hounds that could trail Diogenes and maybe hem him in." He looked at Earnest. "There ought to be somebody around here who keeps a pack of trail hounds."

After clearing her throat nervously, Linda confessed that the idea had already occurred to them, and Mr. Lacey was due any time now with his hounds.

Havelock looked a little disappointed. "Well, I'm glad somebody has been on the ball around here besides me," he said. "Have you got a lantern, fellow?"

"Earnest," Earnest said. "Yes, I noticed one in the smokehouse this afternoon."

"Let me go get it, Earnest," Linda said. "I'm through eating and you're not. Before he could offer rebuttal she was out the back door.

Earnest got the coffeepot off the stove and filled his cup and put it back. Presently, he heard voices outside, and in a minute Linda came back with Boone Lacey. She introduced him to Havelock; the lawyer was condescending, and Earnest itched to slug him in the teeth.

When they went outside with the lantern,

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Havelock wasn't impressed by Rusty and Heck. "Pretty seedy-looking curs," he commented, and Boone took immediate offense.

"Brother," the old man said curtly, "iffen them dogs aint purty enough to suit you, I'd jist as soon take 'em back home." He wasn't impressed by Havelock, either.

"I suppose they'll have to do," Havelock growled. "Come on, let's get started." He stalked off down the slope, and Boone Lacey and the dogs followed. Linda gave Earnest an unhappy look and started after them. "Oh, hell!" Earnest said. "Wait for me, Linda." He didn't want to be with Diogenes, but he wanted to be with Linda.

Over his shoulder, Havelock said, "We got to catch that lion tonight or tomorrow, Linda. I'm due in court at ten o'clock day after tomorrow." He stepped up the pace, swinging the lantern like a brakeman, and they had to hurry to benefit from the light. Once in the trees, the hounds immediately found a hot trail and took off yelping excitedly. Havelock lunged in pursuit with Boone Lacey dogging his heels, but Earnest and Linda lost ground by the minute until they were well out of the periphery of the murky light, tripping over things and getting slapped in the face by backlashing branches. After a few minutes of that old stuff, Earnest was fed up. He stopped.

"What am I knocking my brains out for?" he asked. "It isn't my lion."

"Earnie, don't leave me," Linda said piteously. "I'll give you a half interest. I'm kind of scared, and I'm getting t-tired, and I'm also getting c-cold."

"Don't be scared," he said. She crept close to him and he put his arms around her and said, "Don't be cold, honey." And then the first thing you know he was kissing her. When she broke it up, he asked if she was okay now, pretending he'd done it just for her own good.

"I'm fine," she said. "But listen, Earnest, we shouldn't have done that, because I'm sort of engaged to Havelock. Suppose we just write it off as a weak moment, shall we?"

It hit him right between the eyes. Oh, *no!* Engaged! "Linda," he said. "Listen, Linda—" He still had a grip on her, so he simply kissed her again, and it was even better this time because now they were getting the knack of it.

AT THIS crucial moment a great clamor broke out a hundred yards ahead, involving hysterical dogs and shouting men and a general thrashing around in the underbrush. Linda pulled away. "They must have caught up with Diogenes," she wailed. "Oh, my goodness, I guess we'll have to go see, Earnest."

Not me, Earnest thought. But he found himself following her, holding her arm so she wouldn't fall or anything. He himself had already fallen, but good. Go ahead, you cretin, he said to himself. Fall in love with a girl who is already engaged. Linda stumbled and he steadied her, and she leaned against him. He said in a shaky voice, "You cold, or anything?" She said, "Yes, a little." So he kissed her again.

"Oh, why did that darn' lion have to get loose?" Linda groaned, and now all of a sudden the racket had subsided and the light was bobbing toward them. Presently Havelock appeared, acting peevish, and Linda said, "What happened?"

"Aw, those stupid mongrels!" he snarled. "They treed a possum."

"What now, Havelock?" Linda said. "Can't we wait until daylight? I don't relish stumbling around in the dark like this, and besides it's cold. I'm not dressed for it."

Havelock said that inasmuch as she seemed unable to keep up, and he couldn't see having always to be waiting for her or going back to look for her, he supposed they might just as well postpone the hunt until morning.

So they trudged back to the cabin and had hot coffee. Boone said he'd be there at sunup, and Havelock assigned sleeping quarters in such a manner that Linda got the bedroom, he got the couch, and Earnest got a rug in front of the fireplace.

"Good night, fellas," Linda said, closing her door. Havelock pulled off his shoes, stretched out with a blanket on the studio couch, and began rending the night with big, burly, seagoing snores. Earnest stretched out on his rug, but he didn't snore. He didn't even sleep for a long time, and then only in fits and starts. His nerves vibrated in time to Havelock's snoring, and the thought of Linda curled up in his bed gave him insomnia. It was a rough night.

WHEN it started getting light outside he got up stiffly and limped out on the front porch and watched the sunrise. It was magnificent, but he couldn't get carried away by it. He kept thinking of Linda. Presently he heard someone stirring inside and went in to find Linda puttering about the kitchen—slightly rumpled and adorable.

"Let's hustle some wood for the fireplace while the coffee's perking," she suggested. "I just love frosty mornings, don't you?" He said yeah, and they went outside.

Earnest noticed that the smokehouse door was open, and he thought: Hey, no use advertising that illegal venison! He was about to close the door when he saw that the venison was no longer there. At first it startled him, but then he recalled Boone's uneasiness and assumed the old man had removed it and cached it in a less public place. Earnest mentally shrugged and started on toward the woodpile.

"He hasn't got much. So that's all I'm asking for"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Linda expelled her breath. "Aren't you going to close the door, Earnie?" Her voice sounded—well, odd or something, Earnest said it didn't matter, and she gave him a funny look and said, "Well, it looks untidy." She closed the door and fastened the latch and followed him to the woodpile. She seemed to be trembling.

"What's the matter?" he said. "You cold?" She nodded, her teeth chattering, and he dropped the wood he'd picked up and took her in his arms and kissed her vigorously. She drew away and looked at him broodingly. "I don't know what gets into me, Earnest," she said. "I'm just weak, I guess. I bet you think I'm awful."

Yeah, something like that. He released her and grabbed an armful of wood. "Look," he said hoarsely, "this has got to stop." Engaged, and letting him kiss her like that. "We got to break it up," he said, and marched into the cabin with his wood.

When Havelock woke up, Earnest said good morning civilly enough, but then he fell silent, and remained silent all through breakfast. He felt pretty glum. Maybe Linda was one of those fast Little Rock babes who couldn't see a new man without building a deadfall.

"Listen, I'm not going along," he said, when breakfast was over. "I got a lot of stuff to do here."

"Roger," Havelock said. "We'll struggle along without your alleged assistance." But it seemed to Earnest that Linda looked a little reproachful.

When Boone Lacey arrived, Earnest saw them off for the day's big-game hunt, and then he went inside and prowled restlessly, smoking a pipe that tasted lousy.

They hadn't been gone five minutes when the phone rang, and it was long-distance from St. Louis.

It was Durham of D. and O. "Earnest, old boy," Durham said, "we're up a creek with the Huxenbocker layout, and I hate to ask this of you, but—"

So Earnest got out Ostenpheffer's summertime drawing board and paper and pencils, and sweated all morning kicking the Huxenbocker layout around.

Along about ten fifteen he heard a sort of shout out back and went out to find Rusty—or was it Heck?—at the smokehouse door, looking perplexed. Rusty—or Heck—lifted his nose and yawned out another mournful shout, and then he got up on his hind legs and began clawing the door and whining.

"Beat it, you slacker," Earnest said. "The venison isn't in there any more. Go help hunt Diogenes." He banged a rock against the smokehouse and Rusty—or Heck—turned tail and hit the road, and just for a second there Earnest imagined he'd heard a kind of grunting cough. He listened, but nothing came of it, so he went back to the Huxenbocker layout, and at eleven thirty he called St. Louis and told Durham how to rearrange the layout to suit the limitations of a quarter-page spread and Mr. Huxenbocker; then he hung up and muttered to himself.

And then all of a sudden his backbone turned to shaved ice, because now that he wasn't in a Huxenbocker rut any longer, a belated reaction caught up with him. A light flashed on in his brain, you might say. It can't be! he thought. But he was giving odds that it could be. It was probably even what you might *expect* of a lion. I owe Heck—or Rusty—an apology, he thought.

Assuming that he was right, he wondered what he was going to do with the piece of restricted information. He still hadn't decided when the hunters came dragging in around twelve o'clock looking pretty discouraged, with the exception of Linda. She gave him a cheerful smile. "Mr. Lacey's dog chased a rabbit into a hollow log."

Boone Lacey looked sheepish. "Old Heck's a part beagle hound," he said. "Hunts good with Rusty, but come they git separated he generally jist naturally got to go skallyhootin' off after a rabbit and git it outen his system, like."

"Rusty went A.W.O.L. for a while," Linda explained. She didn't seem depressed, but Havelock did. He glowered and acted sullen and irritable, and then when he'd eaten his lunch he shoved away from the table impatiently and said: "For Pete's sake, Linda, stop toying with your food. We haven't got all day. Let's get organized."

THAT blew the lid right off Earnest's hitherto controlled wrath. He stood up and glared at Havelock. "Listen," he said, "you stop ordering Linda around." He glared at Linda. "Why don't you tell him to go take a running jump for himself? Are you scared of him or something?" His nerves were vibrating like a string ensemble, and he saw that Havelock's astonishment quickly gave way to belligerence, but he didn't care.

"Why, you impertinent little—" Havelock rumbled, rearing up like a grizzly bear. "For two cents I'd slap you silly. I ought to break every bone in your—"

"Oh, yeah?" Earnest snarled. "Come on outside, boy. But don't forget I had commando training in the Marines." He stalked through the front room and across the porch to the yard. When he turned around, Havelock was there with a determined jaw and great chunks of fists swinging menacingly at his sides, and Linda and Boone Lacey were peeking apprehensively through the front door. Earnest felt a little empty inside, now that the chips were down. He squared off and tried to recall his combat know-how. And then all of a sudden every fiber in his nervous system was going BOINNNG!

His mind was a perfect blank. Hell, you know how it is! A guy forgets a lot more than he remembers, especially sanguinary stuff like breaking an enemy's neck.

But don't get the idea he gave up or anything like that. While it lasted, he put up a pretty good futile-type scrap, but aside from having the rank, Havelock also had the reach and the bulk and the hot indignation. It was kind of inevitable . . .

LINDA was telling him to wake up. "Wake up, Earnest," she said. Earnest felt bruised and confused. "You can relax, Earnie," Linda told him. "Havelock has gone. He said he'd leave your car in town."

"Gone?" Earnest groped around in the fog and gingerly felt his chin, which hurt. As a matter of fact, the only place he didn't hurt were his feet. He looked at Linda and blinked. "What do you mean, gone?"

"He went off in a huff, and your car," she said. "I broke our engagement, because he was rude and overbearing and beat up on a fellow half his size. What precipitated the brawl, anyhow, Earnie? What made you get so rugged so quick?"

He was lying on the couch, it seemed. He sat up, wincing, and looked at her. "I just got damn' good and fed up seeing him push you around, and you taking it."

"Yeah, me too," Linda said. "Honest, I didn't know he was like that until he came along to help me deliver Diogenes. Lucky I found out before it was too late."

The phone rang, and kept ringing. There was something he had to tell her, but it eluded him, so he got up and staggered over to the phone. It was Durham, of D. and O., and he'd sure picked an ill-considered time to give Earnest a buzz, because the sound of his voice made Earnest blow his top some more. "Shut up, Durham," he yelled. "Listen, I got too many bosses. I'm tired of being everybody's creature and I'm tired of being overworked. Listen, I've got news for you guys. I'm taking a thirty-day vacation. Tell all your friends. After that I might come back to work, if certain adjustments in time and money are arranged. Otherwise, drop dead!"

He hung up. On second thought he yanked the phone out by its roots and hurled it into the fireplace. Then he turned around and looked at Linda, and remembered what it was he had to tell her. It was a shame he couldn't keep his mouth shut, but that's the kind of guy he happened to be. "Linda," he said morosely, "Your lion is in the cellar, unless I'm badly mistaken."

"Oh, that," she said calmly. "I knew that, Earnie. Listen, I had a theory all along about Diogenes, because I knew he was hungry and wouldn't like being out on a cold night. I thought if you offered him some nice raw meat and a snug place to digest it in, he wouldn't be loose any more. I thought of mentioning it to Havelock, only—"

"*You* left the smokehouse door open last night," Earnest said accusingly.

She nodded. "And closed it again this morning, Earnie. I knew Diogenes was in there. When you've been living with a lion for a while, your nose gets sensitive, and—"

Earnest gaped at her. "You mean you—but why didn't you *tell* somebody, why did you let Boone and Havelock think—?"

Linda blushed. "Well, silly, Havelock had to be back in Little Rock tomorrow," she explained, "and I thought—well, after last night—I mean, well, shucks, Earnie." She blushed some more, and trembled visibly. "Mr. Lacey is building a loading ramp, but he says it'll take him a day or two, and in the meantime—" She gave him a thoughtful glance. "Don't you think it's awfully c-cold in here, Earnest?"

Earnest was pretty resilient; he could feel the strength of youth flowing back into his hammered and aching body, and a quick check came up with the information that he didn't have a fat lip, which was important at the moment. He started toward Linda.

"I sure do," he said. THE END

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Was Joe Louis the Greatest?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

round Dempsey floored the titled Oklahoman, the last time so close to the bell that the referee counted out the dazed Willard as he sat on the canvas openmouthed, glassy-eyed, staring uncomprehendingly into space. A handful of his teeth had been broken off at the gums by one of Dempsey's devastating blows. Dempsey, believing as the crowd did that he had won, because no one had heard the bell, was out of the ring and making for his dressing room when timekeeper Warren Barbour (later United States Senator from New Jersey) called him back.

One of today's referees would never have allowed the fight to continue and would have awarded Dempsey a technical K.O. before the end of the first round. Referee Ollie Pecord, however, was determined to let the brutal contest go on to a definite climax.

Dempsey tried to end the fight in the second round, and almost punched himself to exhaustion. But the hulking Willard took everything he had.

When he came out for the third round, his eyes were nearly closed and were shimmering in blood. His mouth was slashed as if by a broken bottle, and his massive legs were like so much papier-mâché.

Tide of Battle Almost Turns

Yet he made an incredible rally with a flurry of destructive lefts to Dempsey's mouth. For a thrilling moment spectators gasped, thinking the tide was turning. Dempsey had apparently spent himself and was unable to deliver the knockout blow. But when the bell rang, tolling the end of the third, Willard fell into his chair, his head bent over and lolling as if his neck were broken. Jess himself had sense enough to know he was finished, and he called Pecord and asked him to end it. Ike O'Neil, Willard's chief second, sadly tossed in the towel.

I have gone into some length on this fight only to point out the vast difference in the competition and in the battle when Jack Dempsey won the heavyweight championship as compared to when Joe Louis wrested it from Jim Braddock on June 22, 1937.

As for the titleholders in between Dempsey and Louis, I'll tick them off in short order. Jack Sharkey was a man of considerable potential, but because of his emotional make-up, crises within the ring muddled his thinking. A trigger brain is a prime asset to a champion fighter. With disaster coming at you every second, you have to make split-second decisions which may mean the difference between defeat or victory. On this score, Sharkey never made the grade.

Max Schmeling did what no other fighter accomplished—he knocked out the seemingly impregnable Joe Louis. He had a beautiful straight right-hand punch, the effectiveness of which he proved in his first match with Louis. But he lacked the quality of greatness. He never seemed to sense the dramatic moment to step in to win, as was demonstrated in his fights with Max Baer and Jack Sharkey.

He had Baer licked between the fifth and eighth rounds of their duel and was chasing him all over the ring. But he was caught flat-footed with an overhand right in the tenth, which booked his passage back to the Fatherland. He allowed Sharkey to back all over the ring for 15 rounds and thereby give Sharkey the title of world champion.

In Schmeling's second fight with Louis, Max never had a chance to use his Aryan insight, for he was fighting two foes that day—the Brown Bomber and hate. Because of snide remarks he had made about Louis, and his boastful references to himself as a member of the Super Race, Schmeling incited Louis to mayhem.

In the first round of this fight which took place at Yankee Stadium on June 22, 1938, Louis opened up with two vicious left jabs to Schmeling's mid-section which forced the German to lower his guard; then followed a driving left to the nose. He followed with a devastating right to the jaw, putting behind it all he had, including his heart.

This draped Schmeling over the ropes and his knees buckled. His back was half turned to Louis, who drove several terrific rights to the area of temple and ear. He followed with two more cement-hard rights to the body and jaw. Max went down for a short count, popped up, and, throwing his right arm over the ropes, left his left side and part of his back wide open for the bone-crushing right blow to the short ribs that sent him to the canvas with a cry of severe pain.

One of Schmeling's men threw a towel into the ring, but the referee threw it back out and kept counting. Schmeling never

COLLIER'S "I've just been married. Could you mess up that big one enough to make it look homemade?" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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got up, and thus was exploded the superman myth.

Genial, convivial Max Baer had a wonderful opportunity to become a *ring great* and muffed it. He reached his peak when he won the championship from king-sized Carnera, which was no great accomplishment. But Baer went down gravely after this peak, and lost his championship only a year less a day later to Jim Braddock, the Cinderella Man. Baer was the victim of his own adolescent desires—too much night-clubbing and clowning, and not enough serious training.

As for Braddock, his inclusion among the heavyweight titleholders was the sheerest bit of luck, and only proves how terribly run-down Max Baer actually was. For Braddock had already wound up his career, and was an old man—a very old man, of thirty—when he left his Hoboken waterfront job and went in against Baer. I don't think the promoter or anyone else connected with that dismal fight, including Braddock himself, had any idea that he could beat Baer. But he did, and wore the heavyweight crown shakily for two years without defending it, until Joe Louis knocked it off his head once and for all.

Braddock had a brief moment of exhilaration when he caught Joe Louis off guard and knocked him off his feet in the first round. But Louis wore his ancient adversary down until the eighth round, in which Braddock came out wide open, his arms and legs gone. Louis packed the power of a mustang behind a right to the jaw, and Braddock nose-dived to the rosin.

As for Carnera, the biggest man ever to fight under modern rules, he won an impressive number of frivolities because of the mediocrity of his opponents, mostly setups.

Looking back over the records of the past 30 years, it has always been proved that a heavyweight is at his best when he weighs between 185 and 195 pounds. Once he tops the 200 mark the weight, in most cases, deters him. At the 185-195-pound mark a heavyweight can hit hard enough to knock out any man, as Louis proved when he felled Carnera, 65 pounds heavier than he. And a fighter is definitely faster on his feet at the lower weight than at the heavier.

Otherwise, who's left between Dempsey and Louis? A handful who had brief moments of glory—like Lou Nova, Tony Galento, Arturo Godoy, Tommy Farr, Johnny Paycheck and Jersey Joe Walcott. This much can be said for Walcott: he really won that first fight with Louis, as Louis himself tacitly admitted in his autobiography. But if he had been given the decision, he would have been one of the sorriest figures ever to have worn the heavyweight crown. Louis vindicated his unseemly lapse against the back-shifting, arm-flailing Walcott by putting him away in a workmanlike manner in their second encounter.

Jersey Joe's Fatal Error

Walcott was no greater or lesser a fighter during his first meeting with Joe Louis than he was in the second bout. He assumed that he had safely won the decision by the 12th round, a fatal mistake which showed that he wasn't of championship caliber. If Walcott had possessed the quality of a champion, he would not have taken the advice of his seconds who told him to coast. He would have been in there clinching the title. Joe Louis' explanation for his poor showing, a valid one, was that he had been in service for so many years that he simply was not in shape. Lack of competition is bad for a fighter.

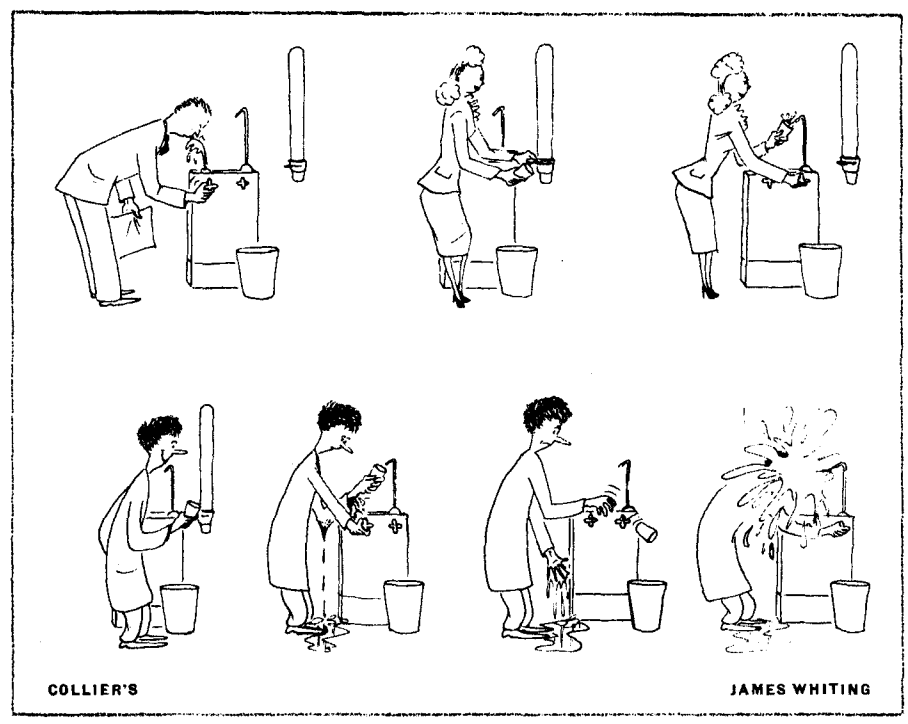
Which brings us to Dempsey and Louis.

In several ways, Joe Louis was the greatest champion that ever graced the prize ring. The sport has known no greater hitter than Louis, nor is there any record of a champion demonstrating greater recuperative powers.

When Louis was at his best, he was simply superb. An important thing on the credit side was that no matter how bad he looked at times or how slim his chances of winning seemed at any stage of a bout, he lost only one fight. Coming from behind to win so often and so definitely is another quality of greatness.

Also to his credit is the oft-quoted argument that Louis defended his crown 25 times, and for 10 years—more times and for a longer period than any other man. That's true enough, but his fights after he won the championship from Braddock were mostly with second-, third- and even fourth-raters. Almost any slap-happy pugilist who came along took a chance with him and gambled to win on a fluke punch. Louis was great enough to ward them all off, like a horse flicking flies with his tail. But who knows what would have happened had a real contender faced him? One can guess by what almost happened in his first fight with Billy Conn, the handsome, popular Pittsburgher.

The first Schmeling fight, the Tommy Farr go, the first 12 rounds of the first Conn fight, the first round of the Jim Braddock fight, the second round of his set-to with beer-barrel Tony Galento and the first round of the first contest against Buddy Baer are all serious lapses in Louis' career. I'm not even considering the first Walcott meeting, because Louis had a legitimate excuse. But it's an open question what would have happened to Joe Louis had those lapses from greatness occurred during contests with champions like Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson or Dempsey.



COLLIER'S JAMES WHITING

Joe Louis admits that the toughest fight he ever had was his first with Billy Conn. He is honest enough to admit that he almost lost that fight, and there's no doubt that his career would have ended there if Conn had just one degree more of greatness in him.

In view of what I've already written about Jim Braddock, it is nothing short of miraculous that he almost had Louis in the first round. Who knows, if he had followed through, Louis wouldn't have won the championship and maybe we wouldn't even be talking about him today.

Louis came dangerously near to losing his crown to tub-shaped Tony Galento. Tony moved about cunningly in the opening round, hoping for a lucky punch. He scored a telling left hook in the second round which floored Louis.

Louis, stunned and bewildered, got to his feet at the count of one, which increased Galento's chances for a knock-out victory. A fighter who keeps his mind clear takes advantage of the full count up to nine before rising. Louis staggered around the ring, more or less helpless, but instinctively staying erect until he sat on the middle rope with his guard down.

Galento took advantage of the opening and threw a vicious left swing to the jaw, a punch which was meant to be the *coup de grâce*. It missed by a whisker, the difference between Louis' losing and Galento's winning the crown.

Considering the clear-cut blots on Louis' record, his stature doesn't appear so solid after all. There were only two such weaknesses in Jack Dempsey's record. He had rough going all the way with Bill Brennan, whom he finally put away in the 12th. And in one of the wildest, most exciting, and shortest heavyweight fights on record—with Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas—Dempsey experienced the ignominy of being swept out of the ring into the laps of newspapermen by an explosive right. He came back to win in the first minute of the second round.

Outweighing these minor shortcomings is the fact that Dempsey's opponents, generally, were by far superior to those taken on by Louis. It's hard to find fighters of the caliber of Willard, Billy Miske, Fred Fulton, Carl Morris, Brennan, Georges Carpentier, Tom Gibbons and Firpo, all of whom Dempsey licked, among the long list who fought Louis.

Another way of judging greatness is by considering their respective hitting power. Hitting power is the greatest asset a prize fighter can have. It is at once a great offensive and defensive measure. In this observer's opinion, the three mightiest blows delivered during the last three decades of boxing were, in chronological order:

Dempsey's first, long-swinging left hook in the first round against Jess Willard, which exploded like a giant firecracker on that Fourth of July day in 1919. That blow was superhuman in effect, packing the wallop of a hydraulic press. It smashed Willard's right cheekbone into fragments.

The second most telling blow was the first overhand right swing that Max Baer landed on Primo Carnera's left cheekbone in the first round of their championship bout in New York in 1934.

The third was Joe Louis' pulverizer in the sixth round against Braddock, the one blow which actually won the fight and the championship.

It was my privilege to witness the two latter punches in person. The first, I have seen since in the movies of the bout. Several photographs taken of Jess Willard during and after his fight with Dempsey offer further testimony of the blow's effect.

To me, Dempsey's punch seemed to be the most destructive of the three. Remember that Willard was a giant of a man, who towered six feet six inches and tipped the scales at 245 pounds. But Dempsey's blow was struck in his full vigor and freshness at the beginning of the fight.

Carnera, too, was a 260-pound giant, and when he received the fearful wallop unleashed by Baer with all of Baer's first-round vitality, he fell like a poled ox.

Louis' blow did not leave Braddock's features crushed, as both the Dempsey and Baer punches left those of their recipients. But it did bring about a knockout, and was unusual in that it came in the sixth round after Louis himself had been knocked down and nearly liquidated in the first round.

Murderous Right Routed Nova

Louis also scored another dramatic punch during his bout with Lou Nova, which I consider one of the best he ever fought. It was comparatively uneventful until the sixth round, when Louis connected with one of the most murderous right smashes of all time, sending Nova flying.

Thus, by the process of elimination of all other heavyweight champions except Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, and comparing the more numerous and serious weaknesses in Louis' career as against Dempsey's, I feel justified in stating that Dempsey was the greatest heavyweight of all time.

In analyzing the fighting styles of Dempsey and Louis, one must take into consideration Dempsey's great speed for a heavyweight. In addition to hitting fast and with deadly effect, Dempsey was very fast on his feet. He could take advantage of an opening more readily than any heavyweight I have ever seen perform. Dempsey also brought considerable ring cunning into battle. He selected the "bobbing-weaving" style because it put him in position to strike with deadly effect whenever his opponent missed as he himself advanced. When Dempsey was hurt, his efforts seemed to increase and he became that more dangerous. He possessed a fine instinct for prize fighting. His instinctive reactions somehow made good strategy. He was a natural fighter!

Joe Louis had considerable of that too. He recuperated quickly and maintained his deadly punch with his right to the very end. He did, however, on occasions show a tendency to confusion when hit hard.

But while Louis has been blessed with a power-packed right hand, Dempsey had one too and was almost equally blessed with a left hook. All who understand the science of boxing know that a good left hook is better than a good hard right. Left hooks can be administered with little danger of a counterblow. Rarely is this so of right-hand blows. The danger of a counter-punch after right-hand delivery is three times as great as after a left hook. On weighing all probabilities, I am of the belief that Dempsey would have caught Louis with a left hook early in the fight and started him on the road from which he could never recover, despite his great powers of recuperation. Dempsey was a tiger as a finisher. As a hitter Louis was a killer; but I think Dempsey would have beaten him to it.

In finishing this piece I don't want it thought that I have anything but the highest regard for Louis in practically every element of his professional talent. He reigned longer than any other heavyweight champion and remained at his peak longer than any other champion. This is an unmistakable indication of true fistic greatness. The answer to whether or not Louis was the greatest ever gets down to what one thinks about Dempsey. For if Dempsey was not, surely Joe Louis was. THE END

Next Week

IF THIS BE TREASON—By Admiral Daniel Gallery

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The Postal Inspectors: Nobody Beats the Law

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Getting Donaldson to tell the stories was no trick. He is a member of the White House Cabinet with a paneled office the size of a polo field but when he got to reminiscing he was just another cop laughing over the old pinches.

"The bordello story. Oh, yes. I was stationed in Kansas City and some bum stole a book of money-order blanks. He cashed $400 worth to make a down payment on a fur coat for a girl. The furrier knew the address of the girl so I went over. Turned out to be a house of ill fame. They wouldn't let me in. Thought I was a prohibition agent. I was a little hurt by that. I swore I wasn't a prohibition man but a post-office inspector. That got me in.

"I talked to the girl. Made the madam come with me. The girl admitted the guy had given her the coat but she insisted she didn't know him. I had a few pictures of local thieves with me and I showed them to her. When I came to one picture she and the madam exchanged a quick look, then she said, 'No, that ain't him, either.' Of course, that quick look was the tip-off so I went out, found a good stool pigeon who told me where to look and I arrested the fellow next day. Routine. Except I haven't been in that kind of a place before or since!"

Donaldson laughed. "Post-office inspectors get in some strange places. There was Johnny Streich. Somebody had been rifling mail on a train in Wisconsin and Johnny went on the case. He got a coffin, climbed into it, and had himself shipped in the baggage car. In the middle of the night, a brakeman started opening pouches. Johnny saw him through a hole he'd bored in the side of the coffin. He popped open the lid, jumped out and slapped handcuffs on the man."

In the twenties a gang of talented Chicago hoodlums put their guns on a train crew and got away with $135,000. Word seeped back to the Chicago inspectors that a Cicero bandit had been offered the money for $90,000. The crooks were afraid the inspectors had the numbers of the bills and the cash was therefore too hot to pass. It was agreed that an inspector should be "built" into the gang to get a line on the thieves and the stolen cash. Since the inspectors in the Chicago office might be known to the gang, Donaldson was brought on from Kansas City.

In the Market for Hot Money

He didn't need to be told that the train robbers would blow out his brains without a second thought if they even suspected who he was. He decided to pose as an El Paso bank cashier who wanted to buy hot money. Arrangements were made with an El Paso bank to tell any questioners that a Mr. Ronson worked for them and was currently up North on his vacation. A Kansas City bank agreed to put $50,000 cash at Donaldson's disposal.

Underworld connections made it possible for Donaldson to meet the boys in a North Side garage. For a dangerous week they dickered. Finally the boys agreed to go to Kansas City. Then, an hour before train time, Donaldson got a call: "The deal's off, Ronson. We just sold the dough."

Donaldson immediately got himself a couple of squad cars full of Chicago police and they rounded up the gangsters. The two leaders got 25 years in Leavenworth. The owner of the garage, suspected of having tipped off the law, got taken for a fatal ride. As usual the boys shot the wrong stool pigeon.

The distressing sound of bullets whistling past the ears is familiar to the Postmaster General. He engaged in a gun fight of some length with Dale Jones and Frank Lewis, who were ably assisted by Mrs. Jones and Lewis's girl friend. Jones and his wife got away but Donaldson went in and dragged Lewis out.

Donaldson is not the first post-office inspector to become headman of Uncle Sam's mails. A bright young Bostonian named Benjamin Franklin checked His Majesty's Post in the North American colonies before the Revolution. In 1772, Franklin confided to friends that he expected he would be fired because the Royal Post Office hierarchy suspected him of being overly friendly to the colonists, who didn't think the king's post was all it might be. Franklin was right on all counts.

As an inspector Franklin fulfilled the dictum that "a post-office inspector leaves every office better than he found it." Inspectors are encouraged to make recommendations to improve the service and Franklin made two that still remain. He introduced the pouching of mail at its source so that letters from England were put in pouches directed to Boston, Philadelphia, New York, etc., rather than in a huge pouch marked Boston, whence they had to be repouched and distributed.

A Complaint from Britain

In 1769 when Franklin was in England he heard some bitter words from His Majesty's Postmaster General. The Postmaster General was irked because fast-sailing mail packets running from Falmouth (now in Maine) took longer to reach Boston, Philadelphia and New York than did slow-moving merchant vessels plowing the Atlantic from London to the colonies, a much greater distance.

Franklin set out to find the reason. Eventually he ran across a Nantucket whaling captain who suggested that the Falmouth packets might be using the Gulf Stream, which whalers avoided because it slowed down boats as much as 70 miles a day. Franklin drew the first map of the Gulf Stream and it was incorporated in the royal mail maps. Packets were advised to avoid it and they went hundreds of miles out of their way to do so, as do ships in coastwise service today.

In 1774, Franklin, then a deputy Postmaster General, was fired, as he had foreseen, but the next year he was made the first head of the Continental Postal Establishment. He relinquished this job when he went to France. Before he departed, however, he set up an inspection service.

Noah Webster was one of the early inspectors—or surveyors, as they were called then. He made what today would be called a "good pinch" when he apprehended a gang robbing the stages between New York and Hartford, Connecticut. By 1830, the word "surveyor" had given way to "agents." After 1880, agents were called inspectors.

Twice inspectors have had to give the post office a thorough house cleaning on the top levels, once under Garfield and later under Teddy Roosevelt. Both cases resulted in bushels of resignations and indictments.

Chester Bailey of Philadelphia was a crack surveyor from 1807 to 1822 and his talents and duties are oddly similar to those of an inspector today. In 1807, Bailey took care of President Jefferson's mail when he traveled, just as an inspector handles President Truman's when he is away from the White House. As a sleuth, Bailey was evidently a bear cat. In a ten-year period he jailed more thieves than *all* the other law-enforcement agencies in the land combined.

Then, as now, the penalties for stealing from the mails were generally out of all proportion to the value of the stolen property. Hanging was the penalty for mail larceny from 1792 until 1799, when it was changed to flogging. But not until 1872 was the hanging penalty removed for "aggravated mail robbery," which probably means habitual offenders. Today judges

When hubby phones at five-o-nine—

"The Boss is coming home to dine..."

This smart girl doesn't fret or whine

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and juries retain this near savagery toward post-office thieves.

The theory seems to be that men who steal from the mails are stealing something more than mere money. They are filching the happiness of some; bringing despair and fear to others; and seriously threatening the lifeblood of commerce and contact between friends and loved ones. This theory also explains the merciless attitude of inspectors toward their fellow postal workers who steal.

The inspectors use two techniques to keep personnel larceny down—the test letter and the catwalk. The catwalk is thoroughly detested by all postal employees. Catwalks line the ceilings of all major post offices and inspectors hide in them to spy on the clerks and postmen. The slits in the catwalks are so arranged that nobody below knows whether an inspector is lurking within or not. Employees damn the catwalks as speed-up devices. The inspectors insist they stay clear of them except when they have reason to suspect larceny. During the pre-Christmas rush, when all post offices are crammed with packages and temporary help, the inspectors spot about one thief a day from the catwalks of the big-city post offices.

The test letter is simply a letter filled with marked bills, routed through the hands of an employee suspected of stealing. It is used extensively in mail cars, where inspectors cannot observe the larceny. In fiscal 1949, inspectors made 5,375 investigations and arrested 601 postal employees.

Cases End in Death or Jail

In the business of protecting the mails against robbers, con men, quacks and other underworld jackals, the inspectors have developed a technique which is not unique among law-enforcement workers but which the service practices with rare skill and success. The post-office inspector never gives up. Their cases are never closed without a jail sentence or a death certificate.

Inspector Herb Graham went looking for con man Floyd Woodward in Atlanta in 1919 and arrested him in Los Angeles in 1940, although nobody had filed a complaint against Woodward in 21 years. In that 21-year interim Graham had piled up the greatest record in America for arresting con men of all sorts. He, in fact, spearheaded the inspectors in a 20-year war that virtually liquidated the flourishing bunko industry in America.

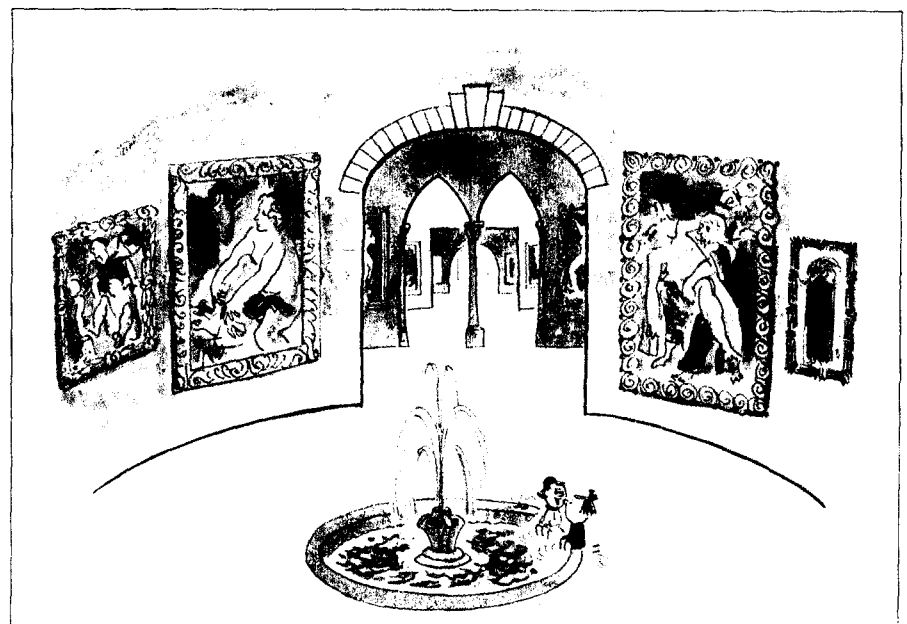
During those 21 years Graham always carried a picture of Woodward. Every time he sat down with a con man who needed a favor the inspector found an opportunity to mention Woodward's name. Post-office employees familiar with Woodward's handwriting kept the mail of his friends and relatives under surveillance. And about once a year the police of the land received a new batch of "wanted circulars" on Woodward with a reminder that there was a reward out for his capture. Every so often a clerk in Washington sent a note, or one of Graham's superiors asked quietly, "What about that Woodward bum from Atlanta?" In the end, a California informant brought Woodward down.

The post office is devoted to rewards and pays up to $2,000, dead or alive, in the case of serious offenses such as holding up mail trucks or trains or sending infernal machines through the mails. This is a frank effort to gain the co-operation of citizens and the good will of local police, who know anything they do for the inspectors will be appreciated in a manner transferable into rent money. This year the post office is prepared to empty its coffers of $55,000 in reward money set aside by an act of Congress. In a further effort to gain police good will the inspectors frequently build up a case until they have the address, phone number and sleeping and working habits of the wanted criminal and then turn the case over to the local authorities, who make the arrest and capture the headlines. The inspectors are empowered to arrest within the limits of the law but they prefer to swap the glory for the co-operation of the local cop on the beat.

This interest in making friends with municipal authorities has resulted in the jailing of many a man who never touched the sacred mails. William P. Buckner, the playboy gambler, found that out in 1949. Buckner was a fugitive from New York City in a gaudy Park Avenue charity gambling flimflam when Inspector Harry Stolberg, having nothing else to do at the moment, nabbed him in Puerto Rico to the delight of New York authorities, who thought he was in Acapulco, Mexico.

No policing agency in the world can set out a dragnet with the speed and sweep of the post office. On August 31, 1948, a substitute clerk at McCamey, Texas, fled with $25,350 in cash. The loss was discovered the morning of September 1st and he was arrested in Los Angeles, on the afternoon of September 3d. It wasn't until 12 hours later that a picture of the man arrived at Los Angeles.

Here is how the dragnet worked in the case of the Texas absconder: The inspectors, thinking he was headed for Honolulu, where he had a girl, turned out all available post-



COLLIER'S

"I was beginning to think this place was a complete bust"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

office personnel in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Frank R. Carey, a post-office foreman, examined 1,500 hotel registrations and found an alias entered at one place in the McCamey thief's handwriting. He compared this signature with still another alias on a steamship ticket application and knew the man was Honolulu bound—as suspected. A steamship strike canceled sailing, so the inspectors surrounded the sailing company's office on the theory that the thief would seek a refund.

The wanted man never got to the office, however. He was picked up by still another post-office foreman, E. W. Ashton, who had got his description by teletype.

Big-Time Con Men Dwindling

The post-office inspectors' doggedness has practically eradicated two of the underworld's most prosperous industries, the mail-train robbery and the confidence game. There hasn't been a mail-train stickup in about a decade, and the high-rolling "big con" population has fallen from more than 1,000 in 1920 to under an estimated 100 today. The small-time operators, or "short con" boys, still remain to be dealt with, but the post-office inspectors have cracked down successfully on the lads who used to run the $50,000 and $100,000 touches with phony brokerage offices, horse-race rooms, the bucket shops and the "green-goods" peddlers.

The story of the De Autremont brothers, train robbers, is recorded here as a classic American man hunt carried on by the Inspection Service.

On October 11, 1923, Train Number 13, running between Portland and San Francisco, was stopped and boarded by three men at Siskiyou Tunnel. They killed the engineer, fireman and mail clerk and blew up the baggage car. They got away without a nickel.

A wadded mail-order receipt found in a pair of overalls near the tunnel pointed to Roy De Autremont, of Lakewood, New Mexico. Investigation soon showed that Roy and his twin brother Ray and their younger brother Hugh had purchased the necessary guns and dynamite and were fugitives. So the greatest man hunt in Post Office Inspection Service began. There were fingerprints available only of Ray, who had been jailed as an I.W.W. during the war.

Pictures of the boys were distributed in circulars that listed rewards totaling $15,900. Inspectors investigated every one of the tips that poured in, although they had to go to Mexico and Central America to disprove some.

In November of 1925, the service decided it was getting nowhere and Inspector Tennyson Jefferson was instructed to keep on the trail of the De Autremont brothers for the remainder of his career, if necessary.

Jefferson interviewed everybody who had even known the brothers. He learned that the twins had weak eyes; that the three brothers were ardent public-library habitués; that Ray's favorite poems were by Robert W. Service and that he recited them at the drop of a hat; that all spoke good Spanish and that Hugh, the youngest, was a fan of Jesse James and used E. E. James as an alias. Jefferson got charts of the dental work in the three boys' mouths and sent them to *every* dentist in America. The glasses prescriptions required by the twins went to every oculist in the land.

In May, 1926, all this information, plus routine pictures and physical descriptions were put in a circular and 1,000,000 copies were printed and distributed around the world in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Dutch. Every Atlantic and Great Lakes steamship captain got a circular.

When the first million were exhausted, 1,265,000 more circulars were printed. Mailmen distributed these to every rooming house in every large city in the United States. Every dentist, barber, librarian, optician and watch repairman in the country got one. Roy had worked in an insane asylum, so every hospital, asylum and institution was circularized. The inspectors, normally fearful of reporters, begged Hollywood press agents to write feature stories about the boys.

Every post office and railroad in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Central America got a flier, and the usual allotment to police, jails and employment centers was tripled. Photos of the boys and a picture story of the crime were set up as an exhibit at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial. Every cop, every postman and rural carrier and every recruiting station in the land was circularized. The Central and South American countries weren't displaying the posters so Inspector C. W. B. Long set off to talk them into co-operation. Jefferson went to Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Islands for the same purpose.

False Clues Baffle Police

Thousands of tips poured in and all were investigated. It seemed that everybody with a name similar to De Autremont and poor eyesight was reported at least once. People who wanted a trip to the West Coast were surrendering to police and claiming to be the De Autremonts. A criminal in an Oregon jail convinced the governor that he knew where the boys were hiding. He was released to make a trip to Denver. Returning, the prisoner said the boys were on a ranch in Montana. He got some more money and a conditional pardon and set off for Montana. He hasn't been seen since.

On July 2, 1926, a soldier just back from Manila walked into the San Francisco post office, saw a picture of a man he had seen in Manila, and went running to the inspector in charge. "Hugh De Autremont is in the Army at Manila. He calls himself James C. Price," the soldier said after ascertaining that the reward money had not yet been paid. Investigation of Price's enlistment sent Inspector Fred Smith off to Manila on the first boat. He arrested Price on sight. He was Hugh. Thus, one of the 2,265,000 wanted circulars paid off.

Hugh had traveled extensively despite the circulars. In Chicago a kindly policeman had escorted him out of a tough district. "You're a nice-looking boy and there are a lot of rough characters around here," the officer explained to the cold-blooded murderer. At Fort McDowell another soldier had pointed to a poster and remarked to Hugh of his resemblance to a murderer named Hugh De Autremont. Hugh was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment. The hunt for the twins continued.

On April 19, 1927, a one-eyed cripple, Albert Collingsworth, read a feature story about the crime in the Portsmouth, Ohio, Times. He could remember the Goodwin twins, who had worked with him three years before in Hanging Rock, Ohio. Collingsworth was bedridden so he called a lawyer who told the inspectors. The twins were picked up. They were the two other De Autremonts, and they, too, got life.

Thus a crime in the Siskiyous was solved in Manila and Hanging Rock, Ohio. It took three and a half years, 2,265,000 circulars, countless man-hours of investigation and travel, the entire distributing personnel of the post office, and a Hollywood publicity campaign. But the inspectors got their men.

The inspectors not only get their man, they even get their animal. The disappearance of two life insurance policies and a death claim from a Lincoln, Nebraska, mailbox was solved when an inspector found a lady who had seen a cow eat them. A scattering of mail on the streets of Tonkawa, Oklahoma, was investigated jointly by the police and an inspector, and a crow was caught in the act of rifling mailboxes. The inspectors let the police make the kill with a shotgun.

It took a crook with a high-octane imagination to run the Sir Francis Drake Estate fraud, but it netted him $2,500 a week for some 15 years. And when the post-office inspectors finally tripped him up, his 70,000 victims were his staunch defenders. Be sure to read next week's account of the postal cops' long, sensational war on America's biggest swindlers

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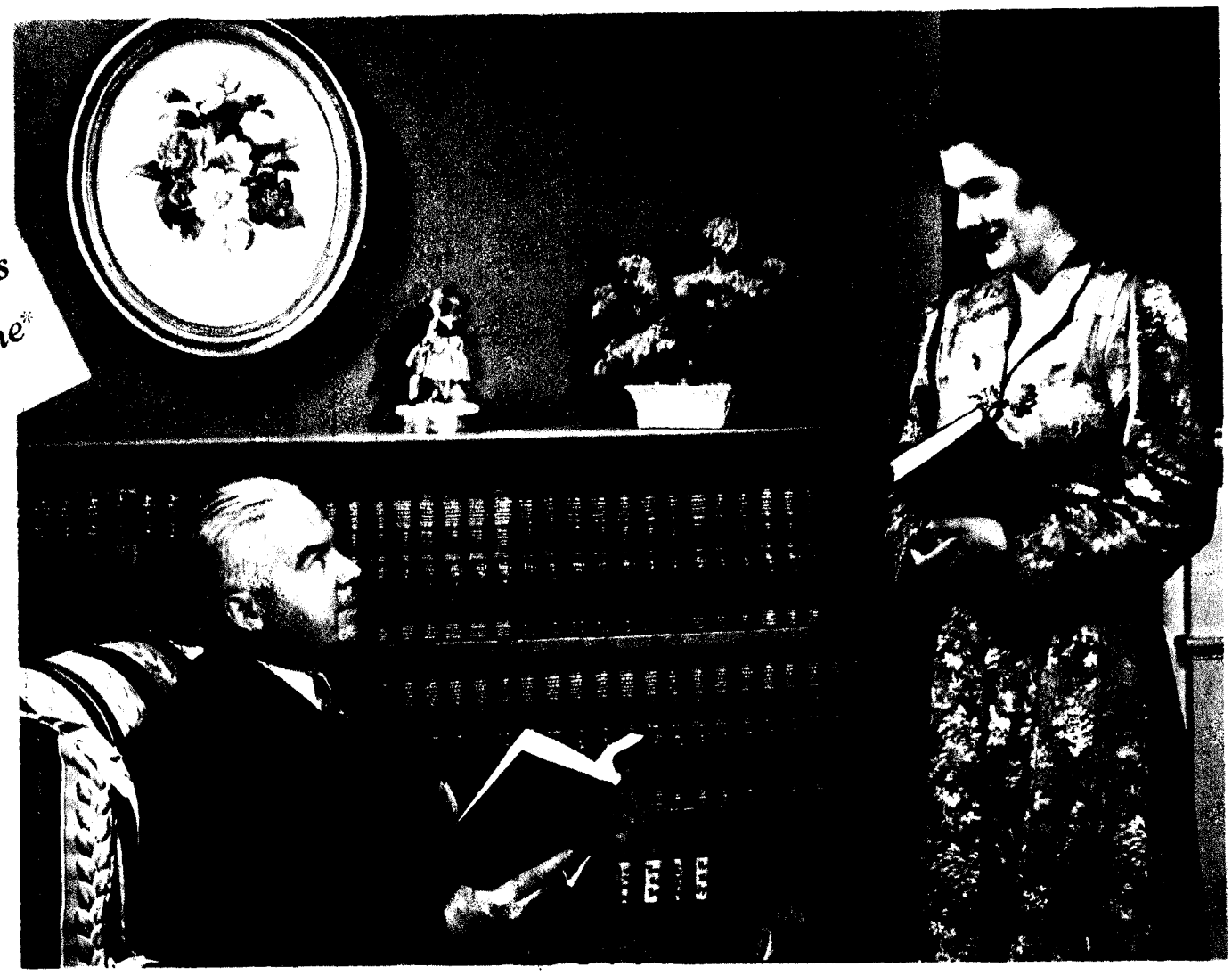

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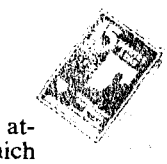

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Accident at the Crossing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

had left him. And one day, with a surprising bitterness and frantic anger he began to drive the dog from his hut with stones.

A duel had begun between them; and it was soon noted that Fred's attempts to chase the dog off and be rid of her were futile. She continued to follow him with bewildered eyes, returning and returning to stand quivering and helpless by his legs—to be driven off again, always to return with her frightened pleading that drove Fred into his pale, shuddering rages.

The night before the accident and the loss of his leg she followed Fred to the first bar on the road that passed the tracks on its way out of town. Fred made a stop at the bar each evening on his way to his hotel, and ordered a single beer. And that evening he ordered a beer as usual and drank it slowly.

The cone lights were on over both pool tables in the rear room; two quiet games were in progress. Three townsmen stood at the marble-topped bar with Fred, but he had not spoken to them. They'd nodded to him, pleasantly, fond of him; and he'd nodded in return and that had been the extent of their communication. He'd hardly had more than two sips when the dog appeared in the doorway. She stood there tensely, a dirty-white against the road and fields, her head just inside the room, staring at Fred.

Fred set his beer down and looked at the dog. She began to quiver and wag her tail—and to the surprise of everyone in the barroom old silent Fred Clutton pointed at the dog and spoke loudly, with a confused outrage. "Just look at that. Look at her. Look at it." His cheeks began to quiver and his eyes rolled slightly. He thrashed his arms out at the dog. "Git, git, git!"

The dog sagged against the doorway and shook as though she were freezing.

"Git out of here, git away!" Fred ran toward the dog, waving his arms.

She slid down the doorframe to the floor and rolled on her thin back. Fred slid the dog swiftly across the old planks of the porch with his foot. She went over the edge and lighted on her feet in the dust and looked up at him. "Git out of here, damn you! Now go on! Leave me alone!"

HE WENT back inside and the dog lay down on the powdery ground to wait, her head raised to watch the door. She was still waiting when Fred finished his beer and left the tavern, and she got up and followed him down the road toward the paved main street. She stopped each time Fred stopped, and looked while Fred waved his arms and shouted, and then followed him again as Fred went on. The sun had just set and the sky was lavender and hazy, and the quiet main street where Fred walked, followed by the dog, was shadowless. The air was heavy with impending rain. Most of the stores were locked, closed for the day.

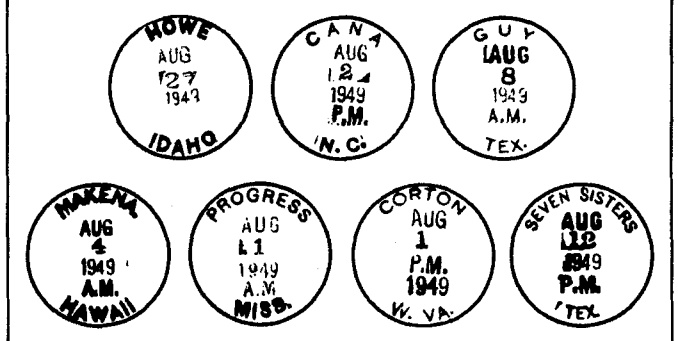
He escaped at the door of his hotel, a wooden building with a long, narrow porch. He entered, closing the door tightly, jerking it tight. And then Fred went upstairs, went under the hanging light bulb and down to his room, his daily and yearly routine, except for the dog, unbroken.

He sat that night at the table in his small room and tried to read. He took out his railroad watch, laid it flat on the table; and then opened an old anthology of poetry with a loose green binding and began to follow the lines with one finger, frowning and reading with his lips. Fred read for an hour, until it began to rain; and as the first gust of drops hit the windowpane by his side, he took off the glasses he'd bought four years ago from a traveling man. He set them on the table and listened to the rain for a few minutes and then got up to pace the room. In a final turn at the window he lunged back across the narrow space between his cot and the wall and yanked open the door.

The dog was lying in the hall. They looked at each other with identical shock.

"Well, git in here," Fred said sharply.

Picture Postmarks



FROM ZOLA W. BUFFINGTON, PIMA, ARIZONA

The dog cringed in around the edge of the door and fled under the bed.

"And stay there," Fred said.

Fred went back to his chair and sat down. He stared at the bed and then, far away, he heard the sound of a train coming. He reached up, turned out the lamp, and then faced the window.

The rain made his window glass seem of uneven thickness. He watched the point of the train's eye grow larger in the outer darkness. The iron might of the train hooted drearily and the thrashing sounds of its massive charge came closer. It passed northward behind the hotel with a furious, clacking rush, with a low rumbling and rattling of wheels that shook the window frames.

Fred watched until the last car had passed and faded into the night. In the lush silence that remained, he sat facing the rain that now fell over the darkness, over back yards and rail fences and over the distant pine trees that stood in ragged points against the night sky.

THE wet silence was peaceful, and the power of the passing train had traveled into Fred Clutton. He thought, as he sat there: It's like a god. Can't be hurt, and don't know no reason but its own. It shakes the ground. And after it's gone there are cinders all over the ground and they're hot. It's the only one that knows how I feel. It knows, all right. We're just alike.

He often told himself that since the day his wife had left him he'd won a wisdom. He had, he thought, learned the beauty of simple solitude. And thinking of the trains that passed and of himself guarding the people from their fury, the people the trains cared nothing about, helped him forget something so humiliating that he had not even been able to run from it to another town because that would have been publicly admitting his shame. That much pride he did have.

It seemed to Fred that everyone in town must know of the day his wife ran off and they must think of it all the time, because he had never forgotten, not for a day—never forgotten how, when he should have gone out there and smashed down the door if he'd had to, or fought it out with knives or fists or clubs if he'd had to, to get his satisfaction, he'd done nothing; and the whole town, he was sure, must know, because Charlie Turner had offered him his horse to go after them, and he'd turned the offer down and done nothing.

He'd stayed home instead, sat in the dark living room of the house he'd later sold to rid himself of what it reminded him of; he'd sat there because he knew he would have been beaten to death in any kind of fight with the other man, and because he knew he didn't have the nerve to use a gun, to kill anyone no matter what he'd done to him. He had done nothing (and he knew it then and for all the years that came afterward) because to lose a wife was not as bad as to lose a wife and get a beating or get killed in the bargain.

But until the dog had come Fred had always thought of himself as moving through the unheard mirth of the town with solitude and solidness that was like a train. The train had been his god, his idol, the image of his longing.

And that was why he had begun to fear and then hate the dog: because he knew he was just as lost and friendless as the dog; the railroad was really a false dream of himself, like the poetry he read, or wanted to read and found so difficult. The dog, with her pitiful eyes, recalled the picture of himself as he had sat in a dark living room twenty years ago and pitifully asked the darkness, as though it were his wife, not to hurt him like this. The memory sickened him: his pleading and asking of why? why? what have I done?

It was the dog, not the train, who really knew how he felt; and they were the two who were just alike.

He sat at the window and the realization disgusted and infuriated him, and he thought again of the dog under the bed. The feeling of peace and power that the passing train had given him was gone.

He turned on the light and, before he went to bed, reached under the cot and dragged the dog out by her forepaws. She came sliding out on her back, her tail curled between her legs, her tongue running quickly out and back over her nose. He threw the dog into the hallway, shut the door, and locked it. "Bitch!"

WHEN he opened the door to the hall the following morning, the dog wasn't there. The rain had stopped during the night, but a dank cool air, reminiscent of the downpour, blew up the quiet corridor. He went down to breakfast, glancing toward the front door, but the dog wasn't outside on the porch either.

He went into the dining room and sat down at his table under the moose head with the bulging eyes. He felt curiously guilty about throwing the dog out into the hall, treating her like that. When the waitress brought his oatmeal he said, scowling at the clotting cereal, "See that fool dog anyplace?"

"About an hour ago," she said. "I guess I did." She shoved a spoon into the steaming bowl. "She was out front."

He nodded and poured his milk, feeling momentarily relieved; and then ran the dog, as a thought, out of his mind. . . .

But the dog was waiting for him at the crossing hut, lying in the rain-flooded hole by the side of the sun-blistered shack. It was a hole she'd dug for coolness, a hole she dug a little deeper every day, as though she were undermining not only Fred but the building he sat in.

Fred stood above her, looking down with his hands on his hips while her thin tail thumped the ground, wet clay sticking to the short hairs. He shook his head while her tail went on thumping the ground; then he turned and went inside the hut, shaking

COLLIER'S "I'm beginning to think Paris is nuts!" JARO FABRY

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FASCINATING DISCOVERIES

THE ZOOLOGIST	THE DISCOVERY
John W. French Princeton University	Goldfish swimming in cold water have a higher I.Q. than those in warm water.
C. F. Winchester University of Missouri	A horse uses up more energy when lying down than when standing up
S. A. Kirk University of Michigan	Rats are either right- or left-handed, and it's usually the former
Dr. E. H. Hughes University of California	If pigs are deprived of vitamins A, B and D they develop eyestrain
Dr. K. M. Rudall University of Leeds	You can turn white rats orange by injecting alloxazine into them
Professor Curt Richter Johns Hopkins University	Diabetic rats instinctively refrain from eating candy
Dr. R. W. Briggs McGill University	Tadpoles develop kidney stones when they eat too much spinach

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

his head, and sat down in his chair. He sat all morning quietly smoking and looking out through the sooty window, unmolested by the sight of the dog. But when he opened his lunch box at noon she was there, her nose in the doorway. He fed her the crusts of his sandwiches, flinging them at her face too fast for her to catch, and then relenting to hand her a half slice of meat. She stood near his feet while she ate, her head bent, gulping the meat, looking at him sorrowfully and humbly.

"I swear to God," he said, "the only thing you understand is a kick in the face. I'm not good enough to you. I ought to kick you in the face. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" The dog wagged her tail. "Git out of here."

This was the day of the accident. . . .

When the 3:05 came down the track that afternoon Fred lowered the crossing gates and went outside to watch it pass. It came toward town from back beyond the pickle factory, whistling and pouring smoke. Fred glanced behind him to see that the striped gates were all right and saw the dog sitting in the middle of the track watching him, sitting right between the rails of the approaching train.

The dog, since she'd begun following Fred and sticking close to his watchman's shack during the day, had grown used to the trains and when they came by she often stood beside the tracks, her tail between her legs, watching them—a little dog with a pointed nose, her head set stiffly toward the clattering wheels. She trembled as they passed, but she'd grown so used to them that it was plain she saw them as nothing unusual or more deadly than anything else in her strange and unfriendly world.

So Fred should have known that she might stand one day in the center of the tracks and watch an engine come down over her, and probably that had been somewhere in his mind when he occasionally thought of the convenience of a train hitting her, although that wasn't actually the way it happened. It had been Fred, not the engine, she stood watching. Still the accident wasn't as tragic as it might have been.

There was time enough, Fred thought, to drive her from the tracks. He picked up a stone, threw it at the dog and yelled. The stone clinked against a rail, bobbed up, and fell. The dog just stood there quivering and staring back. He took a few fast steps, kicking cinders toward her. "You damn' fool!" And then the dog rolled over on her back. He screamed above the whistle of the train, "Git up, git up!"

He hesitated there, with the train sweeping in, glancing toward the looming black form of the engine and then at the dog, her head turned toward him, her eyes abject. The sound of the engine and cars was swarming loudly around his head, the whistle blasting. The hair on his head was prickling and chilling. The train rushed down on him; the earth shook; but he was already on the track then, his arms scooping down for the dog. The train came down with a deafening rumble and hiss, the crazy air sucking at his clothes and body, and thunder came down over him with crushing power and fury, curling in around him like a rocking storm, passing by him, nearly over him.

FRED lay beside the tracks, his eyes closed, hot cinders spraying over him. The dog was quiet in his arms. He wasn't sure then, but he was pretty sure his leg was gone. Down the line the train's brakes were still squealing. He knew his leg was hit but it could have just been brushed. He heard feet running toward him, car doors slamming, voices. He kept his eyes closed, and in a minute didn't have to open them and look at the leg to know.

He loosened his arms and let the dog go. He felt nothing, no pain, no sadness, no anger, nothing. He just wanted them to let him stay there with his eyes closed. He listened to them talking and crowding in around him, and heard some fool say, "Don't nobody move him." He listened to them telling one another how it happened and who to call and what to do and heard someone come running, saying: "My God, it's old Fred Clutton!"

Then Fred opened his eyes to see who it was and said the words that were later to acquire a peculiar renown: "Well, if it ain't old Charlie Turner. Charlie, find that leg for me, will you?"

He hadn't meant to be funny, or sound funny; he'd only wanted to show how cool he felt and how good he felt about being cool. And there was an idea in his head he couldn't get out that if they found the leg they could stick it back to the stump and it would grow on. But somebody got his leg anyway—found it and took care of it; because later Fred had to make arrangements for having it buried.

The loss of Fred's leg brought a good many of the townspeople to his bedside at the hospital, and after Fred had been released those people and the rest of the town thought perhaps the accident, terrible as it was, might actually have done some good. There was even a collection taken to get Fred an artificial leg. But Fred never got used to the leg and used crutches instead.

He hadn't become a talkative man by any means, but it was plain to everyone in town that a shell, or whatever it might be called, had broken from around Fred and a much prouder man than they'd imagined had emerged, a rather friendly man with surprising dignity. There was speculation and guessing, but it couldn't be said for certain why the accident had brought such alterations. Even Fred, for that matter, was only gradually coming to his own conclusion.

THE night after Fred's first day back on the job he sat in his hotel room, at the table, and the dog lay on the bed. The lamp was lighted, but Fred wasn't reading. He was staring thoughtfully at the wall, thinking. He was sitting at the table, fingering the front of his shirt with one hand, when he heard the sound of a train out behind the hotel, coming across its stretch of darkness. He didn't turn to the window, but his fingers stopped moving along the front of his shirt.

The dog got off the bed and walked to the door, her nails clicking against the bare floor. The window began to shake; and the train passed in the darkness and went on.

Then Fred, noticing the dog at the door, got up; he took up his crutches, and he and the dog went downstairs. They went through the lobby, out the front door, across the porch; and Fred stopped and stood on the dark street in front of the hotel and watched the dog cross the pavement toward the park. And he was still as thoughtful and meditative as he'd been in his room as he stood there on the still main street of the small town where only the lights in a few bars and in the drugstore were burning. He packed his pipe and stared across the street, believing he knew now why it was he'd sat that night in an empty house, where a woman had fled, and left an eight-mile ride to a cabin undone.

Wasn't it because he'd never really wanted to go, and just thought he should? (and even if he had gone, wouldn't it have counted for very little?)—because what someone did because he thought he should didn't count at all, or for very much. It was what he felt that counted and what that feeling made him do before he'd had a chance to do any thinking about it—that was what counted. He hadn't gone after his wife because he hadn't really loved her, and she'd certainly never loved him. When a person began to love someone or something he had a way of thinking of it as himself. That's when he acted and that's what counted. Why, hell, he'd never been a coward at all!

The dog came back from across the street and they went back up on the porch. Fred opened the door and they went inside. He went up the steps behind the dog, listening to the sound of his crutches against the wood. The bulb at the top of the stairs was burning and when he went down the hallway to his room his shadow filled the corridor and wavered up the walls, up the sides of the walls and the narrow, paneled doors and fell away and back as he went down to the door of his room where the dog was waiting, its narrow head and thin nose turned toward him, its sharp, dark eyes bright in the hallway light. THE END

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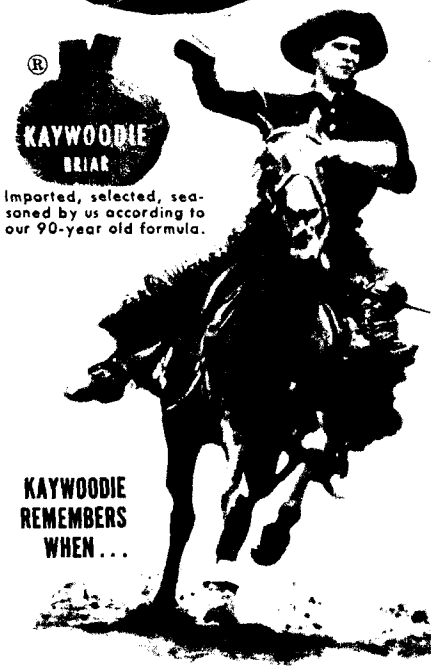

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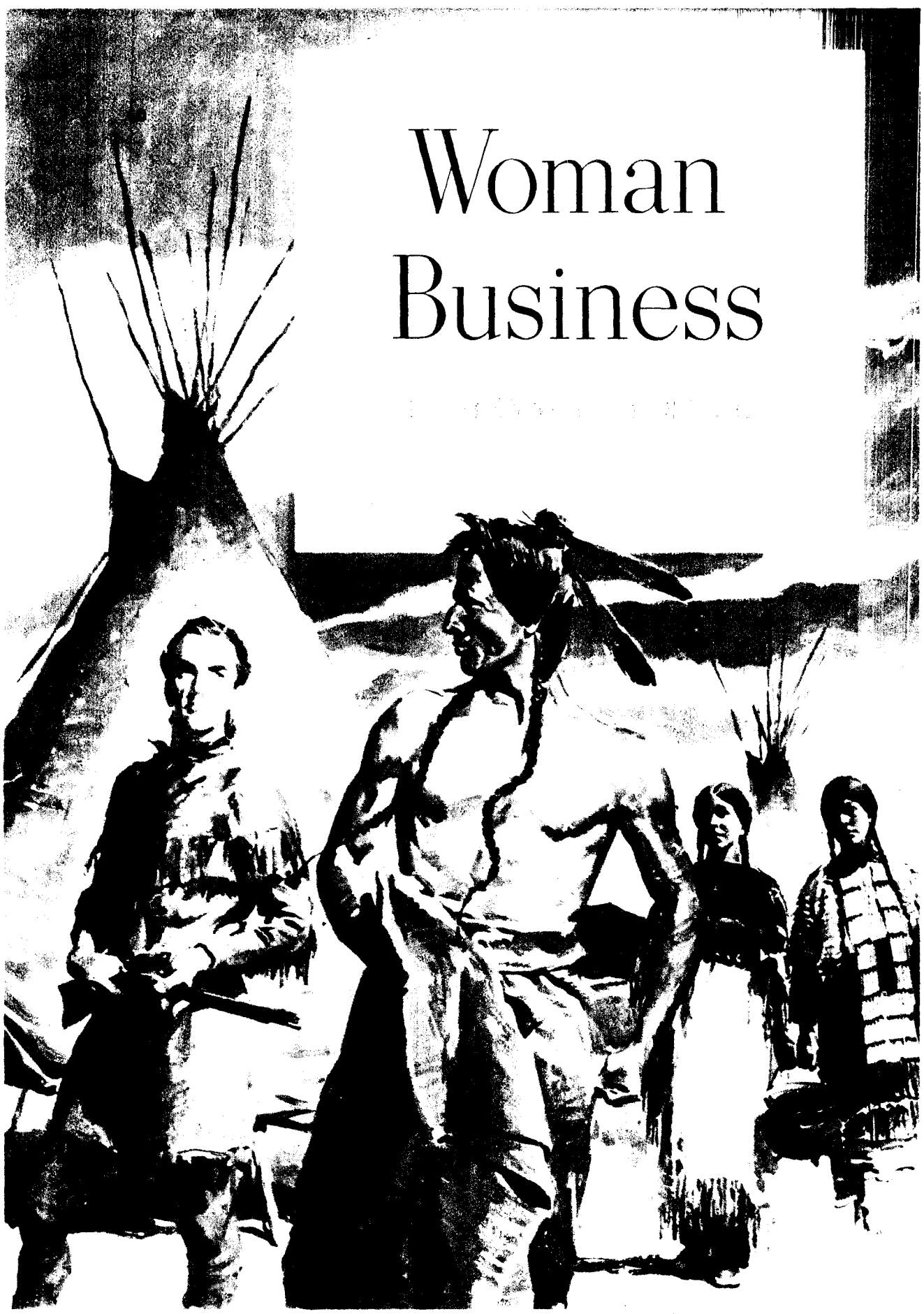

Fights the Horses glared at him. Davy gave the Arapaho a good look at the little end of the gun

Davy Connor learned that sometimes two squaws are better than one—especially if the Arapaho are out to lift your scalp

DAVY CONNOR and Zenas Berdan got all done in St. Louis. They sold their fur and had a spree and bought their trade goods. Davy's rifle was rebored and new molds made for it, and there was nothing to keep them. They packed their horses and started West.

Zenas was footloose as a sand-hill crane, but Davy had a wife waiting. She was Dull Knife's daughter and her name was Woman Who Stands by the Water like a Willow, but Davy called her Nell. Her hair was midnight black and she painted the part with vermilion and wrapped her braids with red cloth. Her clothes were shapeless as a grain sack, and she was just a squaw. But she was pliant as the willow, her namesake, and her voice was soft and her hands small and strong and—well, anyway, Davy wanted to get home.

He and Zenas went right along. The grass was strong to feed their horses and nothing delayed them. They pushed upriver, past Independence and Fort Leavenworth, and reached Fort Atkinson. Henry Bronte was at Atkinson. Henry had located a fur pocket where beaver abounded and planned to make his fall hunt there. The three were old friends and Henry wanted Davy and Zenas to go with him.

"Where 'bouts is this here hole?" Zenas demanded, and when Henry told him, Zenas whistled. "That's Blackfoot country," he said. "They'd rub us out, Henry."

"Not us three they won't," Henry assured. "Take more'n them to put us under." He went on, telling about the hole and describing how to get there.

"It's right at the edge of the Blackfoot country," Henry said, "an' the sign I seen was all old sign. We can go in an' come out with all the beaver we can pack."

"I'll go," Zenas agreed. "How 'bout you, Davy? You can leave your trade here at Atkinson an' come back for it."

That did not shine for Davy Connor. "I'll leave my trade with my squaw," he said, "an' meet you there."

Zenas stayed with Henry, and Davy traveled on. He crossed the Pawnee country and the Sioux country and, two weeks after leaving Atkinson, drove his horses down a long slope and stopped them among Cheyenne lodges.

It seemed like Davy's folks were glad to see him. Nell had been living with her father but she rousted right out and took hold. Dull Knife's wives helped her put up the lodge and she unloaded Davy's horses and carried in the packs, while Davy smoked a pipe with Dull Knife and gave his father-in-law some presents. All the loose bucks in camp came around to Dull Knife's lodge to hear Davy talk and brag about his trip, and that took quite a while.

It was, of course, beneath Davy's dignity to display any eagerness. He was a mountain man and a mountain man's pride was to out-Injun Injuns. What airy Injun did, the mountain man did better, and no Cheyenne or Sioux or 'Rapaho or any of the others would condescend to show affection in public. So Davy kept himself in check and was a man among men; but when he did get loose he went straight to his lodge.

NELL was waiting, and she acted strange. She was pleased with the presents Davy had brought, but she acted as shy as she'd been when they first married. When Davy told her about his plan for a fall hunt, Nell got real upset and protested the scheme for going into the Blackfoot country. Davy, a little angry, said he was sure going, and then Nell just froze up. She would hardly speak to her husband, and Davy's home-coming didn't turn out at all as he had planned it.

The Cheyenne were hunting buffalo and the Dog Soldiers were in charge of Dull Knife's camp. Scouts were out to locate the herd and the camp would not move until they returned. Next day, about noon, old Dull Knife came to Davy's lodge. Dull Knife never interfered with his son-in-law but he talked to Davy this time.

"My son goes to the country of the Blackfeet to hunt?" he asked.

Davy agreed that this was true; that just as soon as the buffalo hunting was finished he would pull out.

Dull Knife shook his head. "My son should stay here," he said. "There are beaver in the Cheyenne country to fill his packs. The Atsina are bad people."

Davy knew why Dull Knife made this talk; Nell had been working on Dull Knife's womenfolks and they in turn had worked on Dull Knife. It made Davy a little sore, having women trying to run his business, but he didn't let his anger show.

"My medicine tells me to go, my father," Davy said. "I have had a medicine dream."

That settled it with Dull Knife, for no Indian would think of going against a medicine dream. But it did not settle things with Nell. She said nothing about the proposed fall hunt, but Davy knew she wasn't suited. Nell did the work around the lodge and cooked and kept Davy comfortable. She made a supply of moccasins for him to take along. But her eyes showed hurt, and she kept Davy at arm's length. Pouting, that's what Nell was doing! Davy's anger and determination grew.

The scouts returned and camp was moved. Drying racks were put up at the new site and then the hunt began. Each day the men tried to kill just what meats the women could butcher, but sometimes they went beyond that number and the squaws had to work on into the night. Davy and his Hawken gun stood ace-high. He was an expert and

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his buffalo horse was good. He'd range alongside a cow meat and jam the Hawken into her flank and shove a galena pill into her, and down she'd come. He'd killed enough to keep Nell busy, and more.

There were three lodges of Arapaho with Dull Knife's people and during the hunting Davy had a jangle with an Arapaho buck named Fights the Horses, each claiming to have killed the same buffalo cow. The Dog Soldiers settled the matter in Davy's favor and Fights the Horses was disgruntled. Fights the Horses was a particular friend of Left Hand Wolf's and had sought sanctuary with Dull Knife's band after murdering a man of his own tribe. Also—and this surprised Davy when he learned it—Fights the Horses had taken a Cheyenne woman to wife: Speaks Softly, Elk Killer's daughter.

BEFORE Davy left for St. Louis, a youngster named Looking Bear had been Speak Softly's favored suitor, but, Davy learned, Looking Bear had fallen upon hard times. His father died and all the old man's wealth was given away.

To do his father honor, Looking Bear gave away his own belongings, a considerable amount, for the young man was a skillful player of the hand game and a successful gambler. Consequently, when Fights the Horses offered ten ponies for Speaks Softly, Looking Bear was out of luck. He could not meet competition and Elk Killer, notoriously grasping, accepted the Arapaho's offer. It was a bad business, for Speaks Softly was unhappy in Fights the Horses' lodge. Davy, who had no use for an Arapaho anyway, gave the cow to Looking Bear, just as a matter of spite and to show Fights the Horses what he thought of him.

The buffalo hunt ended and the Cheyenne moved to their winter camp on Lodgepole Creek. Davy went along for he wanted to get Nell settled and his trade goods in a safe place before he joined Henry and Zenas. The second day in winter camp, Nell informed Davy that the quilling society was going to meet with her and decorate a lodge lining.

The quilling society was a big thing among the Cheyenne women and only the very high-ups in it could decorate a lodge lining. The women got together and quilled and talked and had a feed. Lots of unexpected things came out of such a meeting. Sometimes the men joked about it. "That was decided when the quillers met," they'd say. Nell made considerable fuss getting the lodge ready for the meeting and Davy went to stay with Looking Bear.

Looking Bear's poverty was apparent and so was his mood, which was not happy. To cheer him up Davy took Looking Bear hunting and they killed meat. When they returned, the quillers had adjourned and Nell had a new lodge lining. Also, for the first time since Davy came back from St. Louis, she seemed quite hospitable, so much so that he was tempted to postpone leaving. But he had promised Henry and Zenas, and a promise was a promise. His traps were overhauled, he had molded a supply of ball for the Hawken, and everything was ready. Davy knew he'd have to go. The day prior to that of his departure he woke up and found Speaks Softly in his lodge.

She acted as though she belonged there, sweeping the lodge with a spruce bough and keeping a watchful eye on the cooking pot. When Davy demanded the reason for her presence, she smiled but did not answer. Davy got his clothes on in a hurry and when Nell came in, took her to one side.

Blandly, looking Davy straight in the eye, Nell told him that Speaks Softly was now his wife.

"You are a brave man," Nell said. "It is not fitting that such a man have only one wife. And you go to hunt the beaver. With two wives in your lodge neither will be lonely while you are gone." There was malice in Nell's voice and her eyes dared Davy to make something of it.

Davy boiled inwardly but did not say a word. Custom held him. He had come west with Ashley in 1822 and since then had trapped his beaver and eaten his meat in mountain country. He was Cheyenne by marriage and adoption and he had to act as a Cheyenne would act. He swung on his heel and stalked out, fighting down the temptation to take a lodgepole to Nell and give her a good licking. Leaving the camp he sought a solitary knoll where he could smoke and think and cool off.

SMOKING did not help much; thinking didn't either. Speaks Softly had taken a woman's prerogative and changed husbands. Any squaw could do that. Any squaw, dissatisfied with some brutal or improvident man, could arrange secretly, through some old woman, for another man to buy her. When the arrangement was made she simply moved to her new husband's lodge and began to work, just as Speaks Softly had done. Only Davy had taken no part in this transaction and he wondered why he had been chosen. Looking Bear was the logical man, not Davy Connor.

"Nell, dang her!" Davy muttered as he knocked out his pipe. "She done it. She fixed it when the quillers met, I'll bet!"

He knew that he was right. The quillers, busily at work upon the lodge lining, had doubtless discussed Speaks Softly's predicament and her unhappiness. And then they'd made a plan, with Nell, of course, right in the big middle of it. Nell had agreed to take Speaks Softly into the lodge and Davy Connor was stuck.

For Fights the Horses, as was his right, would complain to the old men about the loss of his wife. He had paid for her and she was his property. There was a ritual in such matters. The old men would set a price that Davy must pay Fights the Horses for Speaks Softly. It would be high, too, for there was not a Cheyenne who did not envy Davy his wealth.

Davy put his pipe into its case. No matter what he paid he had an enemy in Fights the Horses. Fights the Horses was already angry about the buffalo cow and this would make him furious. He would believe that Davy was a party to the transaction, that Davy wanted Speaks Softly and had agreed to her coming. And if Davy threw her out, Fights the Horses would think that he was afraid of him. Davy grunted and got up. He'd never seen the 'Rapaho yet he was afeared of. He walked toward the camp. He'd see what happened next.

Davy found company when he came stalking into his lodge. Dull Knife was there with one of his wives, and Looking Bear was loafing against a back rest. Davy glared at the young man, not knowing particularly why he was angry with Looking Bear, but angry nevertheless. Looking Bear took the hint and left, carrying a bundle with him, and Speaks Softly brought Davy a bowl of meat. Soon the old men came.

There were Left Hand Wolf, Buffalo Robe and Hump, and they set a price on Speaks Softly that made Davy wince. Davy opened his packs and Left Hand Wolf, his relish for the job quite evident, selected article after article. Davy sat by, his face as impassive as Dull Knife's, and when Left Hand Wolf was done, gave him a present.

"Here is a knife, Uncle," Davy said. "It is a squaw's knife but I give it to you." Left Hand Wolf scowled but could do nothing other than receive the gift, and Davy felt a little satisfaction. He'd shown that he was bigger than any of them, and he'd taken a dig at Left Hand Wolf who, as Fights the Horses' friend, had no doubt dictated that high price.

The old men left and squaws came to carry away the trade. When they were gone Dull Knife and his wife withdrew and Speaks Softly took a kettle and went for water.

"Go with her," Davy ordered harshly. "She is my wife. Watch her so that she will not run away with Looking Bear."

"She will not run away," Nell said. "Looking Bear cannot run away. He is the only man left in his lodge and he has a young brother."

"Go with her," Davy repeated, and Nell went to the lodge door and turned. For just an instant she looked at Davy Connor the way a mother looks at a small, spoiled boy, tolerantly but with some impatience. Then she went out.

DAVY scratched his head. So that was why Speaks Softly had not eloped with Looking Bear. Looking Bear had a family to provide for and couldn't run away. And Looking Bear was too poor to pay any sort of price for the girl. It would be a point of honor among the Cheyenne to pay a big price for a wife taken from an Arapaho. Davy scratched his head again and looked sorrowfully at the depleted packs. He was the goat all right. He could anticipate the next step in the business. After a little time Speaks Softly would again hange lodges. She would go to Looking Bear and because Davy was wealthy in Cheyenne eyes, because he was a white man even though adopted, the old men would award him a couple of scrawny ponies. Picking up the Hawken, Davy left the lodge. Nell was getting even with him for leaving her, all right.

Just outside the lodge Davy encountered

COLLIER'S "That isn't snow; it's only the Christmas bills!" BEN ROTH

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Fights the Horses who glared at him. Davy swung the Hawken gun, gave the Arapaho a good look at the little end of it, and Fights the Horses walked away. Nell and Speaks Softly were coming back from the creek, carrying the kettle between them. Davy went on to Dull Knife's lodge.

He stayed there the remainder of the day and in the evening, still without going home, strolled with Dull Knife down to Buffalo Robe's lodge where a hand game was in progress. The players sat in two lines, facing one another, their bets piled before them. One line passed the bone of a bear's foot from hand to hand while the other side tried to detect who had it. Looking Bear was playing, and so was Fights the Horses, facing each other, opponents. Fights the Horses was betting some of the trade goods Davy had paid for Speaks Softly, and against these Looking Bear wagered a brass-mounted pistol and some wire ornaments.

Davy's eyes widened, for the pistol and ornaments belonged to Nell. He stood by and watched Looking Bear win two butcher knives, an ax head and a length of red strouding, and then walked out, mad as a disturbed grizzly. Nell had not only arranged for Davy to be stuck when Speaks Softly changed husbands; she had also loaned or given Looking Bear the wherewithal to gamble. Davy knew how the game would turn out: Looking Bear would have the trade and Fights the Horses would have nothing but anger.

The fire was low when Davy walked into his lodge and Nell and Speaks Softly had gone to bed together. Davy turned in. He lay awake for quite a while, listening to the women whispering. Now and then he heard a giggle. Laughing at him, they were. Laughing at Davy Connor and the way he was being used. And he couldn't do a thing about it. He had to keep a straight face and say nothing. If he were a Cheyenne he had to act like one.

Davy left next morning. Dull Knife rode with him, giving sage counsel concerning the Atsina against whom he had warred many times, and at the southern edge of the encampment they passed the three lodges of Arapaho. Dull Knife jerked his head toward them.

"That man is not your friend," Dull Knife warned.

"Huh!" Davy said.

Dull Knife went a little farther and then Davy rode alone.

HENRY BRONTE and Zenas Berdan were waiting in the hole when Davy got there. They had built a little cabin and had a scaffoldful of meat behind the place. Their horses were located, they had scouted out the pocket. Everything was ready to start trapping. There was no fresh Indian sign, Henry said. The beaver were thick as lice in a blanket and everything looked right to make fur. They had two months, perhaps three if luck held, before the passes were blocked by snow and the streams frozen solid.

"I didn't aim to be so late," Dave apologized. "I aimed to get here an' do my share."

"N'mind about that," Henry said. "Jest get to trappin'!"

They got to trapping. They put on old wool pants so that water would drain from them, and they set their traps where the beaver were, putting a twig over each set and touching its end with beaver castor, the smell bait carried in a small horn vial. Each day they lifted traps and took beaver. They skinned and fleshed the pelts of the drowned animals, and stretched them on willow withes. They made a wooden press to bale their fur.

"Jest look at that!" Zenas marveled as the bales increased. "You know what? I think we'd ought to stay here an' make our spring hunt."

"Suits me," said Davy Connor.

Busy as they were there was time for relaxation, time to loaf and smoke and talk. Here, with his own kind, Davy could speak as he pleased and he told Zenas and Henry of the happenings in the Cheyenne winter camp; about Speaks Softly and Fights the Horses, Nell and Looking Bear. Henry and Zenas nodded their understanding.

"Usin' you," Zenas said. "Why don't you quit her, Davy? No sense to go back. Why, likely she'll run off with that young buck herself."

"A squaw don't mean nothin'," Henry said. "I had four of 'em, an' I know. Forget it, Davy. We'll take our fur out, come spring, an' go to rendezvous. Next year we can trap the Shoshone country on the west side of the range."

"Well, maybe," Davy said.

The more he thought about it the more convinced he became that Henry and Zenas were right; the more nearly he made up his mind to take their advice and go with them. The trade goods he had left with Nell didn't matter—there was just a little jag of it anyhow—and in Davy Connor's mind the recollection of his treatment rankled.

Used me, that's what she done, he thought. And then, he thought: To hell with her!

A little snow fell and there was a fringe of ice along the streams the men waded. The weather closed down cold and the snow stayed on. Zenas came in, his eyes wide with excitement. He had found fresh moccasin tracks.

"I thought you said them Blackfeet didn't use in here," he said, confronting Henry.

Henry and Davy accompanied Zenas to his discovery. Sure enough, the tracks had been made by Blackfoot moccasins. They worked a circle around the spot but the tracks left snow for rock and were lost.

"Jest one man," Davy said.

"Well," Henry asked, "what do you say we do?"

They talked it over. There were the beaver waiting for the traps, and on the other side of the argument were the Blackfeet. Just one man had passed through the country and he might not have seen the trappers' sign at all. That was an optimistic, almost foolish, view. In their eagerness to take beaver they had been careless and had left plenty of sign. A man could hardly miss it. And one man would not attack; he'd see that sign and go for reinforcements.

"No use in gettin' upsot," Henry said. "Mebbe he did an' mebbe he didn't. Anyhow, I vote to stay a while."

"Me too," Davy seconded, thinking of the beaver.

"An' me," Zenas agreed. "Only I aim to get out with my fur before ol' man winter shuts us in. No spring hunt here for this child."

Zenas spoke with the voice of discretion. It would be a fine idea to leave before winter shut them in. But for the present they returned to trapping and, as a concession to the tracks, posted a guard. Each day in rotation, one man left his traps to the others and circled around the camp, keeping a careful eye on the two passes and scouting downstream along the river.

FOR three days they were undisturbed and nothing more was seen to cause alarm. The weather held clear and beaver pelts multiplied in the cabin. Then snow fell again, forerunner of true winter.

"Time to pull out," Zenas warned.

Traps were lifted for the last time, the last fur was baled and the horses were brought in close. The men worked with dispatch but not in frantic hurry. They would get out before the passes closed, and the snow stilled their concern about the Blackfeet. The Blackfeet would not travel in a storm.

COLLIER'S

"Well, I told you I didn't know much about cooking. Maybe the pepper had too much seasoning in it"

KATE OSANN

"Tomorrer," Zenas said, "we'll be over the pass. I'm goin' to Fort Atkinson. I never liked them *mangeurs de lard,* but I'll winter there."

"Me, too," Henry agreed. He was mending a pack saddle, lacing on new rawhide. Zenas reached for the venison haunch roasting over the fire, and slicked off a chunk with his knife. They looked at Davy Connor where he squatted by the fire. The snow had stopped and dusk had not quite come; light still seeped in around the edges of the elk hide that blocked the door. Above Davy the square of window covered with thin greased rawhide, showed gray.

"I think—" Davy began.

The window rawhide split and an arrow thudded into the logs opposite, quivering there. Outside the war whoop sounded.

Squalling like an angry cat, Davy Connor snatched the Hawken gun and dived through the doorway. Zenas and Henry Bronte came boiling after him. They broke from the cabin to the shelter of the willow thicket not five rods away, gained the willows, and dropped flat. They saw nothing. Except for the arrow and that first yell they might have been alone. Then off to the right they heard movement.

"The hosses!" Henry rasped.

There was a rub. Blackfeet for sure would go for the horses. Horses were wealth and men on foot moved slowly and were an easy prey. With one accord, on their bellies, Davy and Zenas and Henry squirmed through the thicket.

Davy, reaching the edge of the willows first, saw movement, leveled off and fired. The powder cracked but no satisfying thunk of striking lead followed. Davy had missed and there was no time to reload, for a warrior was right on top of him. Davy swung the rifle like a club and in the instant before it fell caught a glimpse of Fights the Horses' snarling face. The gun came down and Davy dropped it to leap in, Green River knife in hand. He heard Henry shoot, heard the crack of Zenas' gun and Zenas' yell. He snatched up the Hawken and straightened. Henry and Zenas were threshing off through the spruce beyond the horses. Davy followed, pouring powder, ramming lead, and priming as he ran.

He pulled up panting, at the edge of the little meadow. The horses were behind him and Zenas was coming through the spruce.

"Jest a little bunch," Zenas reported. "Four of 'em. I seen one runnin' off. I wasn't loaded, damn it!"

Henry Bronte came prowling back. "Dang' fools!" Henry stated with scorn. "Whyfor did they shoot an' yell? They was after the horses. You think the Blackfeet have gone crazy?"

" 'Rapaho," Davy corrected, "not Blackfeet. I knowed one of 'em. Killed him, too."

"I got another," Henry said. "How 'bout you, Zenas?"

"Back there." Zenas jerked his head toward the willows. "Let's look."

They made inspection in the gathering dusk. Fights the Horses was at the edge of the thicket; two others, Arapaho that Davy had seen in Dull Knife's camp, were farther on. They left the dead men and went to the cabin where the arrow was embedded in the wall. It was a Blackfoot arrow.

"No use standin' here chewin' it over," Henry said, stopping the talk. "They're 'Rapaho right enough, an' Davy knowed 'em, but that's a Blackfoot arrer. Mebbe the 'Rapaho an' the Blackfeet have tied up. I move we go. Right now."

"But not without the fur," Zenas said. "Good thing they didn't wait till mornin'; they'd of caught us on the road. Let's get the hosses."

Henry and Zenas moved, but Davy stood, scratching his head and staring at the arrow. The whole business was upside down and inside out. Davy could understand why Fights the Horses and those others had come: They had followed Davy, meaning to kill him. And he could understand why they had chosen this particular time to try for the horses; they had seen the trappers preparing to depart. But why had the Arapaho yelled and shot an arrow into the cabin, so giving an alarm? It just didn't make sense. Nor did it make sense to suppose that Arapaho and Blackfeet had joined in alliance. If Blackfeet were around they would have killed the Arapaho as readily as the trappers. Davy knelt to roll the bed robes. This thing was too steep for him.

MORNING found the three bucking drifts in the partially blocked southern pass. By noon they were through and traveling down the bald slope. Then out of the timber to the north a single man came riding, straight toward them. Davy and Zenas and Henry squinted against the snow glare and uncased their guns.

"Injun," Henry said.

"Where there's one there's more," Zenas warned. "Keep your eye skinned."

As the rider neared, Davy voiced astonishment. "I know him," he informed. "That's Looking Bear."

"Don't matter who he is," Henry said. "I don't trust no Injun."

Well out from the group Looking Bear paused. His bow was cased, his two ponies gaunt, he showed some wear and tear himself, but when Davy gestured him in, he came on nonchalantly. He spoke a greeting to Davy, he stared impassively at Zenas and Henry. He had come, Looking Bear announced, to ride with his brother. His hands echoed the words in signs.

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"Let's ride then," Zenas said.

They went on down the slope.

That night they camped in the foothills in the bend of a little creek where wind had blown the snow clear so that the horses could find grass, and where willows offered concealment. There was meat and after they had eaten, each man unrolled his robes. Looking Bear, close by Davy Connor, made quite a ceremony of opening his bed and Davy, his attention drawn, grunted like a man hit low. There in Looking Bear's robes was a pair of worn Blackfoot moccasins. Closer scrutiny disclosed the feathered shaft of an arrow. Looking Bear blandly uncovered the arrow, and it was Blackfoot, too. Then, without a word, he lay down and was instantly asleep.

"Trustin', ain't he?" Zenas commented, but Davy did not answer. He lay down and pulled his robes about him, but he did not go to sleep. Blackfoot moccasins and a Blackfoot arrow. Now Davy knew who had made the tracks back in the pocket, who had whooped an alarm, and who had shot through the window of the cabin. Looking Bear! But why?

WHEN the camp was up, in the morning, Davy announced that he was not going to Atkinson with his companions. He was going back to the Cheyenne camp. Astonished, Henry and Zenas argued and swore, but Davy had made up his mind.

"That's where my stick floats an' that's where I'm goin'," Davy said, and nothing swayed him. He had to see the end of this.

Finally, grumbling and a little angrily, Henry and Zenas said all right, they'd see him at summer rendezvous, providing he kept his hair. During all this, Looking Bear was blandly indifferent.

Henry and Zenas pulled out, their packs bumping against the sides of their lead horses. Within minutes they were a string of dots, traveling over the snow toward Fort Atkinson. Davy sat down on his robes, removed his pipe from its case and loaded it.

"We will smoke," he said, and having made the gestures in the four directions, lighted the pipe. He took three long draws, holding the smoke until he was about to burst before he let it go, then passed the pipe to Looking Bear. Looking Bear also drew in smoke, held, and expelled it.

"You are angry?" he asked.

"Why should I be angry with my brother?" Davy returned.

"Speaks Softly is in my lodge," Looking Bear said.

Davy's face did not change expression.

A moment's silence, then Looking Bear continued. "I paid a great price for her," he announced, and there seemed to be some regret in his tone. "Cloth and wire and . . ."

One by one Looking Bear enumerated the things that he had paid. Davy, ticking the items off in his mind, learned that every article of trade, everything that he had given Fights the Horses, was now returned. "These I gave to Dull Knife for Speaks Softly." Looking Bear concluded: "They are in your lodge. It was a great price."

"A great price," Davy agreed, and took the pipe.

When Davy had smoked, Looking Bear spoke again. He had, he said, left the camp twelve days ago, following Fights the Horses and those others. He had thought that Fights the Horses carried a bad heart toward his brother, Davy Connor.

"You did not see me," Looking Bear bragged. "I saw your camp and all your traps, but you did not see me. Fights the Horses did not see me. I was wise as a wolf."

"We found my brother's tracks," Davy said gravely.

"Where I left them!" Looking Bear scoffed. "You did not find my tracks until I wished it. Fights the Horses was a child. Those others were children. You were all foolish children, but Looking Bear is a man!"

"Fights the Horses is dead," Davy said. "He was a child and Looking Bear is a man. Did anyone get away?"

"Not one!" Looking Bear spoke savage satisfaction. "I would have taken a scalp but the Arapaho are our friends and the women said—" He broke off. He had talked too much. The pipe was out and Davy cased it thoughtfully. There were many questions Davy could ask but he knew it was no use. Looking Bear was done talking and anyhow Davy didn't need to ask questions. The women had sent Looking Bear. Those Blackfoot moccasins had been made by some quiller who knew the proper pattern. Those Blackfoot arrows, the one in the cabin wall and the other in Looking Bear's robes, had once been war trophies belonging to some quiller's husband. Looking Bear had been used, just as Davy Connor had been used.

"We go now?" Looking Bear said.

"We go," Davy agreed. . . .

Looking Bear was cheerful all that day and all the next and next. He talked and bragged and ate and slept and never said a word about the fur pocket or the Arapaho. Only, when finally they reached Lodgepole Creek and rode into the camp past the Arapaho lodges, he jerked his head toward them and grunted.

"After a while," Looking Bear said, "the squaws will paint their faces black and cut their hair and their legs."

Signs of mourning, Davy thought, and Looking Bear was right.

No Indian camp is without its guards and Davy and Looking Bear had been seen. A crowd greeted them by Dull Knife's tepee and Nell and Speaks Softly appeared and led away the horses. Dull Knife held open the door of his lodge and Davy and Looking Bear went in, men pushing after them. Then there was a smoke and much talk and many compliments on the bales of beaver in Davy's packs, but no word was spoken concerning Fights the Horses or his Arapaho, and the squaws, peering in through the door, looked at Davy and giggled. There was amusement in the eyes of the men, as well, and inside Davy anger came again. Finally Dull Knife stood up and Davy was free to go.

IN HIS own lodge the fire was bright, the packs of beaver had been stored, and meat was stewing in the kettle. In front of the fire were all the trade goods that Davy had paid Fights the Horses and behind these Nell stood waiting.

Davy stopped inside the door, his head just clear of the covering, and Nell faced him defiantly.

"Looking Bear paid these things for Speaks Softly," she said, gesturing to the trade. "Speaks Softly is in his lodge. My father—"

"I know that," Davy interrupted. "That is not news."

"Looking Bear followed Fights the Horses and those others," Nell began again. "He—"

"I know that," Davy repeated. He stared steadily at Nell.

Nell lowered her eyes. For a long moment she was quiet and then she said, very softly, "My heart was bad toward you. You went to hunt the beaver. A man should be in his lodge when his son is born."

"Son?" Davy Connor could hardly believe his ears.

Nell, still without raising her eyes to meet Davy's moved across the lodge. From a bed she picked up a bundle Davy had not seen. There was the sleepy sound a baby makes when it is wakened.

"Mok-so-is," Nell crooned. "Little Pot Belly. He has ten days." With a step, she reached Davy Connor and placed the boy in his arms. "It was a woman's business," she said softly, "and not meant to trouble men. Speaks Softly was unhappy in Fights the Horses' lodge and her heart was big for Looking Bear. My heart was bad toward you, husband, but now you have come home."

Davy took a stride and put his son gently on the bed. When he turned, Nell was close, her arms around his neck and her face raised. What happened then was woman's business, too. THE END

Hunters Under the Sea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

swims near the surface and when a shot at him misses, he takes off like a streak of lightning, then circles back to do battle.

The flat, gold-flecked *sar* are somewhat like birds in their habits. In the small stones at the sea's bottom they build nests where the females lay their eggs. When a hunter approaches, they try to lure him away from the nest, allowing him to come quite close before taking shelter in the tall seaweed.

When I first became interested in *la chasse sous-marine* I hunted primarily in water from six to seven feet in depth, and sometimes in shallows no deeper than my neck. But after learning a few of the tricks of the sport and gaining confidence, I looked about for bigger game.

It was while casting about among some rocks in search of bigger game that I ran into Doctor Robert. One of the resident surgeons at the Toulon Hospital, he was in his thirties, stood five feet eleven in his bare feet and weighed about 190 pounds. In his right thigh and leg he carried the deep scars of machine-gun bullet wounds received while serving with a Maquis outfit in the north country. For his hunting gear he had a beat-up rubber-strap gun and an old mask, which shipped so much water that he was forced to empty it after each dive. In spite of its seeming inadequacy he was the most remarkable underwater hunter I have ever seen in action.

Because he considered it assassination to shoot anything weighing less than two pounds, he always had a string of beauties attached to the left side of his belt. On the other side he carried a homemade knife fashioned from an old saw blade; the handle was of cork, and after he used the blade and let go of it, it floated to the surface. Whereas most hunters prefer a trident-headed arrow, Doctor Robert considered this practice unsportsmanlike; he hunted with the small single-barbed harpoon. I have seen him, in 10 feet of water, shoot a *dorade* directly through the eye, as it was flashing by him.

At first when I accompanied Doctor Robert, I did not have the endurance to stay with him, for he cruised about in the deep, buoyant water of the Mediterranean for an hour at a time. After a week, however, I was able to stay abeam of him and study his methods. They were not in the least complicated; he would spot a fish in from 20 to 25 feet of water, leisurely dive and stay below the surface for as long as two minutes.

His secret lay in his barrel chest and tremendous lung capacity—nothing more. To see him far below, in the clear greenish water, peering and poking under the rocks, was a weird experience in itself. Then I would hear the sibilant swish of the rubber straps of his gun and up he would come, blowing a stream of water from his breathing tube like a whale breaking surface. Two out of every three times he would have a fish on the end of his harpoon.

It was after several weeks of fishing in 20 feet of water that Doctor Robert invited me to go with him to Rouveau Island, where, he said, hunters claimed to have seen an octopus weighing 80 to 100 pounds and waving tentacles the size of a man's arm.

"What does an octopus feed on?" I asked.

"Flesh," he replied. "Any kind."

Doctor Robert was a surgeon and it oc-

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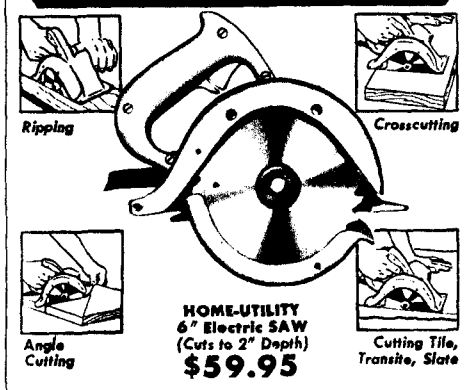

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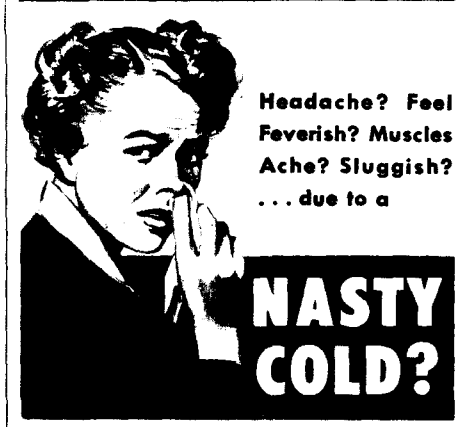

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curred to me that he had the grim sense of humor that some surgeons seem to come by after several years of operating.

Anyhow, there we were in the waters off Rouveau.

Wetting my face so that the rubber of the mask would take a better hold, I adjusted the strap at the back of my head. Then, with the breathing tube between my teeth and my gun in my left hand, I slipped into the cool water.

Below me the clear sea was alive with small fish, some the colors of the rainbow, others striped like zebras. There were long ones and flat ones and round ones. There were some with queer pug-nosed heads. Others were long-nosed with flat faces. Some had whiskers that dragged the bottom. Others had the grotesque appearance of insects viewed through a powerful microscope. Among them all, the most striking was the majestic *corbeau,* with an ebony, gold-flecked body, trailing a tail as exquisite as black Italian lace. In a sandy patch of the ocean's floor I saw a baby octopus—the clown of the sea—swimming along with the loose, flowing movements of one of those comic entertainers who dance as though they have no bones in their body. Near him was a black-spotted sand shark, underwater kin to the stealthy, slinky-eyed leopard.

Below me an amazing new world opened, with its own forests, ravines, river valleys and mountains. The grottoes and caves started as small holes in the tops of the rocks and branched out into great underwater chambers, whose walls were heavily decorated with brightly woven tapestries of colored algae. Here and there bright orange starfish hung like paintings on a wall.

Terrified by a Sea Beast

Suddenly, across this world, a thick, black shadow moved from behind a cone-shaped rock. I could make out the huge, frightening head of a *mérou,* its mouth big enough to swallow the head of a man. It must have weighed 60 pounds. My heart skipped a beat. I was so startled by the size of the creature that I floated there with my gun pointing downward uselessly. The *mérou* was more alert. It streaked into the dark depth the moment it saw me. I had ruined my first chance, and I was thoroughly ashamed of myself.

Glancing along the sparkling surface of the sea I saw the back of Doctor Robert's head; evidently he had not seen my *mérou,* for he was still busy searching the bottom, his breath issuing from his respirator in watery, sharp puffs.

Heading in closer to the rocks, where the water was shallower, I came upon a patch of long, swaying grass. There were some *dorade* feeding there, all of them in the vicinity of four to five pounds. I was about to go down for one, when a great flash of silver shot through the water. Immediately, I stopped. It was a splendid tuna.

Shifting my gun into my right hand, I dived, approaching the fish from above and behind. It did not take fright. Two yards or so away, I brought the muzzle of my gun directly to the middle of its back and, steadying my trembling hand, pressed the trigger. The barbed missile cut a bubbling track in the water and all hell cut loose. The tuna sounded.

I had forgotten to loosen the lock-nut on my reel. The fish took me to the bottom. My lungs were bursting. The pressure on my eardrums grew almost unbearable.

I realized that I must either let go the gun and lose both the fish and my weapon, or I must hang on long enough to release the reel lock.

The pressure of the water now was driving my mask hard against my nose. The rubber flattened painfully against my upper lip. Finally, I found the lock and loosed it.

I cut for the surface as rapidly as I could swim, and managed a few huge gulps of cool air before the wounded tuna ran the length of my line and pulled me back below.

When I made the surface again, I passed Doctor Robert like an aquaplane rider behind a speedboat. I caught a glance of amazement on his face and down I went once more. As I came to the surface the third time, I lost hold of my breathing tube and yelled for the doctor.

La chasse sous-marine had taken on a rather serious aspect. I found myself entertaining fond wishes of once more resting my feet on the good earth. My gun had cost me 10,000 francs and I didn't want to lose it. After a few more swallows of sea water, however, my resolution began to falter. I was on the point of deciding that perhaps it would be better to lose the 10,000 francs than my life when the tuna slacked off and allowed me to come to the surface.

As I reeled in line, I could see the fish coming up from below. The harpoon had impaled him. By the manner in which he opened and closed his huge mouth, I could tell he was weakening. But he was still far from dead. As I got him closer I glanced up and saw Doctor Robert waving excitedly.

Assuming he was congratulating me, I lifted my arm to wave back. At that moment something hit me on the side of the head and everything plunged into darkness.

When I came to, I was lying face down on a smooth rock. Doctor Robert was straddling my back, applying artificial respiration.

"The fish?" I bubbled, through a noseful of bitter, regurgitated water. Following his pointing finger, I saw my tuna lying on the beach. Relaxing, I added, "What ran into me, a boat?"

"Never land a tuna that way," Doctor Robert said. "The tail might have broken your neck."

After assuring himself that I was breathing normally once more, Doctor Robert entered the water again and soon returned with a couple of kilos of *dorade, loup* and *rouget.* We collected some driftwood, got a fire under way, placed two flat stones in the center of the flames and grilled the fish on them.

After lunch and a long siesta, we again put on our masks and entered the sea. This time I swam hard by the doctor, and before long I heard him let go several excited blasts through his breathing tube. Far below on the sea floor were three huge rays, their flat black bodies looking like great ink spots against the marble-white sand.

I remembered that the doctor had told me the ray was dangerous. Thinking that he was merely showing me the huge fish out of curiosity and that, afterward, he would leave the locality, I began to swim away. But Doctor Robert pulled the breathing tube from his mouth and told me we would attack together, taking the nearest ray from opposite sides.

"Keep your gun pointing down," he told me. "Watch my left hand. When I signal we'll fire at the same time."

Suddenly, the water in which I was swimming seemed unusually cold, causing a chill to run through my stomach; fishing with a man like the doctor had a rather peculiar twist to it, for it became necessary to adopt his careless attitude toward life.

"When you get your harpoon into the ray," continued the doctor, "come to the surface and take a strain on your line. I'll do the same from the other side. Then it won't be able to get at either of us. Do not let the ray surface all the way, because it'll try to flip itself out of the water and come down on us from above."

"Suppose," I asked, "one of us should miss?"

"Tant pis," he answered, shrugging his broad shoulders. "So what?"

Thrusting my breathing tube into my mouth, I watched for the doctor to plunge. When he did, I followed, keeping abeam of him as he swam down in an oblique angle. Because the sun's beams were not as direct as they had been in the morning, the water was less clear; it had a bluish murkiness; and the deeper we penetrated the colder it became.

Now I saw the three rays quite clearly; they were huge. I would have been quite content to surface right then, considering the mere sight of them a worth-while experience. But it was too late, for the doctor was depending on me to take the beast from the left side. One harpoon in the fish would put the man holding the gun in an extremely dangerous position.

Within several yards of the flat beast I could make out its long, powerful snakelike tail, with the short single fin and black, hooked stinger on the end. The center of the ray's body was thick, and it was there the vital organs lay.

To send my harpoon into a flipper would be useless—probably the barb would not even take hold. I had to hit close to the head, and at the same time avoid getting too near the poisonous tail myself.

Odds Veer in Savage Battle

Watching Doctor Robert out of the side of my mask, I saw him lift the palm of his hand. As his barbed shaft took flight through the water, I pressed the trigger of my own gun. I saw my harpoon strike the beast where the flipper joined the thicker part of its body, wide of the mark I had set for myself. Before I had reached the surface, the beast began to churn the water with its flippers, and the other two rays took off into the depths, leaving their mate to fight its own battle.

At first the ray tried to follow the others, towing the doctor and me behind. Then it came about to attack, swimming in an awkward flopping manner toward Doctor Robert. I hove hard on my line, praying that the harpoon would not come loose. Then, the ray turned to attack me, and the doctor, in his turn, stopped it. The beast lashed out with its tail, striking my line so hard the gun was all but torn from my grasp. Now we had the ray directly between us and we began to work our way slowly toward the shallows. Once we got a line on the beach we would have it beaten.

Finally we managed to heave the ray into about a fathom of water and I was able to rest my feet on a tall rock. Immediately I began to reel in line. At that moment I felt my harpoon come loose, a huge piece of meat clinging to its barb. Wildly I blew into my breathing tube to warn the doctor. But he had already seen what had happened.

Holding his gun far in front of him, he waited for the ray's attack. Rapidly I reeled in my harpoon and, putting my foot beneath the handle of the gun, rammed the barbed arrow back into the muzzle. Through the water I saw the ray go after the doctor. Instead of turning and swimming for the rocks, Doctor Robert thrust the muzzle of his gun against the ray's head and dodged its flippers. He had his long-bladed knife in his right hand and I saw the blade make a flashing white arc through the water as he struck at the beast.

Making my way behind the ray, I waited for it to let up for a moment. But it seemed to sense there was but one harpoon now and it was fighting like mad to get free. All about it the frothy water was suffused with thin strings of blood. I plunged beneath the surface, came up under the white belly. From below, the ray looked like a huge vampire bat, its eyes sunk deep into a pair of bony long slits; its mouth, with needle-sharp teeth, extending down from its head.

As I fired into the soft underside, the ray made a dive for me, but the doctor held it off. Paying out line, I cut for the beach. Once on the rocks I began to heave the ray ashore. Dr. Robert circled it and when we both heaved, it was not long before we had the ray high and dry. Totally exhausted we sank to the warm sand and lay there breathing hard . . .

When we launched the kayak and set out for home the sun was a great bronze disk on the western horizon, its reflection staining the darkening sea a Burgundy red. Astern, we had made fast our day's catch, and with the additional weight, the going was quite difficult.

By the time darkness closed in and the Rouveau navigation light had begun to throw its signal across the sea, every muscle in my body had stiffened and my shoulders ached so bad that my efforts with the double-ended paddle had slacked off to next to nothing.

"Monsieur l'Américain," remarked Doctor Robert, "you are again dragging your feet."

THE END

Husbands Are Like That

He sleeps through a storm, the windows wide,
The rain swishing in, the lightning ripping—
Then wakes and lies there goggle-eyed
At the gentle "plink" of a faucet dripping.

—RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

COLLIER'S

"George, you darling! You ignored my warning not to play the horses again!"

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Shell Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

"Yes, and I wish they wouldn't. It brings out the best in me. Someday I'd like to find out what the worst is like."

"Maybe you'd be disappointed. Let's go now, shall we?"

I took her hand and we waded toward the beach. Her slim fingers trembled and felt cold, and they tightened on mine every time a mullet jumped in the shallows. When we reached dry sand she kept peering back over her shoulder. Maybe her boy friend *had* been driving that car with the spotlight.

I began chattering, to help her relax. I told her that old Joe Baldwin, my boss, had lent me his family's winter place in Gulf City for my vacation. It was called the Casa del Mar, and it was so big and Moorish that I kept looking around hopefully for a built-in harem. I talked a lot of nonsense about this and that, and gradually her fingers stopped trembling. She told me she was a native of Gulf City and that her name was Valerie Wilson.

WHEN we reached the car, she admired it and said she'd never driven a convertible. Would I let her try it. I said sure, and stowed my shells in the luggage compartment and put on my shoes and lowered the top of the car. We eased along over the rough shell road for a quarter mile, passing a few isolated beach cottages, and then slid onto the concrete road leading to the business center of Gulf City. I relaxed. It was shaping up as a nice vacation. Pretty girl, warm tropic night, soft breeze, gentle hum of tires . . . I sat up suddenly. That was no gentle hum. My tires were beginning to yowl. The speedometer needle passed forty-five, forty-eight . . .

"This road," I said mildly, "is a lousy runway for a take-off."

"Don't you like to drive fast?"

"Sure. Anything up to thirty-five."

"Are you as cautious about everything as you are about driving?"

"Not at all. I lose my head about women. Within reason, of course. Look, we're getting into town. They have cops here. Probably one is flying formation with us right now."

"Nonsense."

I looked back. As a matter of fact there *were* headlights keeping pace with us, a few hundred yards to the rear. I told her about it.

"A cop," she said, "would have caught us long ago."

Just then she stamped on the brakes. The car almost stubbed its radiator cap on the street, swung into a side road.

"You live down here?" I asked.

"No. I just thought you'd like to see this section. Pretty, isn't it?"

"Nicest blur I ever saw." I looked back. A car made the turn behind us. It flashed under a street light and I saw it clearly. "Hey!" I said. "That's the gray sedan from the beach. He's tailing us!"

"Ridiculous," she said. "I'll prove he isn't."

She began whipping the car in and out of back streets, making fast skidding turns and racing down straightaway with the accelerator nailed to the floor. I had never realized that a car could do things like that. The next time I took her for a drive we would use an oxcart. The headlights behind us kept pace for a few turns, then vanished.

Valerie glanced at the rearview mirror and said, "See, I proved it."

"You merely proved you're a faster driver than he is. Or maybe he switched off his headlights and is still following. Or—"

She made another turn and came out on the main business street of Gulf City, heading for a traffic light.

"The light's red," I muttered without much hope.

She made a quick left turn in front of a truck coming out of the cross street. "Did you say that light was red?" she asked.

"Yes. We went through it. Do you mind if I mention something else? We're headed in the wrong direction on a one-way street."

"You should have told me before I made the turn. I can't read your mind, can I?" She made another turn—legal, for a change—and braked to a quick stop in front of a bus terminal.

"If the cops in this town are awake," I said, "my license number is probably as well-known right now as yesterday's winning number in *boleta*."

"Whatever *boleta* is."

"It's Florida's version of the numbers racket. If you live here, how come you don't know that?"

"I don't go in for things that are against the law," she said, looking at me with wide innocent eyes. "Well, thanks awfully, Mr. Stuart. I'm sorry I wrecked your nerves. If you get in any trouble about my driving let me know. Valerie Wilson. I'm in the book." She gave me a bright smile and a pat on the hand, and jumped out of the car.

I came out of my side of the car fast and caught her as she reached the sidewalk. "Look, honey," I said. "I don't have one of those greased-lightning brains. Mine works more like a wet match. But even I can work this out. The driver of that car on the beach was hunting for you, and he tailed us into town."

"All right," she said. "I admit it. I didn't want to tell you because I thought you'd be upset and worry about maybe getting in a fight. But you don't have to worry now."

"Good. I wish I thought you didn't have to worry, either."

"Why should I worry?"

"A guy who chases you like that is likely to keep on, isn't he? You'd better tell the police."

"Perhaps I will. Thank you so much, Mr. Stuart. Good night."

I said slowly, "And when you go to the police don't tell them you drove to the beach to watch the moon come up over the Gulf. You said this is your home. The cops will think it's odd that you don't know where the moon rises. It comes up in the east. It *sets* over the Gulf."

"Well, honestly! I'm just a working girl, not an astronomer. Why are you acting this way? What are you trying to prove?"

"I think you're in trouble."

"That's silly. But if I were, just what would you do about it?"

"That depends. If you're in a jam and it's not your fault, I'd like to help."

"And suppose it was my fault?"

"Valerie, I think women are wonderful. I worship them. But when they go shopping for bargains in trouble, I want to worship them from afar."

She said in a jeering tone, "Galahad with his fingers crossed. Romeo asking Juliet for her character references. Good night, Mr. Stuart."

SHE walked toward the entrance to the bus station. I kept pace with her, and said, "I know you don't live in a bus station. Let me bore you a little longer and make sure you get home safely."

"Oh, I could scream!" she said. "There's nothing wrong with me that an aspirin and hearing you say good-by won't cure. I—" She bumped into the doorway of the bus station and her white plastic shoulder bag flew open. The contents scattered all over the pavement: a lipstick and compact and bobby pins and cigarettes and matches and a half-used package of fruit drops and a small tin of aspirin and a pencil and all the other junk that women carry. "Look what you made me do!" she cried.

"Sorry. I'm afraid I've made you jumpy."

She stooped and began picking up stuff. "Me jumpy?" she said indignantly. "You're the one who's jumpy. Probably it's just as well I spilled all this. Now you won't suspect me of carrying a small pearl-handled automatic."

"What brought pearl-handled automatics to your mind?" I asked.

"I thought how ridiculously upset you are and I wondered what would upset you more and I decided that a small deadly weapon in my bag would have done the trick. I think my compact rolled into the gutter."

I crawled over to get it, pausing on the way to collect a small white coin purse, a pair of three-cent stamps stuck together, and an empty paper of matches. "I have a theory about girls' handbags," I called over my shoulder. "I claim you can figure out a girl's character from the contents."

I turned to give her the articles. She had vanished.

I spent almost half an hour looking around for her, without any luck. While I was in the bus station I checked the phone book to see if she was really listed in it. She wasn't. I wondered if anything she had told me was true. I doubted it.

I dropped the empty paper of matches into a trash can and put her compact in my pocket. I opened the coin purse. It contained twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, and a key attached to a plastic tag stamped with the number eight. Probably it fit the lock of her room in a small hotel; a large hotel would have its name stamped on the tag. I looked at the money, shook my head.

Until I opened the purse I hadn't decided what to do, but the money gave me a legitimate excuse to try to find her. I didn't want her to vanish from my vacation quite so fast. I also wanted very much to know if she was in as much trouble as I suspected.

I DROVE a couple of blocks to police headquarters. Gulf City is a town of fifteen thousand and the police merely rated a couple of rooms in the big white frame house used as City Hall. I entered one room and saw a young fellow in a khaki uniform behind a desk. In front of him was a desk sign that stated proudly: SAMUEL TINSMAN, CHIEF OF POLICE. He wore a gold badge that also proclaimed in letters as big as could be crowded onto it: CHIEF OF POLICE. I got the idea; he was probably the chief of police. As I entered he was intently listening to a big guy in civilian clothes who lounged beside his desk. The expression on the chief's serious young face was that of a kid getting the low-down from Joe DiMaggio.

The big guy had shoulders like the fenders of a jeep. He wore two-toned sport shoes, a light blue suit and dark blue shirt.

The big guy looked my way. He flicked a glance up and down me, and I got the impression that he picked up everything from my shoe size to how much I tip barbers. "You have a visitor, Chief," he said.

The chief swiveled toward me. "Evening," he said. "I didn't hear you come in. Anything wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said cautiously. "Does much go wrong around here?"

"In Gulf City? No indeed, mister. And it had better not. We enforce the laws around here."

"I was merely wondering," I said. "If anything big went wrong you'd know it fast, wouldn't you? I mean, if one of your prowl cars turned up something, they'd get to a phone and call in right away?"

"We have two-way radio," he said with quiet pride.

"Is the far southern end of the beach within city limits? And if it is, do your prowl cars ever take a run down there?"

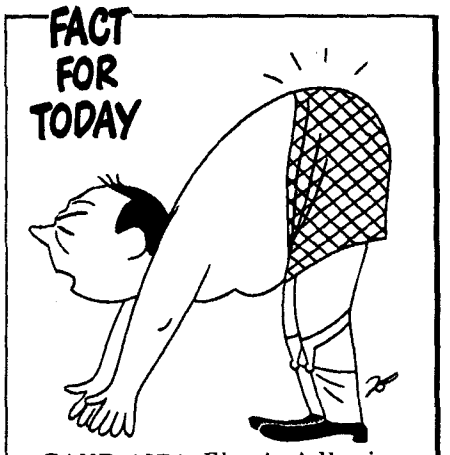
"Yeah, it's in the city. But we don't go down there unless we get a call. Don't think any of my cars has been there in months."

"Do you use gray sedans?"

"Why, no. We—"

The character in the sharp outfit broke in. He had a voice like a subway train putting on brakes. "Why let him pump you, Chief?" he said. "Ask him what the hell he wants."

I looked at the guy. I didn't like his



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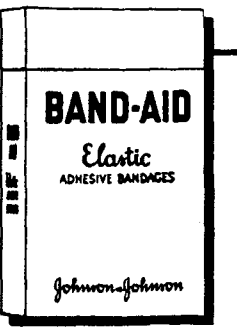

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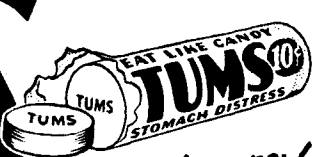

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clothes. I didn't like his voice or the way he muscled in on my conversation with the chief. He had wavy black hair and the kind of rugged good looks you sometimes see on fighters who haven't soaked up too many punches. I didn't like his face, either. "If this guy isn't one of your men," I told the chief, "I don't see why I have to discuss my business in front of him."

The chief said, "He happens to be Detective Sergeant Al Leonard."

"I didn't know Gulf City had a detective sergeant."

The chief said irritably, "We don't have. Sergeant Leonard is a visitor from up North. He's here on vacation. Suppose you state your business and I'll decide whether it's private or not."

I shrugged. There was no use letting a dislike for Sergeant Leonard upset my plans. I said, "I'm trying to locate a girl named Valerie Wilson."

"What do you mean, you're trying to locate her? When did you see her last?"

"I was with her tonight. And she sort of, well, vanished."

"Vanished, huh?" the chief said in a shocked tone. He pulled out a notebook and wet the stub of a pencil and printed in big black letters: MISSING PERSON. "Age and address?" he asked.

"She's in her twenties. I don't know her address. I don't think all this is necessary, Chief."

"I got to get the facts. Color hair?"

"Well, the light played funny tricks with it, and it was partly covered by a bandanna. Dark brown, I think, but I couldn't be sure."

"Color eyes?"

I GAVE up trying to head him off. When he chose a course he plodded along it like a loggerhead turtle trundling down a beach. "I don't know the color of her eyes. She wore a white shirt and gray slacks. Bare feet. Height about five five. Weight around one ten. Nice figure. I wouldn't call her pretty."

"Plain, huh?"

"Oh, no. Just the opposite." I was beginning to warm up to the subject. "I don't know if I can describe her face. But maybe I can give you an idea. Look, if you were walking in a garden at night and you met a girl who had a nice low husky voice and sort of a tantalizing laugh but you couldn't really see her, you'd hope she looked the way this girl does. What I mean is, her face would go nicely in a Caribbean travel ad."

Al Leonard gave a mocking whistle. I glared at him.

"Pull yourself together," the chief told me. "You're not giving me a description of the girl, you're writing a pome about her. Any idea where she lives?"

"Only this," I said, handing him the coin purse and explaining how she lost her money and key.

He examined the key and its tag, and said, "We can trace her through this. Just a matter of calling all the hotels and rooming houses and tourist courts. Maybe first you better tell me who you are, and the whole story."

I decided it was all right to talk. I gave him the full story except for the part about Valerie breaking speed limits and going through red lights and bucking traffic on one-way streets; those details might distract him.

When I finished talking, he said, "Leave the purse and money and key and her compact here. I'll see she gets them."

"I want to take them back myself."

"I'll handle it," he said. "This is a police department, not a lonely hearts club. Why don't you let the girl alone?"

"Let her alone? I'm trying to help her!"

"You met a girl on the beach. She didn't go for you. So she beat it."

I said angrily, "What about the gray sedan on the beach? What about the gray sedan tailing us into town? The girl may be in trouble! You can't laugh it off like this."

He drew a thick black cross through the notebook page titled MISSING PERSON. He said, "Go away and write a pome about girls you meet in gardens."

I believe strongly in law and order but at the moment I wanted to start a crime wave. I walked out.

Back in the car, I sat for a few moments wishing I had enough brains to be an idiot. I had certainly booted that one. Now I didn't even have Valerie's hotel key, which had been my only hope of tracing her.

Of course there was one action I could take that might clear up a few things. It meant driving back to the deserted beach and trying to find out what had really happened before I found the girl hiding behind a piling of the abandoned pier. I didn't especially like the idea. On the other hand, I didn't enjoy having a couple of dumb cops push me around. I started the car and headed for the beach. On the way I tried to remember the local tide tables. I had met the girl just before low tide. The water would be coming in now, but not enough to wipe out many footprints. I parked at the end of the road and switched on my flashlight.

The first problem was to find where Valerie had entered the water. I hunted up and down the beach, starting from the pilings, and located her footprints a hundred yards to the north. I began backtracking. The trail led me off the beach into sand dunes. Up there the marks didn't look the same as they looked on the beach. I studied them, got the answer. They looked different because she had been running—hard.

I pushed through a tangle of sea grape, breathing as if I were climbing mountains instead of ten-foot dunes. The sand was too soft to hold a clear print; all I could see were vague hollows. The beam of my flashlight glowed on an object half buried in the sand. I picked it up. It was a red sandal. I plodded on and squirmed through a final thick mass of shrubbery and saw a small beach cottage twenty feet away. It was brightly lighted and a radio was picking up soft rumba music from a Cuban station and just outside the back door lay another red sandal. I crept to a window and peered into the living room.

There was a color inside that matched the girl's red sandals. The color had seeped out over the white shirt of a man who was lying dead on the floor. . . .

My first impulse was to get in my car and see how fast it would really travel, but I waited and at last had a faint urge to find out something more. I moved around the cottage peeking into windows. The man with the stained shirt had the place to himself. I picked up the second red sandal, not quite knowing why, and opened the back screen door and went in.

An empty ice-cube tray sat on the kitchen table beside a bowl in which the ice had melted. I sidled into the living room and tried to work up interest in details like a couple of overturned highball glasses and a half-empty fifth of bourbon and a small canvas sack that had dribbled water onto the floor beside the couch. A few cigarette stubs that showed lipstick marks were in an ash tray: The tray also held charred paper matches that probably fitted the folder Valerie had dropped from her shoulder bag. I didn't look directly at the man on the floor but little things about him kept registering in my mind: sleek black hair, thin face, lips drawn back in a frozen snarl.

CUBAN dance music pulsed in a slow, sickening beat from the radio. I edged across the room, reached for the knob to turn it off.

Behind me a voice said, "Let it alone, pal. I like music while I work."

I swung around and saw Al Leonard and the chief of police. Al had made the remark; he was looking at me with a puzzled expression, as if wondering why I wasn't home in bed with the covers pulled up over my ears. I was wondering the same thing. Apparently the chief wasn't entertaining any complicated ideas like that. His square honest face couldn't have been set more sternly if he had caught me throwing rocks at stop signs, and the revolver he was pointing at me looked big enough to need a prime mover.

I said faintly, "Let me know what you consider a false move, so I won't make it."

"Cool, isn't he?" the chief said in an awed voice. "Al, I sure owe you thanks. If you hadn't said there was something queer about this Stuart and maybe we'd better tail him for a while, we'd never have found this. Who would have thought the guy's a killer?"

"Maybe nobody will," Al said. He moved softly into the room and looked down at Exhibit A or whatever cops call bodies.

The chief complained, "What do you mean, maybe nobody will? We caught him red-handed returning to the scene of the crime, didn't we?"

"Yeah, sure," Al said. "He knocks off a guy and then coaxes you to play tag with him." He bent and picked up two cartridge cases. "Thirty-two-caliber automatic," he said. "I bet you'll find that Stuart can't even shoot a cap pistol."

"If he didn't do it," the chief said glumly, "who did?"

Al looked around slowly. His glance flicked over the red sandals I was carrying and the lipstick marks on the cigarettes in the ash tray and finally came to rest at a point near the ceiling. "I wouldn't know," he said. "I'm on vacation."

"Now, look, Al, you got to help me on this. We never had a murder in this town."

"I don't mind helping," Al said, "but you got to do the work. If I get too mixed up in this I'll get nailed to testify and maybe have to sit here the next six months, and back home somebody eases into my job. Don't let this thing throw you. What was that case you had last week?"

"The gold inlays swiped from the dentist's office in the Richards Building?"

"Yeah, the gold inlays. Pretend you don't care who knocked this guy off, you just want to find out who swiped the gold inlays from his teeth."

The chief looked happier. "I get it," he said. He peered at the red sandals I was carrying, and asked, "What are you doing with those?"

I said coldly, "I'm making extra footprints with them to confuse you."

"That's what you always run into," Al said. "No co-operation from the public."

"What do we do with him?" the chief asked.

"If I was running it," Al said, "I'd wrap him up in a nice little cell. He's a material witness in a murder case."

"I kind of like the idea," the chief said.

"So do I," I said heartily. "Then the reporters won't have any trouble finding me. I have a swell story for them. All about how I knew something was wrong but the cops told me to run along and write poems."

"You wouldn't do that," the chief said.

"Yes I would. Jails bring out the cop hater in me."

"What do you want to do, then?" he cried. "Skip town? You know I can't let you do that."

"I'm not going to skip. I want to hang around and see what happens."

"We're not running a public peep show here," the chief said sternly. "This is a matter for the police to handle."

"Good," I said. "Then let's get some police here, shall we?"

Al said, "Chief, if you want to smack him, I'll look the other way. In the stomach don't leave any marks."

THE chief breathed heavily a few times, and said, "I don't go in for smacking people around. Now look, Stuart, I got off on the wrong foot with you. I admit it. Now can we start clean?"

"No jail?" I asked.

"No jail."

"All right. Then so far as I'm concerned, I reported my suspicions to you at the police station and you came right out here with me to see what was wrong and we found this."

"Thanks," the chief said. "Now about those sandals—"

"Before we go into that," I said, "let's have another understanding. Let's not pin a murder on somebody just because she wears red sandals."

"You like that girl, don't you?"

"I just want her to get an even break."

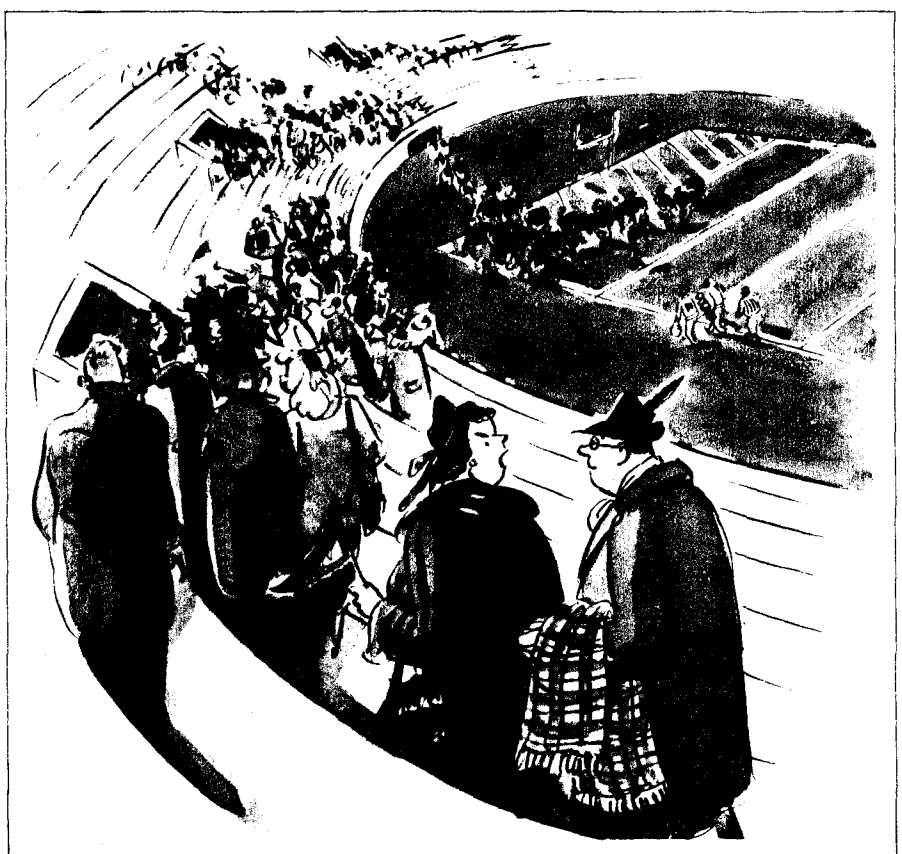
"You don't think she did this?"

"All I know is I found one red sandal back in the dunes when I was following her trail, and one red sandal outside the back door. I can make a guess if you want. A girl named Valerie Wilson wore them and happened to pass this cottage and saw something that scared her and started running and lost them. That's just as good as the guess you're aching to make."

"The guy's right." Al said.

"You admit anyway we have to find this girl?" the chief said in a coaxing tone. "You been after me to find her."

"Sure I want to find her. But I'm just as



COLLIER'S "They have their nerve asking four dollars and eighty-five cents for a nothing-nothing game!" BARNEY TOBEY

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interested in finding that gray sedan that tailed us."

"Uh-huh." The chief reached into his pocket and brought out Valerie's purse. He opened it, took out the numbered key and went to the telephone. "Fingerprints?" he asked Al, pointing to the telephone.

"Maybe," Al said. "I wouldn't worry about it, though. Place ought to be lousy with prints."

"I don't want to use my radio," the chief said. "People sometimes listen in on the wave length." He telephoned his headquarters and began whipping out orders to check all hotels and rooming houses and tourist courts, and to have a fingerprint outfit and camera and the doctor who handled police cases sent out right away.

WHILE he was phoning, Al sat on the couch watching me curiously. I suspected that he couldn't understand why a minnow like me would be playing tag with sharks. "Where's your home, Stuart?" he asked finally. "What do you do?"

"New York. Advertising."

"On vacation, huh? How do you fill in your time here, when you're not playing body, body, who's got the body?"

"I collect sea shells."

"That's interesting, Stuart. Know what I would do if I were you, Stuart? I'd make a deal with the chief to come back to testify if I was needed, and I'd spend the rest of my vacation looking for shells at Coney Island."

"You can't find shells there."

"You might not collect any shells," Al said, "and you might not collect any bullet holes."

Something the size of a small boulder went down my throat. Probably just a gulp. "I don't get it," I said uneasily.

"Pal, right at the moment you're the only person can tie that girl in with this cottage. You're the only person can tie a gray sedan in with this cottage. It's things like that getting around that make a guy unpopular."

"Thanks. I'll keep it in mind."

"Just a hint," Al said, yawning. "It don't mean anything to me personally. But maybe the chief feels he's got enough bodies right now to keep him happy. If you do stay, don't go for many walks alone at night."

The chief hung up the telephone and heard Al's last remark and wanted to know what it was about. After Al explained, the chief said he'd put a man on duty outside my house and that anyway the case would probably be cleaned up by morning.

A siren wailed up to the cottage, and Gulf City's police department swung into action as grimly as if setting a trap for speeders. The chief and his boys were thorough. They photographed the body from all angles. They almost sifted the sand outside looking for fingerprints, although the sand was too soft to hold clear impressions of feet. They filled the cottage with a blizzard of fingerprint powder. They found prints on one of the highball glasses and the bottle and radio and a dozen other things.

Most of the prints around the cottage had been made by the murdered man, but the highball glass and radio and one place on the back screen door carried another set. At that point the chief took out the girl's compact and dusted it with fingerprint powder. Inside it, on the back of the small hinged mirror, he found the print of an index finger matching the ones on the highball glass and radio and back screen door. The chief put the compact in a box with the red sandals and the cigarette butts marked with lipstick.

The phone rang, and the chief answered it and said, "Yeah, speaking. . . . That's good . . . okay, get out there fast and pick her up." He replaced the phone and told us, "We traced the key tag. A girl named Valerie Wilson is registered at cottage number eight, Beachcomber Court. We'll have her in fifteen minutes."

I said politely, "That's fine. And how soon will you have the gray sedan?"

"The way you talk about gray sedans you might think this guy here on the floor had tire marks across his shirt. Relax, will you?"

I shut up for the time being. Al Leonard searched the pockets of the dead man, and found a wallet containing money and a driver's license. The license was made out to Edward Jones, and the address given was the beach cottage. The chief then checked with the telephone company and learned that the phone was listed in the name Edward Jones. Following that, the police doctor had his turn and after examining the body estimated that Mr. Jones had not been using his phone after about 8 or 9 P.M. The doctor had a stretcher brought in, and took the body away. Then the boys started taking the place apart as happily as volunteer firemen working on a burning house. They didn't find much.

During the search, the chief opened the small canvas sack that had been dripping water onto the floor beside the couch. He poked around inside it and said disgustedly, "Bunch of sea shells. You want these, Stuart?"

"Probably junk," I said, peering into the bag. "No, wait, maybe I will take them. That looks like a good king's crown on top."

Al chuckled and said, "Watch that. Look what happens to guys who collect sea shells." He jerked a thumb at the dark stain on the floor.

The telephone rang and the chief answered it. He obviously didn't like what somebody told him. He hung up and said to us, "She's not at Beachcomber Court. She came back and told the owner she lost her key and he gave her another. Her cottage looks like she was packing and got scared away before she grabbed all her things. Changed her clothes, though. That outfit you said she was wearing is on the bed. She left so fast she forgot an envelope with two hundred bucks in it. So we got that money, and we already have her pocketbook, and I figure she can't have a nickel. So she won't get far. Well, let's get out of here. You go home, Stuart. I'll post a man on guard outside your place. And take it easy. Quit pretending you're a detective."

"Everybody else does," I said cheerfully. "So why shouldn't I?"

I grabbed the bag of shells and got out of there just in time to avoid something regrettable in the line of police brutality.

I drove home. A police car chaperoned me all the way and paused at the Casa del Mar long enough to leave a cop. I invited him in for a cup of coffee but he refused; he was very happy to be working on a real murder case, and he planned to stay on the alert outside the house until he was relieved. I carried the bag of shells that the late Mr. Jones had collected into the house and unloaded the contents on a kitchen table. I already knew there was a good king's crown in the lot but I was surprised to see fourteen other moderately rare shells, all in fine condition. There was a Scotch bonnet, a tiger clam with a complete halo of purple around the lips instead of the usual broken markings, a yellow cockle, a nice lace murex, a lettered olive and a good set of sunray shells. Only an expert could have walked along a beach littered with millions of shells and picked up that bunch. The shells were still damp, indicating that they had been gathered on the beach earlier that evening. I wondered idly why there had been no other shells in the cottage; the average shell collector would have filled the place with them.

AS I was thinking about that, the telephone rang. I went into the study and picked it up, expecting to hear the chief tell me some news about Valerie Wilson. The news was about her, all right, but it came to me firsthand.

"Hello, Bill," she said in a tired voice. "My feet hurt."

I would have felt slightly less upset if the late Mr. Jones had been calling me.

"That's great," I said huskily. "I mean, that's too bad. Your feet hurt, do they? If I sound incoherent it's because my head hurts. How did you know my phone number?"

"You told me about your boss lending you the Casa del Mar, remember? I found Joseph Baldwin, Casa del Mar, listed in the phone book."

"That's more than I can say about your phone number."

"Bill, I'm sorry. I know I told you some fibs. But I didn't want you to get into trouble too."

"What kind of trouble?"

"I told you everything at the bus station. Don't you remember I finally admitted that the man in the gray sedan had been chasing us and that I didn't want you to have to fight him? Well, you wouldn't go away and so when your back was turned I sneaked off. Then I realized you had my purse. I walked home in my bare feet and they hurt awfully. I had only just reached my place when I saw a gray sedan cruising along the street, and I got scared and threw a few things in a suitcase and ran. Bill, I'm afraid to go back there tonight. And I forgot to get any money and I don't have a penny!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'm telephoning from a drugstore booth. The man lent me a nickel. Could you bring me my purse?"

"Valerie," I said, "do you know anything about a racket called the shell game?"

"Isn't that the one where the operator has three walnut shells and a pea, and shuffles the pea around under the shells and coaxes people to bet where it is?"

"That's right," I said. "And after they place their bets he palms the pea and the suckers can't win. Well, I've been played for a sucker tonight in a shell game, and I'm tired of it. Now what's the score? Who's been following you, and why?"

She said desperately, "All I'm asking is that you bring me my purse so I can get a hotel room. I'm in a drugstore at Main and State."

I wondered how to say tactfully that the chief of police would take care of the housing problem for her. "There has been a little trouble," I said. "The cops picked up that guy you had the date with. And your name came into the conversation and the cops found where you live from that key tag you dropped."

"Oh, heck!" she said angrily. "That spoils everything. What did they pick him up for —speeding?"

THAT was a little more innocence than I could take. I said roughly, "They picked him up for being dead."

"It couldn't be!" she gasped. "Are you sure it was Eddie? Eddie Patrono? Slick black hair, thin face—"

"This was Eddie Jones. You ought to learn a man's name before you go up to see his shell collection."

"All right, Eddie Jones. That was the name he was using here. But how could he be dead? He was the one chasing us in the gray sedan."

"The only ride Eddie Jones took after 9 P.M. was in a hearse."

"Would—would you tell me how they found him and how you got into it?"

I briefed the story for her.

She said faintly, "Who do the police think did it?"

"There was one vote for me on the first ballot. But in the runoff I was snowed under. You're elected."

"Bill, how did you vote?"

"What difference does it make? I'm not a cop or a county prosecutor or a circuit court judge or even a guy who might get called for jury duty."

"It does make a difference," she said breathlessly. "You're the only person who can help me. I don't have a penny or a place to go or a friend in town."

"I'll meet you at the police station and do my best to see you get a square deal."

"Bill, I can't clear myself if I'm in jail! I've got to have time. I think I know who killed Eddie. But it won't be easy to prove. Please come down and at least listen to the whole story."

"No," I muttered.

"I could walk out to your place. My feet don't hurt so very much."

For some reason, that made me angry. I didn't know whether I was angry at her or

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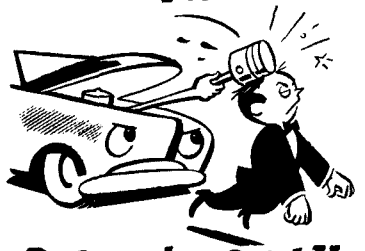

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at myself. "There's a cop outside watching the place!" I shouted. "I don't know whether he's supposed to be seeing I don't get hurt or don't get away. If he saw you come here he'd nail you. The police have your description."

"Thank you, Bill."

"For what? I haven't done anything for you."

"What you said means that anyway you won't turn me in."

"I didn't mean anything of the kind! I may call the cops the minute you hang up."

"Bill, promise me one thing?"

"No. Absolutely not."

"It's just a little thing. Will you stay home between eleven and noon? I have an idea. If it works and if I'm not in jail by then, I want to phone you about it."

"I won't make any promises. If you have any good ideas you'd better tell them to the cops."

"Good night, Bill. Pleasant dreams."

"Wait a minute. How are you going to get along until eleven? How—are you paying attention?" There was no answer. The line was dead.

I wandered around the house for a few minutes, kicking the lighter pieces of furniture, and then sneaked out to the garage. I didn't know whether or not I intended to get in my car and go looking for her. As it turned out, I didn't have to make a decision. My guardian cop jumped up from behind a bush and called cheerily, "Going somewhere, Mr. Stuart? I got orders to stay with you."

I muttered, "Just getting something from the car."

I shuffled back into the house, feeling as if I had spent the evening in a cement mixer. I went to bed.

WHEN I awoke, it was ten thirty and the sun was shining and songbirds were caroling their heads off. I scowled. I was in a mood for rain and buzzards. I cut myself shaving and broke a shoelace and banged my head against the second floor overhang as I went downstairs. That was Valerie Wilson's fault, because I was thinking about her and not about what I was doing. Probably she was in jail. All right, there were worse places to be in than jail.

"Oh, are there?" I said aloud, pausing at the foot of the stairway. "Name three."

A rasping voice said, "I give up, pal," and Al Leonard sauntered in from the living room.

"What are you doing here?" I growled.

The chief moved into view and said apologetically, "We only got here a moment ago, Mr. Stuart. The front door was ajar and I thought somebody might have broken in so we stepped inside."

Al said, "If I was a material witness in a murder case I wouldn't want to leave doors open when I hit the hay. Good thing the chief left a man on duty here. What was that name-three game you were playing when you came downstairs?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business," I said, "but I was feeling upset about

COLLIER'S "Sorry I'm late, Henry. Those gossips at the club just wouldn't let me stop talking" SIDNEY HOFF

Valerie Wilson and I tried to tell myself she could be in worse places than jail and then I wondered if there were and told myself to name three."

"Oh, yes," Al said. "And I had to give up. How did you make out on it, pal?"

"Don't be funny."

"I'm not being funny. But if you had any idea of worse places she might be in, it might be helpful. Because she isn't in jail."

I began to feel more cheerful. "Haven't found her, huh?"

The chief grumbled, "The trouble is, we never had much to practice on here except traffic cases."

I said brightly, "Then I have a case right down your boulevard. It concerns a gray sedan."

The chief sighed. "Okay," he said, "let's go into this gray sedan business. When did you first see it?"

"On the beach right after I met the girl."

The chief shrugged and said, "In any case, it was probably a guy driving to the pass to do some fishing."

"Did you check how far his tire marks went?"

"They didn't go all the way to the pass but that don't mean anything. High tide could have washed out the marks. Now, when did you think you saw it again?"

"On the road into town. Tailing us."

"You saw a couple of headlights. Maybe on a ten-ton truck."

I said irritably, "I saw a gray sedan under street lights. But if you're right, why was Valerie Wilson so upset when she saw the headlights back of us? Why did she do all that race-track driving?"

"Got you," the chief said. "This Wilson dame is having a party with Jones and for some reason shoots him. She don't realize nobody's in any of the near-by cottages. She gets scared, runs. You offer her a lift. On the way in town she realizes you're getting suspicious. She's driving fast because she's getting away from the scene of a murder, and you think it's because somebody's chasing her. She decides maybe that's a good alibi. So she starts driving as if a car's chasing her. That way, in case she ever gets tied in with the murder, she can claim somebody sneaked into the front room of the cottage and shot Jones while she was mixing drinks, and she ran and the murderer chased her. She ditched you at the bus station because she wanted to break her trail there, in case you went to the police when the murder was discovered. Not bad, huh?"

"You're overlooking something," I said. "She didn't act like a killer."

"You go right ahead and think that," the chief said. "And when the time comes you get up in court and tell the jury how all the killers you've known did act."

"Why do you keep harping on her all the time? Why don't you look into the background of that Jones guy?"

The chief said glumly, "He's got no more background than a crab has fur. He rented the place a year ago, always paid up on time. Nobody around town seems to know him except he's been seen in bars drinking by himself. The Wilson angle is all we got and I need some help from you on it."

"What for? The way you have things set up, all you need now is a guy to dust off the electric chair."

"Well, it turns out we need the murder weapon and the girl. Couldn't get a single lead out of that cottage she had at Beachcomber Court. Plenty of fingerprints, of course. They match the ones on the compact and where the guy was killed. But no letters, no diary, no address book. If this was a big city and she lived here I could send guys out to find where she bought her clothes, but as it is I'm licked. Now, did she drop any hints who she knew around town, or what she might be doing today?"

I PEEKED at the clock. It was after eleven. She would telephone me soon, and undoubtedly the call could be traced. "How would I know?" I said. "You think she called me up and told me her plans?"

"No, I guess not," he said regretfully. "About the murder weapon. You said she spilled stuff out of her shoulder bag in front of the bus station, so she could skip while you picked it up. You didn't happen to see a gun in her bag, did you?"

"What kind of a gun?"

"Thirty-two-caliber automatic."

I said, "With a pearl handle?"

The chief snapped, "Listen, Stuart. All we know is the guy had a pair of .32-caliber slugs in him. How would I know whether it was a pearl-handled job or was set with diamonds? The only reason we know it was an automatic was because it ejected the empties, which a revolver don't do."

"Well, anyway, she didn't have a gun."

The chief shrugged and said, "That means we comb the sand dunes and beach for it. Just one thing more, Stuart. Take this description you gave me of the Wilson girl. You described her clothes all right, but outside of her clothes what was she like?'

"I don't know. Unfortunately she wasn't outside them. She was inside them."

The chief growled, "I want a description of her face!"

"I never saw her in a good light," I said. "Can't the people at Beachcomber Court describe her?"

"The guy who owns the joint says she has good legs. That's all he saw. Legs! I can't pick up every dame in town with good legs."

"It's a nice idea, though," Al said.

"I got to have facts!" the chief said angrily. "Put your mind on it! What color were her eyes? Blue? Green? Brown? Gray?"

"Let me think," I said. I concentrated so hard on the problem that I didn't hear the taxi swish up to the entrance or the rapid click of high heels on the walk outside the door. "Maybe they were gray."

At that moment a gorgeous creature came into the house and skipped across the room and flung her arms around me and cried, "I couldn't stay up in New York any longer, darling! I had to come down to be with my husband." She looked up into my face and I saw that I was wrong about the gray eyes. Because, under the brim of her perky hat, Valerie Wilson's eyes were soft and frightened and brown.

(To be continued next week)

Hell-Bent

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

one another. I didn't know how I looked, but Bobo and Annie looked very bad. I was afraid Annie's left eye was gone, but I didn't tell her that. Bobo had been thrown clear; his shoulder was knocked down and he said it felt like his collarbone was broken, too. My legs were both broken and I realized that something had happened to my chest; it had begun to hurt when I breathed.

It was bitter cold. I was shaking so hard by then that I could not stop. It took us a long time to get a fire started. When we did, finally, it was painful to sit close to it. Then I remembered our passenger Gaherty again. I asked Annie to climb in the plane and see what had happened to him.

Annie managed to climb up and crawl through the windshield where it had broken out. In a moment she stuck her head out and said, "He's dead."

Neither Bobo nor I said anything.

In a few minutes Annie began throwing things out. She got out and brought the stuff over to the fire and built the fire up again.

Bobo told her how to put one of the chutes up so that we had shelter. Annie opened the vacuum bottle of coffee that had grown cold and heated it. There was not much of it, but we drank it. We split an apple three ways. Bobo had had a bottle of bourbon in his suitcase, but it had broken. Annie had a small tin of aspirin and we divided those up and took them. They both had cigarettes and I had cigars. And that was that.

We took one of the chutes and Annie got a pair of cuticle scissors and laboriously we cut up the chute and bound our legs and feet and our heads. We put on all the clothes we could get, and still we felt cold. The sun had not come out. The ceiling was very low and the sky was a dull dirty gray. All day it was that way.

Bobo could not understand what had happened to his gun. Annie had not been able to find it in the plane. I did not say anything. I didn't know why, but I felt it would be better if I had the gun instead of Bobo. Self-preservation, I guess. Selfishness maybe.

He said there must be rabbits around but we didn't see any. We didn't see anything.

Annie decided that his collarbone must be broken and she contrived some sort of bandage for him out of strips of the chute.

I felt that we should get Gaherty's body out of the ship, but I could not move to do it. I had to lie there; I could not move to do anything. About the middle of the morning Bobo managed to stand up with Annie helping him. He wanted to move around so that he would not get stiff. It almost killed him to move; I could see that.

He and Annie tried to make some snowshoes. They got pieces of aluminum skin from the ship and tied those to their feet. They went a little way off among the trees, but it was hard going and they did not get far, not over fifty feet when they became too exhausted to keep going.

They came back to the fire. It was about

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midday then. "What're we going to do?" Annie said.

Bobo laughed. "What do you think?"

"Honey, we just can't sit here," she said. "It's awfully cold sitting."

"You got a better idea?" he said.

"No, but I'm hungry," she said.

"Have yourself some bark," he said. "Go dig yourself up some nice roots."

She began to cry and he told her to shut up or he'd hit her. He would've, too.

"They'll know at Gander that something's happened to us," I told her. "They'll begin to search."

"How will they know where to look?"

"Well," I said, "we were on the GCA radar screen, and it wasn't long after that that we hit. They may have seen the crash on the screen. They may know exactly where we are. Or they at least have a damn' good idea. They'll find us."

Annie had nothing to say to that. Neither did Bobo.

We slept that afternoon. During the night we took turns at staying awake and keeping the fire going while the others slept.

The second morning we were all pretty miserable. There was nothing to eat and nothing to drink but melted snow.

We sat around the fire not saying anything for a while. Finally Bobo stood up and said, "I'll have a look at that radio."

"What good'll that do?" Annie said.

"Wait and see," he said.

He tried to crawl into the plane, but he could not make it with his bad shoulder and in trying to get in he fell into the snow. He did not get up. Annie got him back to the fire and made him lie down.

He wanted her to see if the radio wouldn't work, and after a short bitter argument, she went.

Bobo and I lay there side by side next to the fire. There was nothing to do but wait.

"Still think they'll find us?" he said.

"You talk like we've spent a year on some desert island or something."

He jerked his thumb at the sky. "You don't hear anything up there, do you?"

"Maybe the weather's so bad that everything's grounded."

"Don't make me laugh," he said. "They're not hunting for us because they got no idea where to hunt. But even so, if they are, they'll never find us. How the hell can they, Robert? The plane's covered with snow. How can they see it from the air?"

BUT I wouldn't admit it. I hated Bobo for talking that way. If I had been able to, I think I would have fought with him then.

"Listen, Bobo, you chickened out once already," I said. "You chickened out and that's why we're in this mess. If you had the guts to land back there at Gander we wouldn't be here now. And if you chicken out now you'll die. For God's sake don't get hysterical!"

The way he looked at me he could've killed me.

"What were we doing when we left the field?" I asked. "About two hundred an hour. About ten minutes later we hit. We were headed east. For God's sake, Bobo, we can't be more than thirty miles east of Gander. They can't help but find us."

He raised up on an elbow and looked at me. "Listen, chump. We ain't no TWA plane. We're just a pretty motley crew, see. We're not worth anything to anybody in this world. Who the hell cares whether we die out here or not? It costs dough to make a search. Who the hell's going to spend that dough on us?"

"Damn you, we're only thirty miles from there!" I said. "Just thirty damn' miles!"

"That's what I know," Bobo said and he lay back down.

I didn't say anything else. He made me sick. I lay there for a while, not looking at him, and I kind of drifted off. I didn't lose consciousness or go to sleep or anything like that. I just forgot I was lying out in the wilderness, hurt, not able to move. I thought that I was home again. . . .

It was one of those holidays between Christmas and New Year's. It was in the morning and Nancy and I were getting the kids out of bed and taking them into the kitchen to breakfast. It was snowing outside, but inside the house it was warm. We had a big family dinner at noon that day and then Nancy's parents came in the afternoon. Nancy and I were going to an open house someplace.

I was going upstairs and getting dressed and driving the car with the heater on. Outside it was snowing still very hard but we had snow tires on the back wheels and it was not hard driving at all. There were a lot of cars outside the house where we were going. Inside everybody was laughing and talking and we knew everybody. Merry Christmas, they all said, Happy New Year and God bless you. . . .

"It won't work," Annie said.

"What?" I said, realizing where I was.

"The radio, stupid," she said.

Bobo was smoking a cigarette. "Okay," he said. "So it won't work. That's okay."

"Yeah, isn't it?" Annie said. "I wouldn't have it any other way myself." She looked at him as if it were all his fault. "What're you going to do?"

"Help me up," he said, holding out his hand.

THEY went off somewhere and I went back to thinking about Nancy and the children and our house. I even thought about our cocker spaniel.

"Robert," Bobo was saying. "Robert, wake up."

"Huh?" I said. I looked up and he was standing there with Annie. She had some sort of bundle tied to her back. It looked like part of a chute. Bobo had a rope tied around his waist. At the other end was a big piece of aluminum skin about six feet long. On it was another bundle like Annie's but larger.

"What're you doing?" I said.

"Walking out," Bobo said.

"Out?" I said.

"Out of here. Back to Gander."

"You're crazy," I said. "You'll never make it. You don't even know where it is."

"Yes, I do," he said. "You told me. We were headed east when we left there. Gander's to the west."

"But how far north or south?" I said. "You don't know. You can't possibly hope to hit it."

"I got the maps out of the ship," he said.

"They don't mean a thing and you know it," I said. "You need landmarks to guide you and there aren't any landmarks in this bush or on that map. How far do you think you can go in a day in the bush with the snow like it is? You'll do good if you make a mile. At that rate it'll take you thirty days to walk there if you do hit it right on the nose which is impossible. You can't last thirty days. If you try to walk out of here you're as good as dead."

"If I stay I'll die sitting on my tail," he said. "That just doesn't have any appeal for me, Robert. I'll get out. I'll get out, by God, if I have to wriggle all the way there on my belly!" He meant it. "Then I'll send them back for you."

I looked at Annie. "You're going too?"

"What did you think?" she said. "That I was going to stay here and hold your hand or something?"

"You'll never make it," I said.

"Oh, that's for the birds," she said.

"No," I said.

Annie softened. "Don't worry, Robert. We'll send them back for you."

"Think I'll be alive them?" I said. "I've got nothing to eat. I can't move. I can't get wood to build a fire. Think I can last thirty days like that?"

"Maybe we could take you with us," Bobo said. "You could lie on this piece of skin and I could pull you like it was a sled."

"No," I said. I wasn't worried about staying behind. Even if I could've walked I wouldn't have tried it. I didn't want to go. I knew that way was hopeless. I knew if we stuck with the ship we'd have a chance to be found.

"Well, then, we'll send them for you," Bobo said.

It was insane. I couldn't let Bobo do it. I took out the .45 and pulled the hammer back all the way with my thumb.

"Where'd you get that?" Bobo said.

"Sit down. Both of you. You're not going anywhere," I told them.

Bobo laughed at me. "You going to kill us to keep us here so we can't walk off and die?"

"I'll fix you so you can't walk," I said. I made them sit opposite the fire from me. Annie unslung her pack. It was obviously so heavy, she wouldn't have been able to carry it for long without discarding most of it. "Listen to me, Bobo," I said. "You can't do it. This is one thing that you can't lick. You'll never make it. Give up. You want Annie to die out there?"

He looked at her and then back at me and he grinned. "Okay, Robert. I give up. Lay that pistol down."

"What're you, yellow?" Annie said to him, turning on him. "Are you afraid of him? He's crippled, for God's sake. Get up and take that gun away from him."

"Not me," Bobo said.

"You going to let us freeze to death here?" she demanded.

"Ask little Robert," he said. "He's the man with the big stick."

"Robert," she said, and she started toward me on her hands and knees.

"Stop, Annie," I said.

She laughed. "You haven't got the guts to shoot—"

I pulled the trigger and the bullet kicked up the snow shortly in front of her. She stopped and stayed there on her hands and knees looking at me. "You're crazy," she said. "You're out of your mind."

"Sit down," I told her.

She sat.

I lay there holding the gun on them all afternoon. Bobo and Annie sat looking at me but saying nothing. She held his hand.

It grew dark. I made them build up the fire. Annie curled up into a ball beside Bobo and went to sleep.

He kept looking at me across the fire. Finally he said, "Let me go now, baby. The kid's asleep."

"No," I said.

"Just me," he said. "I'll go by myself."

"No," I said again.

"You old dog, you," he said, and he laughed affectionately. "Listen, you don't want Papa to die like this, doing nothing about it, do you?"

"We'll get out," I said.

"If I walk out," he said.

"No. If we wait."

He laughed again. "I love you, baby. You're such a dope you're cute, you know? I never waited for anything in my life."

I said nothing.

"Come on," he said. "Let me go. By myself."

"No," I repeated. Somehow, the most important thing in the world seemed to be to make Bobo see my point, to make him wait, to make him trust the people I knew must be looking for us.

It went on like that for a long time.

Then the first thing I knew was that I had gone to sleep and then awakened quickly, almost in the same instant. Bobo still sat on the other side of the fire. He was looking at me and he had not moved, but he was grinning. I mustn't do that again, I thought. And that was the last thing I remembered until morning.

WHEN I woke up, Bobo was gone. The .45 was still in my hand. In the other was a note. "Take care of the kid. I'll send them for you."

I looked up. Annie was still asleep on the other side of the fire; it had died out.

"Annie," I said.

She didn't wake up immediately.

"Annie," I said.

She uncurled slowly. "What did you wake me for? I was having the nicest dream."

"Here," I said, holding out the note.

She read it and at first she didn't seem to understand. "You mean he ran out on me; you mean he left me here with *you*?"

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As she looked at me her face hardened into its usual smooth impassive mask. "Never trust a man," she said bitterly. "Well, I knew that. I guess I deserve this. I guess I do."

After that she wouldn't talk; she wouldn't build up the fire either.

It was about noon when we heard the helicopter. The moment I heard the loud putt-putt of its engine I knew what it was even though I could not see it. Annie didn't even look up. I sat there with my heart pounding, listening, straining to listen harder, and then the helicopter slowly appeared over us.

I fired the whole clip in the .45. I shouted my fool head off. The helicopter hovered over us a moment and then began to descend. I saw the pilot leaning out. He was waving. When he got closer I saw that he had a big grin on his face.

All this time Annie had not once looked up.

WE WERE taken to the hospital at Gander and almost as soon as I had been put in the room a doctor came in. When I had been out in the snow my condition had been bearable, but as soon as they had put me in the clean, white, hard hospital bed the pain became too much for me. I began to feel that I might go to pieces if they hurt me.

The doctor came into the room quickly on his rubber soles, followed by two nurses with a rubber-tired cart loaded with bottles and dressings. The two women had on rubber soles too and the rubber made a faint squeaking sound on the linoleum.

I was lying on my side with my fists clenched.

The doctor bent over me. He was a short fat man with a mustache and he smelled of peppermint.

"You're warmer now," he said.

I wanted to vomit, but I tried to control it.

One of the nurses was cutting away my trousers with scissors. The other had come to the head of the bed and was sponging my face and head with alcohol. It burned in several places where I had been cut.

The doctor put a thermometer in my mouth and then stood back from the bed patiently clasping his hands over his stomach and waiting for my trousers to be removed. He said, "My name's Wilson. I'm a Canadian."

"You want the shoes off, Doctor?" the nurse asked.

"No, that's all right," he said. He looked at both my legs and then bent his face quite close to the right thigh and sniffed audibly. He straightened up, his face set, and said, "Let's get the rest of those things off."

The two nurses cut off my jacket and shirt. Wilson put his hands on my chest. It hurt and I jerked.

"M'mm, ribs," he said. "Been coughing?"

"No,"—I said, clenching my teeth so I wouldn't vomit.

"Haven't been coughing any blood?" he said.

"No," I said. I couldn't control it any longer and I vomited.

"The next time you want to do that, dear," the taller of the two nurses said, "you ask for a receptacle."

Wilson bent over me, smiling. "We'll just X-ray you," he said.

They took me up to the second floor on a cart, wrapped up in blankets and lying flat on my back. After they had X-rayed me they took me to the operating room. I lay alone there while Wilson and his assistant were getting ready. I stared at the ceiling and I kept thinking, I wish they'd hurry and get it over with. I knew I could stand whatever they did if only they did it fast.

I was very depressed then. I wanted to give up, and I had to fight against that.

Wilson abruptly appeared again and bent over me. He had on a cap and gown; he was sterile and he did not touch me. "We may have a little trouble with gangrene," he said. "But I don't want you to worry about it. We can take care of it a lot better than we used to."

"Gangrene?" I said; the idea had never entered my mind.

"Your right leg," he said.

The anesthetist bent and put a rubber mask over my face. "Take one deep breath," he said.

All during the time I was under the ether it seemed to me that I was conscious, sitting up, watching them work on me, and that I was sobbing. . . .

When I came to, I was back in my room and the two nurses were with me. One was holding a receptacle and the other was keeping the blankets on me and talking to me in a low toneless voice about nothing. I was sick then all right, but I didn't care. Later they fed me intravenously.

I lay with my eyes closed and I could not feel the needle in my arm or the stuff dripping into me. Both my legs were in casts—the right one from my hip to below my knee, the left one from hip to ankle. My chest had been very thoroughly taped.

Outside the one window in the room it was dark. My throat was dry, and I asked for water, but they gave me only a little cracked ice and cautioned me not to swallow any of it.

I didn't sleep that night until they gave me some dope. Then I slept a couple of hours in the early morning.

"Don't you want to know how your friend is?" the tall nurse asked me when she came on duty that morning and took my temperature and washed me.

"How is she?"

"She's coming along beautifully," she said. "Later you can visit each other. I guess she'll have to come in here."

Then the tall nurse left me alone with my breakfast. I lay and looked at it; food was the last thing I wanted. Finally I drank about half the coffee. It was black and hot and bitter. I had just put down the cup when Annie came in.

SHE came in quickly, closing the door and she had on one of those short hospital gowns and she was barefooted. I guessed that she wasn't supposed to be out of bed and that she'd sneaked out. Her face and head were bandaged so that all I could see was her mouth and her right eye.

"Annie, dear," I said and I held out my hand to her.

She stood there and cursed me.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"You mean you don't know?" she said. "Didn't they tell you?"

"Tell me what?" I said.

"They found Bobo," she said.

"Where is he now?" I said.

"Downstairs. Here. In the basement."

I should have known then because someone had told me once what was often kept in the basement of hospitals. "Can we see him?" I asked.

"Sure," she said, her voice hard. "Get them to wheel you down there. You can see him all you want. He don't care. He's just lying down there in a box. He's dead."

"Oh, no!" I said.

"They found him dead out in that snow," she said. "He was exhausted and he fell down, see, and he couldn't get up. Or maybe he didn't want to. Maybe he was so tired he didn't care. But he lay out there and sometime last night he died of exposure. He was unconscious. He never knew it. Oh, they got it all figured out here. That doc here is real smart. He told me just how he figured it happened."

I was not surprised, of course, because I had known that it was going to happen. Yet the confirmation did not fill my heart with joy. I said, "Annie, I'm sorry."

She had come all the way across the room and was bending over the bed with her face close to mine. "You killed him. It's all your fault. If you'd let me go with him it wouldn't have happened." She began to cry. "He was hurt. What the hell else did you expect? Of course he couldn't make it. Not by himself he couldn't. But if I'd gone with him then we'd have made it. Together we'd have made it."

"No," I said. "If you'd gone you'd be dead now, too."

"Who cares, who cares?" she sobbed.

I took her hand. "Annie, you wouldn't have stopped him. He killed himself. He killed himself because he wouldn't give up when he was whipped. There was nothing you could've done."

She jerked her hand away. She looked at me as if I had said something vile. "What the hell do you mean?" she said. "Why, you don't know what you're saying. You've just got no idea at all. Why, Bobo and me, we were going places. And we could've done it, too. The plane and the flight and all, it meant everything to us. But what did it mean to you? Nothing. You were just out for a good time, just out for some fun."

I didn't answer and she stood there for a second longer looking at me and hating me and then she turned and went out of the room.

Outside my one window it had begun to snow. Big soft flakes were falling gently like feathers. I closed my eyes and sighed. I had known that Bobo would kill himself, but being right did not make me happy. He had strained at doing the impossible and it had killed him; he had killed himself as surely as if he had sat down and put the muzzle of his .45 in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

He had been the last of the rugged individualists. He had trusted himself and his own good right arm and nothing else. I knew then that Bobo had not chickened out on that blind landing; he had not been afraid. He had felt that the GCA radar was wrong, and so he had not landed. He had trusted himself more than any machine, but the machine had been right and Bobo had been wrong. And when we had been out in the snow he had not trusted anyone to save us but himself. And that had killed him. His lack of trust in anyone or anything but himself had killed him. It was the same mad self-confidence that had made him break up the flight formation to get away from flak. He had denied it when I charged him with it that night we got drunk together at Ridgewood, but it hadn't been because he was bothered by guilt. It had just been such a natural thing for him to have trusted himself at the possible expense of everyone's life, including his own, that he hadn't even remembered it properly.

Life had finally caught up with Bobo. And I knew then that sooner or later it catches up with everybody.

I was lying there thinking that, when the tall nurse came in and said that my wife had arrived.

I LOST the coffee that I had drunk just as Nancy hurried in with Doctor Wilson. The tall nurse was holding my head, and Nancy saw her and me and stopped in the door and tried to back out, saying, "Oh, maybe I'd better not come in now."

"No, it's all right, come right in," Wilson said, propelling her into the room.

"Well, old man, here's your wife," Wilson said. "That makes you feel better, doesn't it?"

The tall nurse wiped my chin.

"Hello, Robert," Nancy said.

"Hello, Nancy," I said.

"Well, you got kind of clobbered up, didn't you?"

"Yeah. I fall down and go boom," I said.

She had on the mink coat with the hood that her father had given her. Her hair was pushing out from under the hood and her cheeks were red from the cold.

"Well, sit down, sit down," Wilson said to Nancy as the tall nurse went out smiling. "Sit down, Mrs. Warren, and I'll be brief. So you can be alone." He paused and patted his stomach. "I don't think there's much danger from gangrene. Now it's a bit gangrenous but we *can* handle that. No danger of losing the leg, I mean. The other one, well, I doubt if he'll have much articulation in that knee. I'm certain it'll be stiff. But a later operation can correct that."

"Oh," Nancy said.

Wilson smiled again toothily under his mustache and left us alone.

Nancy and I looked at each other.

"Did you catch many fish?" she asked. "Or should I have seen the one that got away?"

"If you came to laugh, then laugh and get it over with and get out," I said.

She looked down at her hands clasped in her lap. "This is embarrassing, Robert. When you left I never expected to see you again. I came because I was under the impression you were dying."

"I'm not," I said. "You can go."

She did not look particularly happy; she raised her head and sighed. "Do you mind if I stay? I'd just as soon hit back at you, but not when you're down."

"Oh, I get it. You're doing unto others. This is an act of kindness."

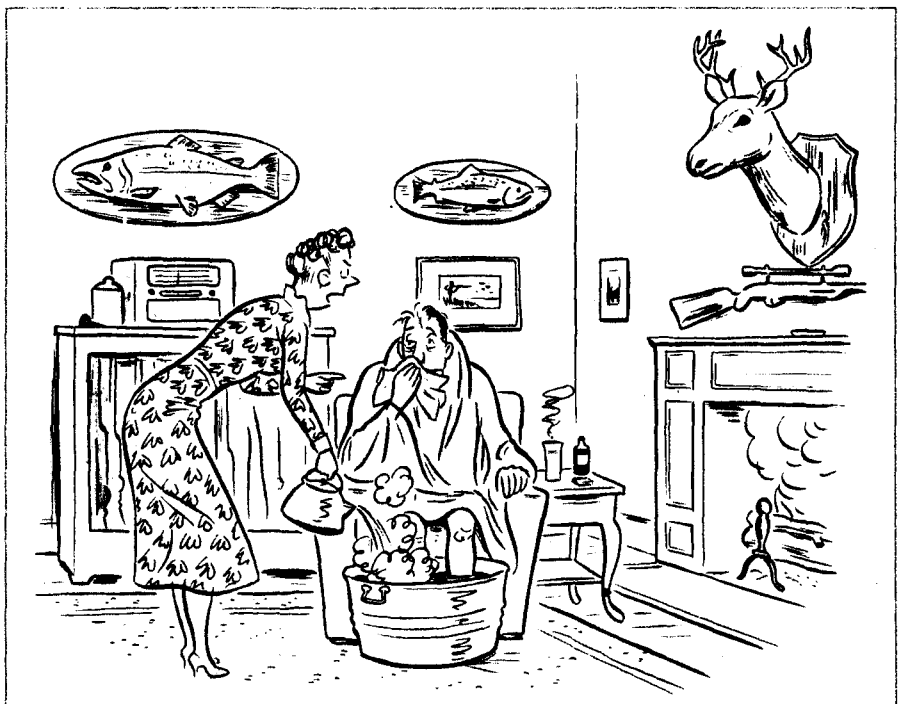
"No, I don't think anyone can be kind to you," she said. "If I thought so, I would be—especially now."

"Thank you very much," I said.

She caught her breath. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "That wasn't decent. And what I want to be more than anything else at this time is decent to you. You are so unfortunate, Robert."

I laughed. "The hell I am!"

The tall nurse stuck her head in the door, grinned, and put a suitcase on the floor.



"If you weren't such an outdoorsman, you wouldn't have to spend so much time inside!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE HUFFINE

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"Oh, thank you!" Nancy said. Without saying anything else to me she stood up and removed her coat and began to unpack the suitcase. She had brought me playing cards, cleansing tissues, a historical novel, penicillin and aureomycin, a bottle of brandy, and an old afghan her grandmother had knitted. Then she came and stood beside my bed.

"Can I get you anything?" she asked.

"No, I think I'll sleep a while," I said. I turned my face to the window and closed my eyes. I didn't sleep, of course.

For a long time Nancy was silent. Then I realized that she was crying quietly but very hard. Once she made a soft despairing noise that sounded like, "Oh, God, God!" But I wasn't sure.

After a bit she stood beside the bed and put her hand on my forehead. Her palm was soft and warm. Slowly, gently she began to smooth back the hair from my forehead. I kept my eyes closed tightly, pretending sleep, and then I went to sleep very quickly.

MY TEMPERATURE went up the next day, and the infection was worse and I felt much sicker and did not want to eat. Everyone was quiet that day, the nurses when they came in were quiet and Wilson, too; and Nancy was quiet as she sat beside the bed in a chair, smoking, only getting up quickly when I turned, to ask me, "Is there anything you want, Robert?"

I didn't want anything. The next day I was no better and then the day after that I was in a bad way. I felt that one little push the wrong way might send me off and I might not come back. Everyone was gentle with me. Nancy was the gentlest of all. She had another bed put in my room so she could watch me at night.

Shortly after midnight of the fourth day that Nancy had been with me I woke up. I had dozed all that day and about six that evening I had fallen into a deep sleep. When I awakened the room was in complete darkness. I was drenched with sweat, and I felt very weak, but much better. My head was clear and I felt comfortable.

"Nancy," I said.

Immediately she sat up in the other bed and then got up and came to me and took my hand.

"I think I'm better," I said.

"You don't have any fever. I can tell."

"Do you think I could have some tea and something?"

She put on a robe and went to find the night nurse. She came back with tea and biscuits. We turned on the light at the head of my bed and she sat on the side of the bed and we drank tea.

Once she looked at me and said very seriously, "You almost died, Robert."

"Better luck next time," I said.

She didn't say anything more.

After she turned off the lights I got her to light a cigarette for me and I lay there in bed in the dark, smoking. She had already gone back to sleep, quickly and easily; I could hear her breathing.

I felt good then. It was cool in the room but the bed was warm and I was in it. As I lay there I heard a plane coming in low from the east. It passed over the hospital and gave the windows in the room a good shake, rattling them.

The sudden loud sound of the engines brought it all back to me. My so-called problem and my highly original solution (patent pending, of course) and the nasty outcome which was my being in the hospital—and estranged from my wife. I had almost got killed, but I had no regrets, and I thought that if I had that time to live over again I would do it all exactly as I had done it.

I knew Bobo's and Annie's way of life was not a way you would choose; you could only be driven into it if you had no choice. It was a last-resort kind of life, and you couldn't go by its rules for any length of time. I knew I wouldn't want to, either. It was a desperate and sick way. But I had been desperate and sick. And now I was purged, in a way, of that sickness. I realized I would have to find a better way, or at least a more stable way, even if it wasn't so exciting, even if I had to get off the edge of life and get trapped right in the middle of it. I knew that, all right, and I suspected that everything I had rejected before would somehow have to be included. And now that Nancy had rejected me in her turn, I didn't know how to get back in. I didn't see any way open to me at all.

Then I went to sleep.

On the following day Wilson confirmed my suspicions that I was much improved. And after that, Nancy began to change. She became impatient. She put pressure on Wilson to let me go home.

I could not move under my own power, of course, but she got her father to arrange for the air line to make a concession and fly me home flat on my back. Too, her daddy's doctor would take over the case from Wilson; and he was prepared to fly to Gander with a nurse and back with us.

I had already made my report to the Operations people at Gander. I didn't hold back anything—I told them the whole story: how Bobo had loused up an excellent-looking GCA landing and failed to regain sufficient altitude and crashed. I told them about Gaherty, too, and who he was and that he had not been a crew member.

That was all they wanted from me. After I signed my statement they said I would hear from the CAA.

The odd thing, though, was Annie. She had left. A few days after she had been admitted to the hospital she had left Gander for New York aboard a TWA plane. The Operations man told me that and seemed surprised that I had not known. It seemed she had borrowed the fare from my wife. Of course I had no idea where she might have gone. She had once told me that she had lived in Georgia, but where in Georgia I did not know.

Nancy won her battle with a little rapid small-arms fire and we went home in style. I got my temperature taken every hundred miles. Dr. Stander, Nancy's daddy's doctor, was a big bald successful man in excellently tailored clothes. His nurse was young and beautiful, and whenever she felt my pulse she carelessly held my hand and smiled at me, as if she felt I might get better faster if I had something to live for.

The flight was uneventful. We arrived in New York about six o'clock in the evening and an ambulance was waiting at Idlewild to take Nancy and me to Ridgewood. Doctor Stander and his nurse did not go with us; he said he would call on me the next day.

Nancy was very nervous and distracted on the way home. The ambulance went slow and although I told them they could drive as fast as they wanted they did not speed up. Nancy had telephoned from the airport and her parents knew we were on our way.

NEITHER of us said much on the way out. Once I broke the silence by asking Nancy how come she had given Annie money. She looked a little embarrassed, but she didn't bother to go into it. She didn't tell me what Annie had told her, or even if she had told her anything, and she didn't explain how they had got together. She only said, rather shortly and quietly, that she'd figured Annie could use it. I had a feeling she'd given her more than just plane fare. I knew it had been more than just a generous, gallant gesture on Nancy's part. I knew her compassion for Annie would have been genuine, and disinterested. I felt a new respect for her, the more because she obviously wanted nothing further to be said about it.

I got quite a reception. Nancy's daddy came running outside to meet the ambulance. He was a tall old man with a neat mustache. Her mother waited, holding the door open and smiling down at me as they carried me in. And in the living room was Crouse himself of Crouse Valves, Inc. He said, "Well, Robert, you're looking a hell of a lot better than *I* expected."

I thanked him for that.

Then there was a kind of general flurry for about an hour. The children had been asleep for some time and they did not wake up. I was put in the bedroom that Nancy and I had always used and for a time people kept hurrying in and out with things. Crouse and Nancy's father kept trying to have a quiet drink and listen to a radio program because they wanted to hear a new commercial.

When they had all left that evening Nancy helped me wash and get ready for bed. She was going to sleep in the study, she said. She switched off the lights and then stood beside my bed a moment.

"Don't worry about anything, Robert," she said. "You can stay here until you're well. I'll take care of you. Then of course we'll get a divorce." She turned, started to go out, then stopped. "Oh, I forgot, Mr. Crouse told me that you still have your job with him."

And so once again I was a seller of valves.

FOR over two months I was flat on my back before the bones knitted and they took the casts off.

All during those two months I lay there in the bed in our bedroom and listened to everything that happens in a busy household. I got a slant on things I'd never had before. I began to figure that there was a lot about the life Nancy and I had led that I'd been seeing through the squint of my own inner discontent. I began to sense the whole pattern, rather than just the piecemeal irritations, and I learned, by watching the way Nancy dealt with a multitude of crises and daily duties, how much of her natural wisdom and gentleness I had taken for granted. It seemed to me I had been kind of a heel and a dope, too.

Nancy's and my relationship was a bit more advanced than nurse and patient. She was always kind to me, always considerate. In turn, I tried never to fail to be polite to her. Of course we had no arguments about anything. We got along.

When Stander took the casts off my legs and I could get up and hobble stiffly and painfully about, Nancy no longer had to take care of me. That really got to her; she looked bad, and she told me once that she wished she could go on a cruise.

It was the Sunday after she mentioned that when we went driving for the first time. The children were out somewhere with Nancy's parents. It was late in the afternoon and she was driving slow and I was almost asleep when she said, "Ingrid asked us to stop by for a drink this afternoon."

"Seen her lately?" I asked.

"Not in a long time," she said.

We went on for about a mile. "Want to, for one drink?" I asked.

"If you do," she said.

"Why not?" I said.

Well, it was one of those informal Sunday-afternoon gatherings where everyone was well on his way by the time we got there. Charlie Parker, whom I knew, had already had an argument with a man named Max Stroud, whom I did not know. Nancy and I had rung the bell just as Stroud had got out of his chair with the purpose, presumably, of hitting Charlie Parker.

Of course we did not know this then. I got the big hello from Lars and Ingrid. Max Stroud was introduced to me as being "in furs." He was a squat red-faced man who looked as if the olive in his Martini had been rotten.

"The seat of honor is for Robert," Lars said. "Here, old man. Sit here."

I was made to sit in the center of the small circle. My left leg projected into the middle of the room, and everyone looked at it. There was a rather long and uncomfortable silence and I began to feel that something was wrong. It was, of course. Stroud still wanted to fight Charlie Parker, but I didn't know that. I felt that somehow I was the cause of the strained silence.

"Robert is back from the jaws of death, more or less," Lars said.

"Good for him," Max said. He evidently

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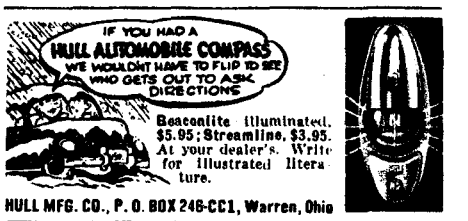

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thought Lars was kidding him, because his face got redder and he turned and glared at Charlie Parker and said, "Did you hear that, punk?"

Charlie started out of his chair, his wife hanging to his right arm. "Listen, any time you—"

"Tell them about it, Robert," Lars said quickly. "Tell them what happened."

"Oh, yes, do!" Ingrid said, looking at me pleadingly.

I saw what had happened between Parker and Stroud, but I didn't feel that it was my place to calm troubled waters. Resentfully and briefly I told my sad tale. There was a respectful and awed silence.

FOR once Lars was quiet, too, sitting back in his chair staring at the glass clasped in his hands. He sighed suddenly, and said, "Yes, the worst thing about a situation like that is that your toes can freeze right off. I mean literally. We had a lot of trouble with our feet during the war."

I had never heard him mention the war before. It sounded more than a little bit phony to me. "Where was that?" I asked.

"Attu," he said.

I had never heard him mention Attu either, and at that moment I had a very strong desire to show him up for the phony that he was.

"How was it?" I asked.

"Oh, you know," he said. "Cold."

"So cold that your toes froze?" I said.

"Yes."

"Next you'll be telling me that you lost some toes. Don't try to tell me that. You know I'd never believe that."

His face got red and he said, "Well, maybe I did."

I laughed and said, "Oh, I don't believe it." I wasn't nasty about it, I tried to sound jovial so that every one would know that I was kidding, but I really didn't believe it.

"Lars, take off your shoe and show him," Charlie Parker said suddenly.

"Oh, don't be silly now," Lars said, pained.

"Come on, Lars," I said. "I'll show you my knee."

"Sure," Max Stroud said. "Take off your damn' shoe. Let's see your feet."

"Come on, Lars," Charlie Parker said. "What the hell!"

Lars demurred.

"Oh, that's a fine attitude, that is," Max Stroud said. "Here this fellow is willing to show you his knee but you won't show him your foot."

"You want Robert here to think you're a liar, Lars?" Charlie Parker asked.

Lars wouldn't take off his shoe, but Charlie Parker and Stroud were tight enough to hold him down and take them off. A table lamp got knocked over in the scramble and someone spilled a drink. They took off both his shoes; he had all his toes.

That was the end of that party. Everyone realized then, I think, that none of it had been the gay lighthearted joke that we'd all been pretending it was, and the party broke up quickly with everyone leaving at once and with Lars following us to the door barefooted, shoes in hand.

The worst part of it was that I just couldn't bring myself to tell the poor ass that I was sorry for what I'd done.

We got about halfway home before Nancy said anything to me. Then she said, "You shouldn't have done that."

"He's a genuine 14-carat-gold phony."

There was a look of pity and disgust on her face—pity for Lars, disgust for me. A great little combination of feeling. "To embarrass him in front of all those people," she said. "How that must have hurt him!" She shook her head. "Didn't your experience, your suffering, teach you anything?"

"Sure." I turned sideways, putting my arm along the back of the seat so that my fingers brushed her shoulder and her mink. I was ready to go into the big pitch that I had been thinking about and planning to make for the last two months. "It taught me—"

In a rather quiet and weary voice she interrupted me. "Let's don't discuss it now. We have no need to discuss anything but the divorce. Don't you think you're well enough now?"

And so I didn't make that big pitch. I said, "Sure. First thing tomorrow."

And I knew that I would never make any pitch to Nancy. Maybe some other time in another place I would tell someone else what I honestly felt, what I sincerely thought I knew. But the odds were that I would stumble and slide through the rest of my days muttering only to myself, saying, "Well, I'm right, I am right."

And Nancy would retreat to the upper reaches of Madison Avenue and there under the sheltering wings of that dove, her father, she would begin life anew. And someday in the Times there would be her picture and a small paragraph announcing that she was to wed somebody's former husband, Yale '39 or earlier, a balding banker.

And where would I retreat, besides to a far corner of my mind? The experience had taught me what was valuable. I had been wrong in wanting to live dangerously, but in doing the wrong thing I had learned what was right. At the moment the plane hit, when I had thought I was getting killed, I had thought of Nancy and her softness and warmth. I knew now what was valuable, but I no longer had those things because they were all Nancy and all the things connected with Nancy. And I no longer had Nancy. You see how it figured. There was nothing left for me but the Foreign Legion, drink and facetious attitudes.

AS NANCY turned the car into our drive she asked suddenly, "Have I been fair to you?"

And that was Nancy—she didn't like me, I had caused her pain, travail and discomfort, yet she wanted to be fair with me.

"You've been fair," I said. "You've even been kind. Feel better now?" And I got out of the car and hobbled into the house where I planned to soak my head.

I went in the back way through the kitchen. I hobbled through the dining room and I was on my way to the bedroom when the door chimes let go. I answered the door.

A pleasant-looking man about forty years old was standing there. "Robert Warren?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

He handed me a legal-size envelope. I opened it and took out the papers and read them. I had been indicted by a federal grand jury, on behalf of the people of the United States, for criminal negligence in the operation of an aircraft on a transcontinental unscheduled flight that resulted in the accidental death of one Michael Gaherty.

When I looked up, the man was gone and Nancy was standing beside me. "What was that?" she said.

I handed the papers to her and she read them. "I'm sorry," she said at last.

"Them that lives by the sword shall perish by the sword," I said.

"You sound bitter."

"No, I'm really tickled pink. Nothing would please me more than a conviction with the maximum penalty. I've always wondered how jute is made."

BUTCH

"Don't you think, as good citizens, we ought to report this to their superiors?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

I went into the bedroom and flopped down on the bed and closed my eyes. I was whipped. Hey, I was bitter. To have been wrong all along and then to have lost everything on top of that was too much for me. I had opposed organized (or disorganized, however you look at it) society and I had been wrong and so they were going to slap me in the can. Or try to.

Nancy came in and said nervously, "Robert, I could ask Daddy about lawyers for you. Good lawyers."

"No. There's no use," I said.

She looked perplexed. "Why has this upset you so? I thought that you liked things like this. Isn't it the sort of danger—"

"All right, all right," I said. "I was wrong. I've been beaten. I've lost. What else in God's name do you want?"

"You talk as if it's the end of the world," she said. "It's just an indictment, you can fight it. Where's your courage?"

"Look, Nancy. You were right and I was wrong. Can't you be satisfied?"

Nancy's face looked strained. "I would rather have been wrong than see you like this."

What a noble speech! I got up and walked over to the window. It was black outside. "Guys like me are only good when there's a war on. The rest of the time they want to keep us chained underground. Well, I felt that we needed to get pried loose, shaken up. I certainly didn't make it work. I guess there just aren't enough people like me in the world, and too many like you."

"Men like you are always wanted."

"Sure. By the police."

"Aren't you going to do anything?"

"They can hang me if they want. The hell with it!"

"How can you say that?" she said.

"Because I've lost. And that is pretty poor sportsmanship, isn't it?" I turned around. "I can say it simply because I've lost everything. I no longer have anything to care about. I've lost and you've won and that's that."

"But I haven't won anything!"

"Well, that's tough. There's nothing you can do."

"Robert, tell me what you've lost."

"Uh-uh," I said. "No dice, chicken."

I turned back to the window and she didn't say anything else. I stood there with my back to her and in a moment I heard the closet door open. I glanced around. She had taken off her dress and she was standing in her slip with her back to me rummaging in the closet. You see, the recipe called for a little salt well rubbed into the wound.

She turned and saw me watching her and for a second we looked at each other. She had not meant to undress in front of me, we both knew that; it had happened out of habit and we knew that too. And we both knew what the other was thinking. This was the last time in our lives that we would ever share such intimacy. I could see by the look in her eyes that she suddenly realized that. I had been thinking about it for a longer time myself.

"Oh, Robert. You know so much about me. You know—there are so many things that you know." She did not look happy.

"You'll get over it. Like everything else marriage is habit-forming."

"Please tell me what you've lost."

"Put on your clothes, kid."

"Robert, what have you lost?"

"You," I said. "What did you think?"

Well, she came all the way across the room and stood there and looked at me.

THERE wasn't enough of me left to pound down a rat hole. I said, "Nancy, please take me back."

She put her arms around me. "That's all you ever had to say, Robert."

She was a tall somewhat awkward-looking girl and the only person in the world I cared about. I put my arms around her and told her that.

"Get out your hoop, dear," I said. "I'll jump through it."

"Oh, no, darling," she said, half laughing. "You know I don't want anything like that."

"Oh, of course not," I said.

"Why, darling. As long as you want me, then I want whatever you want."

I kissed her and told her that I worshiped her and her clear agile mind and her long beautiful body and her well-controlled but rich and very nice feelings.

And she rewarded me with a kiss and thus after our fashion we continued this happy practice until the children and the grandparents came home and filled the house with a noisy radiant health.

And after her parents left us to our own devices that night I asked her, "You still have that sales slip?"

"What sales slip?"

"For that blouse."

She smiled at me. "I didn't think you'd remember that. Why do you want it?"

"I'll take it back, exchange it for you and get you something else," I told her.

But she did not have the sales slip or the blouse and so I could not take them back. Just the same I got her something else. Something made approximately of beaten gold.

AND so ended the story of Robert Warren, a brave man who grappled with a hungry lion in an empty street. He settled down with his princess in a castle in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and lived dangerously ever after, selling valves. THE END

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Pretty Good Politician

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Family conferences are important in the Shadow family. The big question in 1948 was a grade-A milk barn versus a quick-freeze unit. Investigation proved the milk barn would earn more than the freezer could save.

Mary's political career was debated another day. Her parents and sisters hoped the experience might prove a practical part of her political-science education. Therefore, milk-barn income was advanced for a campaign car.

Mary made no speeches. She just talked to the people as one human being to another. She didn't have underwriters or Big Business angels—only the little people. Her family staked her for postage, stationery and broadsides. Most of the contributions from the people were dollar bills. Twenty-five dollars was the highest single donation. In all, Mary spent $269.95, which was an extraordinarily small sum compared to the thousands usually squandered on political campaigns.

One day she and Leatha passed Finley Taylor, a prominent Democrat, on the Decatur Road. Mary had a message for him. She jumped out of the car while Leatha honked the horn. When Mary caught up with Taylor, he laughed and pointed to her feet. She was barefooted. "The East Tennessee Democrats may be pretty poor, Miss Mary, but we're not as poor as that!"

A Futile Long-Distance Call

Walter White had friends. Three days before election a Chattanooga Democrat long-distanced Mr. Cheers. "Pass the word along that Mary Shadow hasn't a chance."

"We're backing Mary Shadow to the finish!" yelled Mr. Cheers.

Franklin Glass, of the Dayton Herald, sat up all night printing her campaign posters. His grandfather, the late Franklin Potts Glass, had been crusading editor of the Birmingham News.

On November 2, 1948, Mary was elected to Tennessee's Seventy-sixth General Assembly. The score was 2,667 votes for her, 2,453 for White, and 1,067 for Earl Mack Smith, Republican choice. White had been forced to run independently. Clifford H. Smith, father of Earl Mack, held the strategic office of primary board chairman. After the primaries he was arrested and cited for contempt of court for not delivering the ballot box. He got off with a $50 fine after admitting that he and another person burned the ballots. But White didn't get the Republican nomination.

"This deliberate robbery of the people's votes in a free country is the beginning of a bad situation!" stormed White.

I made a special trip to Dayton to ask his opinion of Mary. He lives in a white frame cupolaed house one block from the court where he and William Jennings Bryan prosecuted John Scopes. When questioned about the many private acts he had passed, he retorted, "That junk has been going the rounds for some time."

How many relatives had he placed in office?

"I have in the county school system two relatives by marriage."

What did he think of Mary Shadow?

"Being a Southerner I don't want to be put in the position of criticizing a woman. I'll leave that to the Democrats. But I will say this: I intend to seek high office next year. I'm not one to run from a fight."

News of Mary's election was carried nationally. Overnight this Tennessee farm girl had become famous. Between November, 1948, and January, 1949, she cut, fit and stitched her legislative wardrobe: a navy-blue tailored suit, changeable plum-and-black taffeta dressmaker suit, one-piece green cloth dress, turquoise-blue wool dress, black-and-gold-metal cloth dinner gown, three blouses and a full-skirted evening gown. She was partied by the Lions, Rotarians and Women's Clubs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Anna Roosevelt Boettiger named her Woman of the Week and sent her a silver tray as tribute. She spoke from pulpits. Letters packed her mailbag.

She set a precedent by calling a public meeting in the Decatur courthouse and proposing a three-man commission for both Meigs and Rhea. Neither county had ever had any check on finances. It would be orderly financial housekeeping. The people listened. Mr. Abel, Dayton's hardware store man, was named chairman of the Rhea commission. J. Howard Hornsby headed the Meigs commission.

W. B. McKenzie, chairman of the Meigs County Court, wrote Mary, "We Meigs County people should be and are proud of you because . . . you asked the people for their views on matters concerning our county. I honestly believe you made 200 friends. . . . I'm very much interested in the bill so far as setting up a Finance Commission to safeguard our money."

As chairman of the Meigs County Court, all warrants had to be signed by him before they could be cashed. He refused to sign a single warrant! He wrote the Chattanooga Times that he had never seen Meigs County so confused or dissatisfied! Mary was getting her first lesson in practical politics.

State Senator Robert Kemmer branded McKenzie "a stooge of White, claiming to be a good Democrat but siding with White."

Sheriff Womac joined the dogfight, accusing the new Meigs County purchasing and finance commission of dickering for the re-election of Mary's father as agricultural agent. "Bringing Willis Shadow into this thing is inexcusable," declared Hornsby. "I've known him 20 years and I don't yet know whether he's a Republican or a Democrat."

In June, 1949, Mr. Shadow resigned as county agent to become field manager of his Volunteer Electric Co-op. Warrants for his salary, dating back to April, 1949, remained unsigned until September. Although the commission was approved by State Chancellor Glen Woodlee, McKenzie refused to play ball until Woodlee recently called him to account.

Accused of Spite Legislation

In her eagerness to oust White, Mary indulged in his tactics. She shoved through more than 25 repeals of his bills. White labeled it spite legislation. People began to feel sorry for him. After all, he was good to his wife and kind to children. Private acts weren't uncommon. Paul Cantrell from McMinn County, and Burch Biggs of Polk County had authored plenty. However, Cantrell went down at the Battle of Athens, and Biggs was shoved off his legislative perch by young Frank Lowery, who spent his Assembly term repealing Biggs's private acts.

Mary's greatest error, politically speaking, was voting no on Governor Gordon Browning's pet bills after he supported her anti-White measures. Browning's first bill —a tax measure that exempted churches— sounded magnanimous.

"But many churches, the Methodist Church among them, have side activities like printing presses and colleges," explained Mary. "Tennessee Wesleyan is a Methodist project. If Governor Browning's bill is passed, there will be no labor compensation for workmen who fall ill or are injured."

Governor Browning's second bill prohibited the sale of Tennessee game fish. Mary discovered this would throw 2,000 fishermen out of work. When she voted against it, Browning's crowd went on the warpath. "We'll give Miss Mary a lesson in practical politics," they said. "She's been egg-sucking."

At that moment she was readying a bill making it mandatory for all Tennessee school superintendents to pass an examination in subjects taught in their schools. If White didn't pass, he would be out in 30 days. On the last day of the legislature she saw it tabled! Bursting into sobs, she was led from the Assembly.

The Banner, of McKenzie, Tennessee, gallantly sprang to her side. "We like Mary Shadow for crying. It proved she really is feminine, as every woman should be."

She said later, "I knew the bill couldn't pass. I cried when I saw people I believed in throw principle over for petty politics."

Studies State Election Laws

Mary returned to her political-science teaching at Tennessee Wesleyan and continued to speak at political rallies. In the summer she toured Tennessee looking into local election laws. In the legislature, she fought for permanent registration. Under the "hoop-skirt" state constitution, permanent registration is not necessary.

From her salary as political-science professor she is returning to the family treasury the money advanced for her campaign car. She has 210 students in her classes.

"Miss Shadow's pretty," said an ex-G.I. in the front row. "I don't go to sleep in her class."

Said a girl in the back row, "Miss Shadow knows what she's talking about."

Mary's career has made a crossroads out of the Shadow farm. Strangers pop up to discuss politics. Mail pours in from people interested in good government. The Shadows adjusted themselves amiably to this public life. Lucy and Muriel are married. Sophie and Leatha, now seventeen, are as gay as Mary is serious. While Mary sits before the living-room fire, slippers kicked off and nose buried in some political-science paper, the twins loll on the floor telling fortunes or joking about beaux.

"Mary will never make Congress," said a politician close to the governor. "There are 12 counties in that Third Congressional District. She comes from the smallest. Nobody would take her seriously."

Politicians didn't take her seriously in her legislative campaign. A lot are still trying to figure out how she got herself elected. Certainly she'll have plenty of opposition if she does run for Congress. Listen to Hugh Helm, the cherubic-faced young Nashville attorney who occupied the seat directly behind her in the legislature.

"You might as well admit it—there will always be opposition to women in public life," he said. "My advice to Mary is to settle down and pursue her natural course in life. One thing is sure—she'll not go to Congress."

Her best friend in the legislature, John Chambliss, Chattanooga lawyer, is against it on another ground. "Miss Mary's not ripe," he said. "She didn't have a chance last session. She was elected to put out White. If you're carrying a papoose on your back you can't act free. I'd like to see her get a real break in the legislature before she tries for Congress."

If she runs for Congress she must file her petition in Meigs, her home county, before May, and send copies to election commissioners of the other 11 counties in the Third Congressional District. The Democratic primaries are in August.

If nominated she will have Tennessee Senator Estes Kefauver in her corner. Mrs. Stanton Smith, former president of the Chattanooga Women's Democratic Club, calls her the outstanding political personality of Tennessee. Mrs. Tom Ragland, former president of the Tennessee League of Women Voters, sees her as typical of women in future local and national politics.

As one Tennessee woman put it, "Mary's a Shadow of things to come." THE END

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WIDE WORLD

WE ARE FOR TAFT'S RE-ELECTION

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT'S campaign for re-election this year is a national issue. The leaders of organized labor who oppose him have made it so. They have promised to send men into Ohio, backed by proceeds of a country-wide fund-raising drive, to work for his defeat, which the A.F. of L. League for Political Education has called "the chief target for 1950."

It is not Collier's custom to take sides in state politics. But in these circumstances we do not hesitate to say that we're for Senator Taft. We think that his defeat would be costly to Congress and to the nation. Congress needs men of his caliber if it is to function as a coequal branch of government under the two-party system. It needs men of his caliber if its legislation is not to become mere approval of the popular "mandate" of a President who got a minority of the popular vote in 1948.

Senator Taft's defeat would also vindicate the frustrated labor bosses' bitter propaganda attack on him as the author of a "slave labor law." The Taft-Hartley law, written by a bipartisan committee and supported by more than half the Democrats in Congress, has been in effect more than two years. It has enslaved no one. In those two years union membership has grown and better contracts have been signed with fewer days' pay lost through work stoppages. It is not a perfect law, as Mr. Taft readily admits. In the first session of the Eighty-first Congress he introduced and obtained Senate passage of 28 amendments to it, most of which were suggested by union representatives.

The persistent repetition of the "slave labor" tommyrot is more insulting to union members' intelligence than it is to Mr. Taft. Proof that many rank-and-filers realize this is found in the scores of supporting letters which they have sent the senator, and which this writer has seen. A verbatim quote from one of them, written by a Milwaukeean, will give an idea of their general content: "I am a member of Union A.F. of L. I understand Mr. Green wants $16,000,000 to defeat you when you come up for re-election and wants a contribution from every Union member for this purpose. Well, he doesn't get mine . . . Instead will you accept my contribution for your re-election. You are a friend of labor—not its enemy."

Collier's has disagreed with Senator Taft on several issues, among them his vote against the North Atlantic Pact and his proposal of recognition and aid for Franco Spain. We considered his legalistic quibbling over the Nuremberg trials ill-timed, to say the least. But even when we have thought him most wrong we have never doubted his motives or his honesty.

Mr. Taft has been called a reactionary. (He has also been accused of "Socialism" by conservative Republicans for leading the fight for a federal housing program and federal aid to education.) But it was the "reactionary" Mr. Taft who, singlehanded, halted the Administration steam roller which was pushing through Mr. Truman's bill to draft striking workers into the armed forces in 1946—probably the most reactionary, Fascistic measure ever proposed by an American President.

These were some of the senator's comments on the measure: "I think it offends not only the Constitution, but every basic principle for which the American republic was established. . . . In this labor-problem situation we should give considered and unbiased consideration to the whole problem. I do not believe we should be moved by emotion, or by crisis, or by political views, or by resentment against unreasonable labor action, or unreasonable threats from labor leaders, or unreasonable demands for immediate action from thousands of persons who do not really, fundamentally, understand the facts and difficulties involved in any labor situation."

In the past session of Congress it was a bitter opponent, Senator Claude Pepper, who called the "reactionary" Mr. Taft the "savior" of the 75-cent minimum wage bill, according to the labor publication Trade Union Courier.

Senator Taft is an easy target for name callers. He won't get down in the mud and slug it out with detractors. He won't debase his intelligence to answer smear with smear. He is no glamor boy, no spellbinder, no backslapper. He will admit to doubts and confess that he may be wrong. He has little sense of public relations or of political timing. Forthrightness may prompt him to come out with a new idea at an inappropriate time, and to phrase it bluntly and awkwardly. But as a friend and admirer put it, "If he didn't make those blunders he wouldn't be Taft."

Our search of his legislative record shows no instance where he supported a measure simply because it was a popular vote-catcher. He votes for what he thinks is right, and then only after a thorough study which few members of this or any Congress can match.

He has risen to Republican leadership in the Senate through character and superior ability, and nothing else. Efforts to dislodge him have failed because there was no one who could match him in knowledge, industry, experience, integrity and absolute trustworthiness.

Perhaps the gentleman from Ohio can best be called an old-fashioned liberal, but he is hard to label. He is an individualist who believes in freedom for the individual, though not at the price of unequal justice or opportunity. He is more interested in his conscience than in his popularity. He would rather be Bob Taft than be President. And since there are too few like him, the voters of Ohio will do their country an important service by returning him to the Senate.

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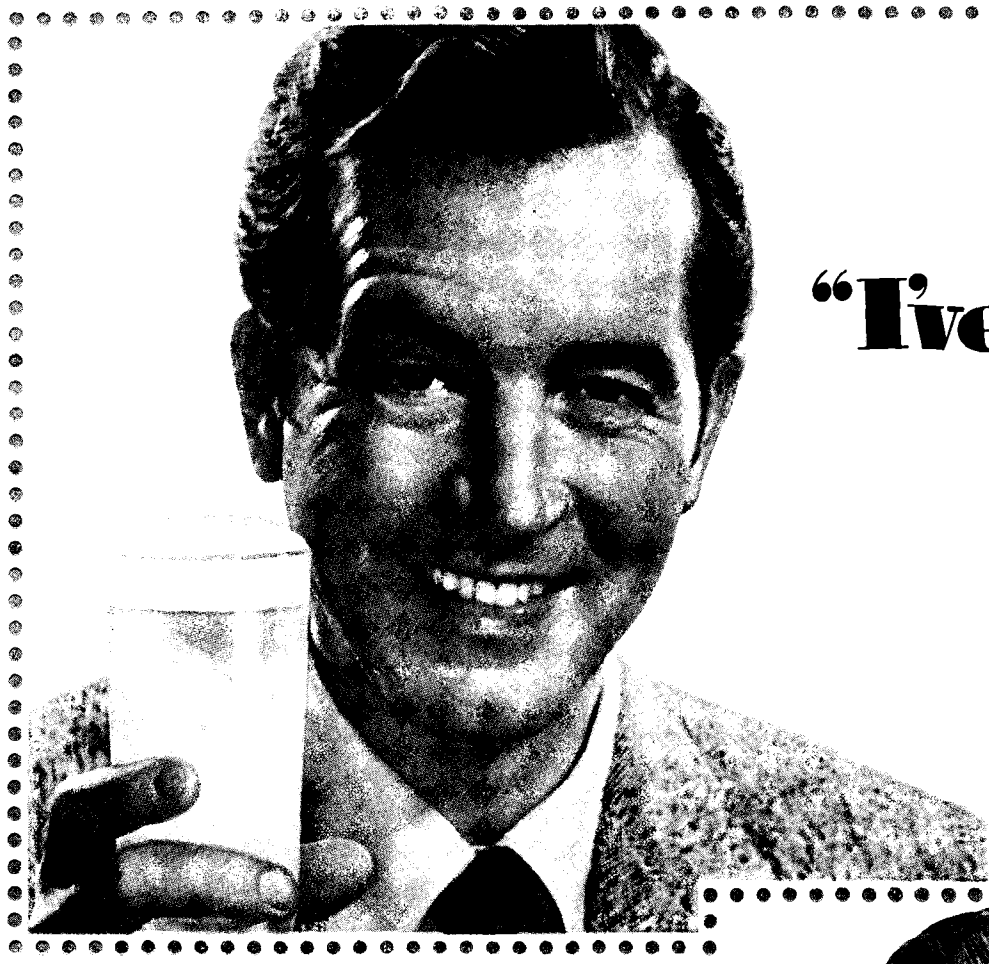

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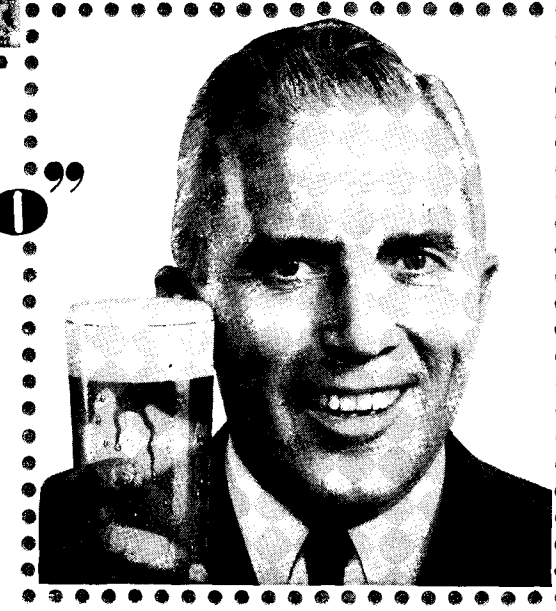

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